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## PREFACE.

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IN presenting to the public the fourteenth edition of the *Student's Handbook of Literature*, we deem it proper to define the special character of the book. It is a *Handbook*, and, consequently, the fifty thousand and more names of English and American authors, which can be found in Allibone's Dictionary, should not be expected in this volume. It is a *Handbook of Literature*: hence we have tried to draw attention to the masters of the English language, and to those also who have followed closely in their footsteps. The *selections* from the authors have been made not only in view of the excellence of the style, but in view also of the interest of the subject treated, and the completeness of the piece chosen.

Although English literature *proper* begins at a late date, say with Chaucer, yet it is necessary to survey the ages of the Anglo-Saxon and Semi-Saxon periods in order to understand the subsequent growth of literature and the history of the English language. The representatives of the language in those early times, just as in our own colonial and revolutionary periods, cannot be expected to possess the elegance and polish attained in the nineteenth century, and yet they have a right to our respect and attention as our literary progenitors.



“This Handbook having been composed for Catholic students, much care has been taken to point out the works that are hostile or dangerous to their faith or morals; yet it was impossible to do so in every instance. By far the greater portion of our classical English is permeated by the spirit of Protestantism. ‘We cannot undo the past; English Literature will ever *have been* Protestant.’\* It need not, therefore, surprise any one that so much space in this work is occupied by Protestant writers, but it should grieve nobody that we have given as much room to Catholic writers as circumstances allowed. The fact that Catholic authors are generally ignored or sneeringly slighted by Protestant text-books of literature is a special reason why *we* should not neglect them.” (*Preface to Jenkins’ Second Edition.*)

G. E. VIGER.

ST. CHARLES’ COLLEGE, HOWARD CO., MD.,

July 15, 1903.

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\* Cardinal Newman’s Idea of a University, § 3, 3.

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William I., the Con-			
queror,.....	1066-1087	Lanfranc,.....	1089
William II., Rufus,.	1087-1100	St. Anselm,.....	1109
Henry I., Beauclerc,	1100-1135	Ingulf .....	1109
HOUSE OF BLOIS.			
Stephen,.....	1135-1154	Wm. of Malmesbury,.	1143
		Ordericus Vitalis, ab.	1150
PLANTAGENETS.			
Henry II.,.....	1154-1189	Henry of Hunting-	
		don,.....ab.	1155
		Geoffrey of Mon-	
		mouth, .....ab.	1180
		John of Salisbury,...	1182
		Wace,.....ab.	1184
Richard I., Cœur de			
Lion,.....	1189-1199	Layamon,.....ab.	1200
John, Lackland,...	1199-1216	Orm,.....ab.	1200
		Roger de Hoveden, ab.	1205
		Giraldus Cambrensis,...	1217
Henry III.,.....	1216-1272	Roger of Wendover,...	1237
Edward I.,.....	1272-1307	Roger Bacon,.....	1294
		Robert of Gloucester,	
		ab.	1300
Edward II.,.....	1307-1327	Robert Mannyng, ab...	1310
		Adam Davie, 14th cent.	
		Robert Baston, 14th cent.	

REIGNED FROM		WRITERS.	DEATH.
Edward III.,.....	1327-1377	Trivet,.....	1328
		Richard Rolle,.....	1348
		Higden,.....	1360
		Minot,.....	1360
		William or Robert Lang-	
		lande,.....ab.	1370
Richard II.,.....	1377-1399	Sir John de Mandeville,....	1372
		John Wyclif,.....	1384
		Barbour,.....	1395
HOUSE OF LANCASTER.			
Henry IV.,.....	1399-1413	Geoffrey Chaucer,.....	1400
		John Gower,.....	1402
Henry V.,.....	1413-1422		
Henry VI.,.....	1422-1461	John Lydgate,.....	1430
		James I. of Scotland,....	1436
		Blind Harry,.....ab.	1480
HOUSE OF YORK.			
Edward IV.,.....	1461-1483		
Edward V.,.....	1483-1483		
Richard III.,.....	1483-1485		
HOUSE OF TUDOR.			
Henry VII.,.....	1485-1509	William Caxton,.....	1492
		Robert Henryson,....ab.	1507
Henry VIII.,.....	1509-1547	Gawin Douglas,.....	1522
		William Dunbar,.....	1530
		Sir Thomas More,.....	1535
		Earl of Surrey,.....	1547
Edward VI.,.....	1547-1553		
Mary.....	1553-1558	Sir David Lindsay,.....	1555
Elizabeth,.....	1558-1603	Roger Ascham,.....	1568
		Nicholas Sander,.....	1581
		Edmund Campion,.....	1581
		Sir Philip Sidney,.....	1586
		Christopher Marlowe,....	1593
		Robert Southwell,.....	1595
		Edmund Spenser,.....	1599
		Richard Hooker,.....	1600
HOUSE OF STUART.			
James I.,.....	1603-1625	Thomas Sackville,.....	1608
		Francis Beaumont,.....	1615
		William Shakespeare,....	1616
		Robert Parsons,.....	1616
		Sir Walter Raleigh,.....	1618
		William Camden,.....	1623
		John Fletcher,.....	1625
Charles I.,.....	1625-1649	Lord Bacon,.....	1626
		Henry Constable,....ab.	1630
		Michael Drayton,.....	1631
		George Herbert,.....	1632

	REIGNED FROM	WRITERS.	DEATH.
Charles I., .....	1625-1649	Ben Jonson,.....	1637
		Robert Burton,.....	1640
		Philip Massinger,.....	1640
		Michael O'Clery,.....ab.	1645
Commonwealth,.....	1649-1653	Richard Crashaw,.....	1650
Oliver Cromwell, Pro- tector,.....	1653-1658	William Habington,.....	1654
Richard Cromwell, Protector,.....	1658		
Commonwealth,.....	1658-1660		
RESTORATION OF THE STUARTS.			
Charles II.,.....	1660-1685	Sir Kenelm Digby,.....	1665
		James Shirley,.....	1666
		Abraham Cowley,.....	1667
		Jeremy Taylor,.....	1667
		Sir William Davenant,....	1668
		Sir John Denham,.....	1668
		John Milton,.....	1674
		Robert Herrick,.....	1674
		Earl of Clarendon,.....	1674
		Samuel Butler,.....	1680
		Sir Thomas Browne,.....	1682
		Isaak Walton,.....	1683
		Thomas Otway,.....	1685
		Edmund Waller,.....	1687
James II.,.....	1685-1688		
William III. and Mary II.,.....	1689-1695		
William III., alone, .	1695-1702	John Dryden,.....	1700
Anne,.....	1702-1714		
HOUSE OF HANOVER.			
George I.,.....	1714-1727	Gilbert Burnett,.....	1715
		Robert South,.....	1716
		Thomas Parnell,.....	1718
		Joseph Addison,.....	1719
George II.,.....	1727-1760	Sir Richard Steele,.....	1729
		Daniel Defoe,.....	1731
		John Gay,.....	1732
		Richard Bentley,.....	1742
		Alexander Pope,.....	1744
		Jonathan Swift,.....	1745
		James Thomson,.....	1748
		Henry Fielding,.....	1754
		William Collins,.....	1756
		Allan Ramsay,.....	1758
George III.,.....	1760-1820	William Shenstone,.....	1763
		Edward Young,.....	1765
		Samuel Richardson,.....	1767
		Laurence Sterne,.....	1768



	REIGNED FROM	WRITERS.	DEATH.
George III.,.....	1760-1820	Mark Akenside,.....	1770
		Thomas Chatterton,.....	1770
		Thomas Gray,.....	1771
		Tobias G. Smollett,.....	1771
		Alban Butler,.....	1773
		Oliver Goldsmith,.....	1774
		David Hume,.....	1776
		Richard Challoner,.....	1781
		Samuel Johnson,.....	1784
		William Robertson,.....	1793
		Edward Gibbon,.....	1794
		Edmund Burke,.....	1797
		Horace Walpole,.....	1797
		William Cowper,.....	1800
		James Beattie,.....	1803
		James Macpherson,.....	1808
		R. B. Sheridan,.....	1816
		Miss Austen,.....	1817
George IV.,.....	1820-1830	John Keats,.....	1821
		Percy Bysshe Shelley,....	1822
		Lord Byron,.....	1824
		John Milner,.....	1826
		William Blake,.....	1828
		William Hazlitt,.....	1830
William IV.,.....	1830-1837	William Roscoe,.....	1831
		Charles Butler,.....	1832
		Sir Walter Scott,.....	1832
		George Crabbe,.....	1832
		Samuel T. Coleridge,.....	1834
		Charles Lamb,.....	1834
		James Doyle,.....	1834
		James Hogg,.....	1835
		Mrs. Hemans,.....	1835
Victoria,.....	1837-1901	Gerald Griffin,.....	1840
		Thomas Arnold,.....	1842
		John Banim,.....	1842
		Robert Southey,.....	1843
		Thomas Campbell,.....	1844
		Sidney Smith,.....	1845
		Thomas Hood,.....	1845
		Thomas Davis,.....	1845
		Captain Marryat,.....	1848
		Miss Edgeworth,.....	1849
		William Wordsworth,....	1850
		Lord Jeffrey,.....	1850
		Miss Porter,.....	1850
		John Lingard,.....	1851
		Richard L. Sheil,.....	1851
		Thomas Moore,.....	1852
		James Montgomery,.....	1854
		John Wilson,.....	1854
		Samuel Rogers,.....	1855
		Charlotte Brontë,.....	1855

	REIGNED FROM	WRITERS.	DEATH.
Victoria, .....	1837-1901	Henry Hallam, .....	1859
		Lord Macaulay, .....	1859
		Leigh Hunt, .....	1859
		De Quincey, .....	1859
		Mrs. Browning, .....	1861
		Eugene O'Curry, .....	1862
		William M. Thackeray, .....	1863
		Walter S. Landor, .....	1864
		Miss Procter, .....	1864
		Cardinal Wiseman, .....	1865
		Sir William Napier, .....	1866
		John Keble, .....	1866
		Sir Archibald Allison, ....	1867
		Barry Cornwall, .....	1868
		Samuel Lover, .....	1868
		William Carleton, .....	1869
		Charles Dickens, .....	1870
		Charles Lever, .....	1870
		George Grote, .....	1871
		Bulwer Lytton, .....	1873
		Miss Martineau, .....	1876
		T. W. M. Marshall, .....	1877
		Kenelm Digby, .....	1880
		George Eliot, .....	1880
		Earl Beaconsfield, .....	1881
		Thomas Carlyle, .....	1881
		D. F. MacCarthy, .....	1882
		Dante G. Rossetti, .....	1882
		John Richard Green, .....	1883
		Lady Georgiana Fullerton, ..	1885
		Sir Henry Taylor, .....	1886
		Matthew Arnold, .....	1888
		Robert Browning, .....	1889
		Cardinal Newman, .....	1890
		Cardinal Manning, .....	1892
		Alfred Tennyson, .....	1892
		Christina Georgina Rossetti, ..	1894
		Walter Horatio Pater, .....	1894
		Robert Louis Stevenson, ...	1894
		Coventry Patmore, .....	1896
		William Morris, .....	1896
		Thomas E. Bridget, .....	1899
		John Ruskin, .....	1900
		Aubrey de Vere, .....	1902
		Thomas William Allies, ....	1903
		Lady Herbert of Lea, .....	
		Alfred Austin, .....	
		Algernon Chas. Swinburne,	
		William Hurrell Mallock, ..	
		Lady Rosa Gilbert, .....	
		William Barry, .....	
		Patrick Augustine Sheehan,	
		Rudyard Kipling, .....	
		William Watson, .....	
Edward VII.....	1901-		

## II. AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Colonial Era.	Yrs.	Kings of Eng- land.	Colleges founded before 1800.	Writers. Date of death.
Virginia colonized....	1607	James I., 1603-1625		
New York settled by the Dutch .....	1614	"		
Massachusetts colon- ized .....	1620			
New Hampshire colon- ized .....	1623	Charles I., 1625-1649		
Connecticut colonized.	1633			George Sandys, 1645
Maryland colonized....	1634			
Rhode Island colon- ized .....	1636		Harvard, 1640	
Rhode Island Charter obtained .....	1644			
Delaware settled by Swedes and Finns....	1648			
Pennsylvania settled by Swedes.....	1643			
New York surrendered to the English .....	1644	Comm'nwealth, 1649-1653 Oliver Crom- well, Protec- tor, 1653-1658		
New Jersey as a sepa- rate province from New York .....	1664	Richard Crom- well, Protec- tor, 1658-1660		
Pennsylvania colonized by Penn.....	1681	Charles II., 1660-1685 James II., 1685-1688 William III. and Mary, 1689-1702 Anne, 1702-1714	William and Mary, 1693 Yale, 1700	Roger Wil- liams, 1683 Wigglesworth, 1705
Georgia colonized .....	1733	George I., 1714-1727 George II., 1727-1760	Princeton, 1746 Columbia, 1754 University of Pennsylvania, 1749	James Logan, 1751
REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD.				
Speech of Otis.....	1761	George III., 1760-1820	Brown Univer- sity, 1764 Dartmouth, 1769 Rutgers, 1770	Cadwallader Colden, 1776
Passage of Stamp Act.	1765			
First Colonial Congress at New York .....	1765			
Declaration of Inde- pendence.....	1776			
Treaty of alliance with France.....	1778			
Treaty of Peace with Great Britain ratified	1783		Dickinson, 1783 St. John's, Md., 1784	James Otis, 1783

	Yrs.	Kings of Eng- land.	Colleges founded before 1800.	Writers. Date of death.
UNITED STATES.				
First Congress under the New Constitution met in New York....	1789		Washington, Lexington, Va., 1781 Washington, Md., 1783	Benj. Franklin, 1790
PRESIDENTS.				
George Washington....	1789		Franklin Col- lege, Athens, Ga., 1785 Franklin and Marshall, 1787 University of North Caro- lina, 1789 University of Vermont, 1791 Georgetown, D. C., 1792 Bowdoin Col- lege, Me., 1792 Williams Col- lege, Mass., 1793 Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., 1795 Transylvania University, Ky., 1798 St. Mary's Col- lege, Balti- more, 1799	Francis Hop- kinson, 1791
John Adams.....	1797			Jeremy Bel- knap, 1798
Thomas Jefferson .....	1801			Alexander Ha- milton, 1804
James Madison.....	1800			Chas. Brockden . Brown, 1810 Joseph Dennie, 1812 David Ramsay, 1815 H. H. Bracken- ridge, 1816 Thomas Jeffer- son, 1826 John Jay, 1829 John Trumbull, 1831 Philip Freneau, 1832 William Wirt, 1834 John Marshall, 1835 James M a d i- son, 1836 Matthew C a rey, 1839 James Hill- house, 1841 John England, 1842
James Monroe.....	1817	George IV., 1820-1830		
John Quincy Adams..	1825			
Andrew Jackson.....	1829	William IV., 1830-1837		
M. Van Buren.....	1837	Victoria, 1837-1901		
W. H. Harrison.....	1841			
John Tyler.....	1841			

Presidents.	Yrs.	Kings of Eng- land.	Writers.	Date of death.
		Victoria, 1837-1901	Joseph Hopkinson.....	1842
			Washington Allston....	1843
			Francis S. Key .....	1843
			Hugh S. Legaré.....	1843
James K. Polk.....	1845		Edgar Allen Poe.....	1849
General Zachary Taylor...	1849		John Calhoun.....	1850
Millard Fillmore.....	1850		Jas. Fenimore Cooper..	1851
			Daniel Webster.....	1852
			Henry Clay.....	1852
Franklin Pierce.....	1853		John H. Payne.....	1852
James Buchanan.....	1857		Lydia H. Sigourney...	1855
			William H. Prescott....	1859
			Washington Irving.....	1859
			Robert Walsh.....	1859
Abraham Lincoln .....	1861		James K. Paulding.....	1860
			J. C. Huntington.....	1862
			Nathaniel Hawthorne...	1864
			John Hughes.....	1864
Andrew Johnson .....	1865		John Boyce.....	1864
			Xavier D. McLeod.....	1865
			Jared Sparks.....	1866
			Charles C. Fise.....	1866
			Fitz-Greene Halleck....	1867
			Levi S. Ives.....	1867
Ulysses S. Grant.....	1869		T. D'Arcy McGee.....	1868
			James McSherry.....	1869
			John P. Kennedy.....	1870
			William G. Simms.....	1870
			George Ticknor.....	1871
			Henry T. Tuckerman...	1871
			George H. Miles.....	1871
Rutherford B. Hayes.....	1876		Archbishop Spalding...	1872
			James F. Meline.....	1873
			Orestes A. Brownson...	1876
			John Lothrop Motley...	1877
			William Cullen Bryant...	1878
James Garfield .....	1880		Richard H. Dana.....	1879
Chester Arthur.....	1881		E. B. O'Callaghan.....	1880
			Sidney Lanier.....	1881
			Ralph Waldo Emerson...	1882
Grover Cleveland.....	1884		H. W. Longfellow.....	1882
			Edwin P. Whipple.....	1886
Benjamin Harrison.....	1888		Abram J. Ryan.....	1886
			Isaac Thomas Hecker...	1888
			John B. O'Reilly.....	1890
			George Bancroft.....	1891
Grover Cleveland.....	1892		James R. Lowell.....	1891
			John G. Whittier.....	1892
			John G. Shea.....	1892
			Francis Parkman.....	1893
			Brother Azarias.....	1893
			Severn T. Wallis.....	1894
William McKinley.....	1896	Edward VII., 1901-	Oliver Wendell Holmes...	1894
			Harriet Beecher Stowe...	1896
			Anna Hanson Dorsey.....	1896
			Augustine F. Hewitt....	1897
Theodore Roosevelt .....	1901		Richard M. Johnston...	1898
			Eliza Allen Starr.....	1901
			Mary A. Sadlier.....	1903
			Jas. Cardinal Gibbons...	
			Mary Agnes Tincker...	
			William Dean Howells...	



Presidents.	Yrs.	Kings of Eng- land.	Writers.	Date of death.
Theodore Roosevelt.....	1901	Edward VII., 1901-	James Ryder Randall. James Kent Stone..... Jas. Lancaster Spalding Chas. Warren Stoddard Frances Chris. Tiernan Ella Loraine Dorsey .. Maurice Francis Egan. Francis M. Crawford.. Anna T. Sadlier..... Agnes Repplier..... Chas. Warren Currier.	

# TABLE OF LANGUAGES.\*

## I.

### GENERAL CLASSIFICATION—THREE PRINCIPAL FORMS, VIZ.:

#### 1. MONOSYLLABIC.

Chinese. Tibetan. Burman. Siamese.

#### 2. AGGLUTINATIVE.

African Languages. Australian. Japanese. Finno-Tataric. Basque. American Languages.  
 Samoyedic. Finnic. Tataric, Mongolian, or Turkic. Tungustian.

#### 3. INFLECTED.

Semitic. Hamitic. Aryan, or Indo-European.  
 Hebrew. Assyrian. Aramean. Arabic. Egyptian. Lybian. Ethiopian.  
 Sanscrit and other languages of India. Iranian, or Persian. Hellenic. Romanic. Teutonic. Celtic. Slavonic.

## II.

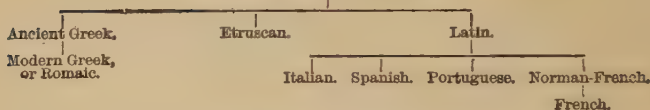
### CLASSIFICATION OF EUROPEAN LANGUAGES.

#### 1. WESTERN EUROPE.

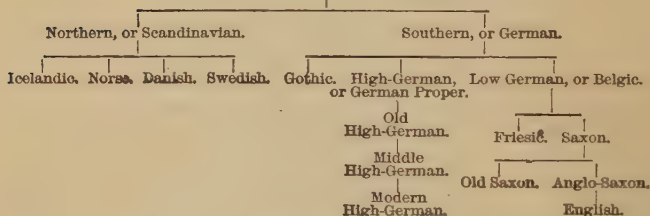
*Celtic.*  
 Celtiberian. Ancient Gallic. Hibernian, or Gaelic. Kymric, or British.  
 Old Irish. Erse, or Scotch Gaelic. Manx. Welsh. Armorican. Cornish.  
 Modern Irish.

\* In making our classifications we have availed ourselves principally of Hovelacque's Science of Language. In the division of Semitic languages we have followed Fr. Vigouroux.

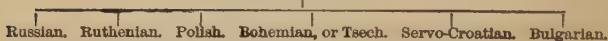
## 2. SOUTHERN EUROPE.

*Classical, or Græco-Roman.*

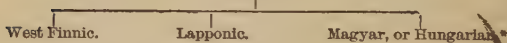
## 3. CENTRAL EUROPE.

*Gothico-Teutonic, or Germanic.*

## 4. EASTERN EUROPE.

*Slavonic.*

## 5. NORTHERN EUROPE.

*Finnic.*


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\* We have been compelled to place the Hungarian language under the heading of Northern Europe, because it belongs to the same group as the languages of Finland and Lapland.

# PART I.

## BRITISH LITERATURE.

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### FIRST PERIOD.

OLD SAXON, OR ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD, 449-1066.

(From the Saxon Occupation to the Norman Invasion.)

*The most ancient inhabitants of Britain—The Primitive Saxons—Origin of the English Language—Invasion of Britain by the Saxons—Subdivision of the Old Saxon Period—Arrival of St. Augustine in England—Speech of an Anglo-Saxon thane—The Lord's Prayer in Saxon—Characteristics of Anglo-Saxon poetry—Learning of the Anglo-Saxons—The most distinguished men of this period—Literature of Ireland—St. Gildas—Cædmon—St. Aldhelm—Venerable Bede—Alcuin—Alfred the Great—Anglo-Saxon Literature after Alfred; Ælfric; The last years of the Period—Lost writings; What remains; General Characteristics of the Period.*

### THE MOST ANCIENT INHABITANTS OF BRITAIN.

THE primitive history of the four great races that first peopled what is now termed Modern Europe is involved in obscurity. It is well known however that, at the dawn of the Christian era, the southern portion of the European continent was inhabited by the Pelasgic; the eastern, by the Slavonic; the central, by the Germanic; and the western, by the Celtic race.\*

The Celts were variously denominated: in France, they were called Gauls; in Britain, Britons; and in Ireland, Hiberni; whilst in Spain they mingled with

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\* See Table of Languages, No. II., pages xxiii. and xxiv.

the Iberi, and formed the Celtiberi. The British Celts, on account of their isolated position, had for a long time little to fear from foreign invasion. In the year 55 before Christ, the first attempt at conquest was made by the Roman legions under the command of Julius Cæsar. Notwithstanding the *nominal* tribute to which they were obliged to submit, the Britons did not lose their independence. The war was afterwards renewed by Claudius, and continued for thirty years, when Agricola completed the conquest of the island with the exception of the north of Scotland, and incorporated it into the Roman Empire (A.D. 78). The earliest records that we possess of the condition of the islanders at this time, show that they had not emerged from the state of barbarism: they led a nomadic and predatory mode of life, and had the habit of tattooing and staining their bodies. Soon, however, the efforts of Roman missionaries succeeded in bringing the Britons to the light of faith. As early as the second century, Pope Eleutherius, at the solicitation of Lucius, a British prince, sent SS. Fugatius and Damianus, or, as the Welsh chronicle quoted by Usher calls them, Fagan and Dervan, to baptize the converted Britons. It is, moreover, certain that a regular hierarchy was instituted before the close of the third century; for, by contemporary writers, the church of Britain is always put on an equality with the churches of Spain and Gaul; and in one of the earliest of the Western councils, that of Arles in 314, we meet with the names of three British bishops, viz., Eborius, of York, Restitutus, of London, and Adelphus, of Richborough. But the knowledge of the Gospel and British civilization were doomed to disappear within two centuries, before the ignorance and barbarism of the Saxon invader.



## THE PRIMITIVE SAXONS.

The Saxons, a tribe of the Germanic race, were, as their name indicates,\* a fierce horde of piratical adventurers. By the ancient writers, they are unanimously classed with the most barbarous nations that invaded and dismembered the Roman Empire. About the middle of the second century, they occupied a small district on the right bank of the river Elbe; but, in the course of two hundred years, their name had become common to the nations that dwelt from the extremity of the peninsula of Jutland to the Rhine. They were divided into three independent tribes, governed by hereditary chiefs, and known, according to their geographical position, as, 1. the western tribe, or Westphalians, on the left bank of the Weser; 2. the eastern tribe, or Ostphalians, on the banks of the Elbe; and, 3. the central tribe, or Angrians, who were located between the other two divisions. Once a year the chiefs of the tribes assembled to deliberate on affairs of general interest. Pillage on land and piracy at sea were their only occupations. In their expeditions on the North Sea they attacked the coasts of Britain, Belgium, and Northern Gaul; and, though the Roman imperial fleet had often been employed to check their incursions, their dauntless and adventurous spirit could never be subdued. In the third century, their devastations on the British and Belgian coasts occasioned the appointment of a particular officer, named Count of the Saxon Shore, to defend those regions; but, as the power of Rome declined, the audacity of the Saxons increased, their expeditions became more frequent, their descents more destructive.

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\*The word *Seaxan* (Saxons) means *men of the short sword or dagger*.

## INVASION OF BRITAIN BY THE SAXONS.

In the year 449, Hengist and Horsa, two Saxon chiefs, with a band of Angles, Saxons, and Jutes, succeeded in effecting a settlement on the coast of Britain. Vortigern, a British prince, availed himself of this warlike band to repel the incursions of the Scots and Picts. For their services he gave them lands in the county of Kent; but the Saxons soon made themselves independent, and founded, in 453, a kingdom, which kept the name of Kent. Successive bands, attracted by the good fortune of their compatriots, settled likewise in the country. Impelled by their natural ferocity, and goaded on by the stubborn resistance of the natives, the Saxons showed themselves such merciless enemies that, at the end of a century, the British race was confined to the mountains of Wales and the maritime districts of Cornwall.\* The Britons, in their distress, sent the following letter to Aetius, then governor of Roman Gaul: "To Aetius, now consul for the third time; the groans of the Britons. The barbarians drive us to the sea, the sea throws us back on the barbarians; thus two modes of death await us: we are either slain or drowned."

The treatment of the Britons at the hands of the Anglo-Saxons, has justly been compared to that of the North American Indians at the hands of the same race.

In proportion as the Angles and Saxons advanced in the interior of Britain, they established independent kingdoms. To the south of Kent was formed Sussex

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\* The Britons of Wales remained independent of the Saxons till the reign of Edward I., who made himself master of their country. Under the name of Welsh, they remain to this day faithful to their language and to many of their old customs.

(Suth Seaxe); to the west, Wessex (West Seaxe); to the east, Essex (East Seaxe). These kingdoms, with Northumberland, East Anglia, and Mercia, completed the Anglo-Saxon heptarchy, but they were absorbed into one, in the ninth century, by the superior genius of Egbert, King of Wessex. From this date until the middle of the eleventh century, the barbarous Danes endeavored to treat the Saxons as the Saxons had treated the native Britons, and the history of the Anglo-Saxon monarchy presents but a confused and melancholy picture of incursions and resistance.

#### ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE—SUBDIVISION OF THE OLD SAXON PERIOD.

Before the Saxon invasion, the aboriginal inhabitants of Britain spoke dialects of the ancient Celtic, a language quite different from the Anglo-Saxon. Nor did the Roman occupation of the island, which lasted upwards of three hundred years (A.D. 78-411), effect material change in the speech of the people. It was only after the predatory German tribes of the Saxon confederation had obtained possession of Britain, that the Celtic began to be supplanted by the Anglo-Saxon language.\* This was a Low-Germanic dialect, akin to the modern Dutch, but with many Scandinavian forms and words. It is the basis of the English language, to which it gave its laws, etymology, and syntax. Our modern English is therefore the Anglo-Saxon modified principally by the Latin through the Norman-French. It is supposed that of the 40,000 words contained in our current literature, nearly 25,000 are of Saxon

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\*The number of British words that have crept into the English language is much below a hundred. The following are among the most current: basket, barrow, button, bran, cock, kiln, dainty, flaw, funnel, gruel, wicket, gown, wire, mesh, mattock, mop, rail, rug, soldier, size, tackle.

origin.\* This shows the propriety of including the Saxon times in the history of English literature.

The old Saxon period is supposed to begin with the year 449, and to continue until the memorable battle of Hastings, in 1066, which put an end to the Saxon line of monarchs, and placed William the Conqueror, Duke of Normandy, on the throne of England. This period may also be subdivided, according to the invasions of the island by the Saxons and by the Danes, into the Anglo-Saxon period, from 449 to 787; and the Danish-Saxon period, from 787 to 1066.

#### ARRIVAL OF ST. AUGUSTINE IN ENGLAND.

The earliest form of the Saxon language cannot now be known, and Saxon literature dates only from the conversion of the Saxons to Christianity. According to Dr. Samuel Johnson, they were very probably without an alphabet; and they may be supposed to have continued in a state of barbarism until the year 597, when St. Augustine, at the solicitation of Pope St. Gregory the Great, came from Rome to convert them to the Christian faith. The circumstances which led to so happy an event are too interesting to be omitted here. Some Anglo-Saxon slaves had been offered for sale in a market at Rome. Gregory, as yet but a monk, was struck by the beauty of their features, and asked to what country they belonged. "They are Angles," was the reply; "but they are idolaters." "Were they Christians," he exclaimed, "they would no longer be Angles, but angels." From that time he conceived the design of rescuing the nation from the errors of paganism, but was unable to execute it

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\* The entire number of English words, including those used in science and art, is much larger. Webster's Dictionary (in 1835) contained 118,000 words. "The Standard Dictionary" (1893) registers nearly 300,000 words and phrases.

before he was raised to the pontifical throne. St. Augustine and the zealous missionaries who accompanied him, not only succeeded in establishing Christianity among the pagan Saxons, and in softening by its mild influence the harsher features of their origin, but also excited a thirst for knowledge among the people. These good priests and monks instructed them in the use of the Roman alphabet, and taught them to read Greek and Latin books. How great the benefit was clearly appears, when we consider that, at the time, no literature existed except in these two languages.

#### SPEECH OF AN ANGLO-SAXON THANE.

When Edwin, King of Northumbria, had resolved, in 627, to become a Christian, he convoked an assembly of his principal friends and counsellors, and required them to state their sentiments on the subject of religion. One of them, seeking for information respecting the origin and destiny of man, ventured upon the following speech, which, while it showed his practical good sense, exhibits also a striking picture of national manners: "Often," said he, "O king! in the depth of winter, while you are feasting with your thanes, and the fire is blazing on the hearth in the midst of the hall, you have seen a sparrow pelted by the storm enter at one door and escape at the other. During its passage it was visible; but whence it came or whither it went, you know not. Such seems to me to be the life of man. He walks the earth for a few years; but what precedes his birth, or what is to follow after death, we cannot tell. Undoubtedly, if the new religion can unfold these important secrets, it must be worthy of our attention, and ought to be followed."\*

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\* Bede's History, B. ii., C. 13.



## THE LORD'S PRAYER IN SAXON,

As a specimen of the earliest form of Saxon prose, we give the following most ancient copy of the Lord's Prayer, said to have been written by Æadfrid, Bishop of Lindisfarne, about A.D. 700:

- Urin Fader thic arth in heofnes,  
 Our Father which art in heaven,  
 1 Sic Gehalgad thin noma,  
   be hallowed thine name,  
 2 To cymeth thin rye,  
   To come thine kingdom,  
 3 Sic thin willa sue is in heofnes and in eortho.  
   Be thine will so is in heaven and in earth.  
 4 Urin hlef ofirwistlie sel us to daig.  
   Our loaf super-excellent give us to-day.  
 5 And forgefe us scylda urna, sue we forgefan scyldgum  
   urum,  
   And forgive us debts ours so we forgiven debts of ours,  
 6 And no inlead usig in custnug,  
   and not lead us into temptation,  
 7 Al gefrig usich frun ifle  
   And free us from evil.—Amen.

## CHARACTERISTICS OF ANGLO-SAXON POETRY.

The vernacular poetry of the Anglo-Saxons has been ably described by Mr. Turner. Its principal characteristics appear to be a constant inversion of phrase, with frequent use of alliteration,\* metaphor, and periphrases. The style is highly elliptical. Two risings and two fallings of the voice were necessary to each perfect line. Two measures are met with, one shorter,

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\* The alliteration was perfect, when two important words of a verse and the first important word of the next verse began with the same letter, as in the following:

Flah mah fliteth,  
 Flan man hwiteth.

The strong dart flitteth,  
 The spear man whetteth.

the other longer, both commonly mixed in the same poem. Rhyme seems neither to have been sought after, nor rejected; it occurs but seldom. In Anglo-Saxon MSS. the verses are written continuously, like prose, but the division is generally marked by a point. All poetry was designed to be sung to the harp. A short specimen is here given from Cædmon. Another extract from the same poet may be seen on page 16.

Ne wæs her the giet, nymthe	Nor had there here as yet,
heolstersceado,	save the vault-shadow,
Wiht geworden; ác thes wida	Aught existed; but this wide
grund	abyss
Stod deop and dem—drihtne	Stood deep and dim—strange
fremde,	to its Lord,
Idel and unnyt.	Idle and useless.

—From *Guest's English Rhythms*.

#### LEARNING OF THE ANGLO-SAXONS.

The chief successes of the early Anglo-Saxon writers were obtained through the medium of Latin, then and long after the common language of Europe. The rough vernacular was employed in popular poetry, or in such prose writings as had a didactic purpose for the benefit of the laity.

In the pursuit of eloquence and of poetry, the Saxon student was frequently led astray by a vitiated taste. The laborious trifles, which, during the decline of taste, exercised the ingenuity of the Greek and the Latin writers, were seriously cultivated and improved by the most eminent of the Saxon scholars. In their works, we meet with acrostics composed of the initial and final letters of each line, or with poems in which the natural difficulty of the metre is increased by the addition of middle and final rhymes.

The following specimen is taken from a poem com-

posed by a disciple of St. Boniface, in honor of St. Aldhelm. The same number of syllables in each verse, the rhyme, and the alliteration, are characteristic features.

Summo satore sobolis  
Satus fuisti nobilis,  
Generosa progenitus  
Genitrice, expeditus,  
Statura spectabilis,  
Statu et forma agilis.

Latin rhymes of this or a similar construction were called Leonine verses, probably from Pope St. Leo II. (682–683), who was skilled in music and poetry, and who composed many hymns for the offices of the Church. Some of these rhyming hymns are unsurpassed even as literary compositions. Thus the *Stabat Mater* breathes a truly plaintive sweetness and sacred enthusiasm; and no other poem exists in any language more tender and more awe-inspiring than the wonderful sequence, *Dies irae, dies illa*. In England, however, the Leonine verse was principally used as a vehicle for satire and humor.

From the study of Greek and Latin the student was conducted to that of philosophy, after having acquired the preliminary and necessary sciences of logic and numbers. His acquaintance with logic he derived from the writings of Aristotle and his disciples. The science of numbers equalled that of logic in importance, and surpassed it in difficulty of attainment. The reader will not wonder at this, if he pause to reflect on the many disadvantages against which our ancestors were condemned to struggle. The Arabic figures, which the Christians received from the Mohammedans of Spain, about the close of the tenth century, have so facilitated the acquisition of this science as to render it familiar even to children. But

the Saxons were ignorant of so valuable an improvement, and every arithmetical operation was performed with the aid of seven Roman letters, C, D, I, L, M, V, X.

From this it appears that the obstacles to be overcome in the various branches of learning were numerous and formidable, and to the candid critic should be a subject of regret rather than of blame. If we consider that the Saxon writers are often equal, sometimes superior, to many who lived before the dismemberment of the Roman empire, instead of despising, we shall be inclined to approve and value, their exertions.\*

#### THE MOST DISTINGUISHED MEN OF THIS PERIOD.

Theodore of Tarsus, who was consecrated at Rome Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Abbot Adrian, were sent to England, A.D. 668. Nothing could be more fortunate for the Anglo-Saxon literature than the arrival of these men in the country. Their conversation and exhortations excited a great emulation for literary studies. Among the natives, St. Benedict Biscop, founder of the Abbey of Wearmouth, deserves honorable mention. Egbert, who became Archbishop of York in 732, was also famous in his day. But the three great Anglo-Saxon luminaries of the eighth century, who contributed so much to increase intellectual culture among their countrymen, were Aldhelm, Bede, and Alcuin. In the following century, a great accession of knowledge was introduced by the illustrious King Alfred the Great, who founded seminaries of learning, encouraged letters by his own example, and was the munificent patron of scholars. Of these distinguished men we shall treat more fully in the sequel.

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\* Lingard's *Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church*, c. x.

## LITERATURE OF IRELAND.

For more than two centuries after the death of St. Patrick, Ireland held the pre-eminence in Europe for her schools and religious literature. She was the Isle of Scholars, as well as the Isle of Saints.

Many Anglo-Saxons, both of the higher and the lower ranks, as well as scholars from the Continent, attracted by the fame of her learned sanctuaries, resorted thither to pursue their studies or their devotions. In the life of Sedgenus, of the eighth century, we read:

Exemplo patrum, commotus amore legendi,  
Ivit ad Hibernos, sophia mirabile claros.

With love of learning and example fired,  
To Ireland, famed for wisdom, he retired.

Count de Montalembert speaks of two hundred Irish poets whose memories and names have remained dear to Ireland. Among them all, none is dearer to the Celtic heart than that of St. Columba, or Columbkille (the dove of the cell). He was a prince, a poet, an orator, a monk and founder of a new monastic discipline, and the apostle of Caledonia. Three Latin poems and thirty-six Irish poems attributed to him, still survive. As to the *Prophecies of St. Columbkille*, they are regarded by Catholic critics not only as void of authenticity, but as impositions and silly fictions. St. Columbkille died in 597, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

The Welsh and Irish tongues are undoubtedly the purest remains of the ancient Celtic. What literary treasures were gathered up by the Celtic bards and monks during the golden age of Irish history and literature, is rather a matter of conjecture. For, dur-



ing the temporary subjection of the Irish to the Danes in the ninth century, a general destruction of the national poetry, of schools and colleges, took place under the direction of the Danish chiefs; and, in the sixteenth century, at the terrible period of the Reformation, the sacking of convents and the burning of whole libraries were the ruffian occupation of British soldiers and adventurers. Many Irish manuscripts have escaped, however, and are still to be found in the libraries of Armagh, Dublin, London, Rome, and Paris. The most celebrated of them are *The Psalter of Cashell* and the *Annals of Tigernachus*. The *Psalter* is a collection of metrical legends compiled by Cormac McCullinnan, Bishop of Cashell and King of Munster, about the year 900. The *Annals* are records of Irish history, written in the Irish language and characters of the eleventh century. Unfortunately, the monuments of Irish history and literature were comparatively neglected for over two centuries (1600 to 1829), during which the Celtic language was proscribed from the schools and universities of Ireland by the fanatical policy of Great Britain. But, with more liberty, fresh zeal for a knowledge of the ancient tongue has been revived; eminent Irish scholars have pointed out the treasures of Irish antiquity, and the regular study of Irish, not only in the Catholic University and principal colleges, but even in the Protestant Establishments, foreshadows still more important results for the time to come.

ST. GILDAS, THE WISE, THE EARLIEST BRITISH HISTORIAN, 494-565 (?).

St. Gildas, one of the most illustrious solitaries of the sixth century, ranks as the first British historian.

He was the son of a British lord, and received his early education in the monastery of St. Illutus, in Glamorganshire, the most famous school then in Britain. This monastery, called Llan-Iltut (the Church of Illut) from the name of its founder, was situated near the sea-coast, not far from Llan-Caravan. It reckoned among its scholars St. David, patron of Wales, St. Samson, St. Magloire, and many other personages, distinguished alike for learning and sanctity.

St. Gildas wrote eight canons of discipline. He also translated from British into Latin the famous Molmutine laws,\* which gave the privilege of sanctuary and protection to fugitives and criminals. But he is principally known by his *Epistola de Excidio Britannicæ et Castigatio Ecclesiastici Ordinis*. It is a severe invective against the Britons, in which St. Gildas paints the vices of the people, the clergy, and their rulers. Like another Jeremias, he pronounces the misfortunes attending the Anglo-Saxon invasion an effect of the justice of God upon the nation. The title of the old translation is as follows: *The Epistle of Gildas, the most ancient British Author, who flourished in the yere of our Lord, 546. And who, by his great erudition, sanctitie, and wisdom, acquired the name of Sapiens. Faithfully translated out of the originall Latine. London, 12mo., 1638.* It has been republished in Bohn's Antiquarian Library.

About the year 527, St. Gildas sailed to Brittany, in France. He wrote his invective ten years after his arrival there and in the forty-fourth year of his age, as is gathered from his life and writings. He is still honored in France, and is the patron saint of Vannes, an ancient

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\* Geoffrey of Monmouth: British History. B. iii., c. v. These laws were afterwards translated into Anglo-Saxon by King Alfred.

town of Brittany situated near the sea-coast. There are three parishes in Brittany that bear his name.

The following extract is taken from the Preface of his *Epistle*:

§ 1. Whatever in this my epistle I may write in my humble but well-meaning manner, rather by way of lamentation than for display, let no one suppose that it springs from contempt of others, or that I foolishly esteem myself as better than they:—for, alas! the subject of my complaint is the general destruction of everything that is good, and the general growth of evil throughout the land; but that I would condole with my country in her distress and rejoice to see her revive therefrom: for it is my present purpose to relate the deeds of an indolent and slothful race, rather than the exploits of those who have been valiant in the field.

§ 2. I will, therefore, if God be willing, endeavor to say a few words about the situation of Britain, her disobedience and subjection, her rebellion, second subjection and dreadful slavery,—of her religion, persecution, holy martyrs, heresies of different kinds,—of her tyrants, her hostile and ravaging nations,—of her first devastation, her defence, her second devastation, and second taking vengeance,—of her third devastation, of her famine, and letters to Agittius,\*—of her victory and her crimes,—of the sudden rumor of enemies,—of her famous pestilence,—of her counsels,—of her last enemy, far more cruel than the first,—of the subversion of her cities and of the remnant that escaped; and finally of the peace which, by the will of God, has been granted in these our times.

### CÆDMON, THE EARLIEST ANGLO-SAXON POET OF NOTE, d. 680.

The catalogue of writers in the Anglo-Saxon language begins with Cædmon,† a monk of Whitby, who

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\* Or Ætius, according to another reading. The address to Ætius, one of the greatest generals of the Western Roman Empire, has already been mentioned. See p. 4.

† Beowulf, a romantic poem, consisting of forty-three cantos, with about six thousand lines, is anterior to the works of Cædmon; but it was probably

has been styled the Anglo-Saxon Milton, because he sang of Lucifer and of Paradise lost. Bede tells us that no other religious poet could ever compare with Cædmon, "for he did not learn the art of poetry from men, but from God." He was well advanced in years, when one night, while asleep in a stable, he was supernaturally inspired with the gift of song. He converted "into most harmonious verse" large portions of Holy Writ, and in magnificent strains sang "the terrors of the day of judgment, the pains of hell, and the sweetness of the heavenly kingdom. By his verses the minds of many were often excited to despise the world and to aspire to heaven."

His *Song of the Creation* begins with the following verses:

Nu we sceolan herian,\*  
 heofon-rices weard,  
 metodes mihte,  
 and his nod-ge-thone,  
 wera wulder fæder!  
 swa he wundra ge-hwæs,  
 ece dryhten  
 oord onstealde.  
 He ærest ge-sceop,  
 ylða bearnum  
 heofon to hrófe,  
 halig scyppend!  
 tha middan-geard  
 mon-cynnes weard,  
 ece dryhten,  
 æfter teode,  
 frum foldan  
 frea ælmihtig!

Now we shall praise  
 the guardian of heaven,  
 the might of the Creator,  
 and his counsel  
 the works of the Father of Glory;  
 how he, of all wonders,  
 the Eternal Lord,  
 made the beginning.  
 He first created  
 for the children of men  
 heaven as a canopy;  
 the Holy Creator!  
 then the world  
 the guardian of mankind,  
 the Eternal Lord,  
 afterwards made  
 the earth for man;  
 the almighty master!

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composed in Schleswig, and brought over about the close of the fifth century. Some parts of it bear the mark of a Christian revision. Beowulf has been translated into English by J. M. Garnett.

\* Modern letters are substituted for those peculiar Saxon characters employed to express *th*, *dh*, and *w*.

## ST. ALDHELM, THE SACRED MINSTREL, 656 (?)–709.

St. Aldhelm,\* an eminent scholar and promoter of literature in the seventh century, was a descendant of the West-Saxon kings. He built a stately monastery at Malmesbury, of which he himself was the first abbot. After he had governed the monastery for thirty years, he was consecrated Bishop of Sherborne, where he died in 709.

“It is evident,” says Dr. Henry, “from St. Aldhelm’s works which are still extant, that he had read the most celebrated authors of Greece and Rome, and that he was no contemptible writer in the languages in which these authors wrote.” According to Camden, he was the first Saxon that wrote in the Latin language, both in prose and verse; and he composed a book for the instruction of his countrymen on the prosody of that language. Venerable Bede gives the following estimate of him: “He was a man of universal erudition, and the master of an elegant style.” King Alfred the Great declared that Aldhelm was the best of all the Saxon poets, and the author of a favorite song, which was universally sung nearly 200 years after the author’s death. It is related of him that, having a fine voice, and great skill in music as well as in poetry, and observing the backwardness of his barbarous countrymen to listen to grave instructions, he composed a number of little poems, which he sung after mass in the sweetest manner, and by these means gradually instructed and civilized his people. William of Malmesbury bears this testimony of him: “If you examine his writings attentively, you will find in them Grecian acuteness, Roman elegance, and English dignity.” Dr.

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\* Aldhelm signifies old helmet.

Lingard, however, in his *Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church*, is more reserved in his praises, and says of his Latin works: "With an exception in favor of some passages in his poems, they are marked by a pompous obscurity of language, an affectation of Grecian phraseology, and an unmeaning length of period which perplexes and disgusts. As a writer, his merit is not great; but, if we consider the barbarism of the preceding generation, and the difficulties with which he was surrounded, we cannot refuse him the praise of genius, resolution, and industry."

None of his vernacular productions is extant. His chief surviving works consist of two treatises in praise of *Virginité*; the *De Laudibus Virginitatis, sive de Virginitate Sanctorum*, is in prose; the other, *De Laudibus Virginum*, is written in hexameter verse. All his extant works have been republished in modern times. See *Encyclop. Britan.*, W. Aldhelm.

#### VENERABLE BEDE, 673-735.

Venerable Bede, the most illustrious name in the history of science and literature during the eighth century, was born in 673. Of his parents nothing has been recorded. He tells us, in his own short narrative of himself, that he was placed at the age of seven years, under the care of Abbot Benedict, in the Abbey of Wearmouth, that of Yarrow not being yet built. When, however, the second establishment was founded, Bede appears to have gone thither under Ceolfrid, its first abbot, and to have resided there all the remainder of his life. His own words are here in point: "All my life I have spent in the same monastery, giving my whole attention to the study of the Holy Scriptures; and, in the interval between the hours of regular disci-



pline and the duties of singing in the church, I have always taken pleasure in learning, or teaching, or writing something." He was eminent as a scholar, historian, and divine; and was remarkable for his probity, disinterestedness, and modesty. He has given a list of forty-five different works composed by himself, to which several others were afterwards added. How great a master he was of the Greek language appears from his *Ars Metrica* and other works. His hymns and epigrams are lost. All the sciences and every branch of literature were handled by him,—philosophy, astronomy, arithmetic, the calendar, grammar, history, biography, homilies, comments on the Scriptures,—though works of piety make up the bulk of his writings. An honest candor and love of truth are so visibly the characteristics of his historical works, that, if some sceptical critics have sometimes suspected him of credulity, no man ever called in question his sincerity. His *Ecclesiastical History* of the Anglo-Saxons is, to this day, a leading authority, not for the annals of the Church only, but for all the public events that occurred in the earlier part of the Anglo-Saxon period. The style is easy and perspicuous, and though far inferior to that of the great masters of antiquity, it may justly claim higher praise than the other specimens of the time. Bede was a great man for the age in which he lived: he would have been a great man, had he lived in any other age. Bishop Tanner, an eminent antiquary, thus writes of him: "He was a prodigy of learning in an unlearned age, whose erudition we can never cease admiring. If we think that he sometimes failed in his judgment or by credulity, when we take a view of all his writings together, we shall confess that he alone is a library and a treasure of all the arts."

During his last illness, he had undertaken an Anglo-

Saxon translation of the Gospel of St. John, which he continued till a few moments before his death. The interesting scene of his last hours is thus described by his disciple Cuthbert: "He passed the remainder of the day in prayer and conversation till evening, when his scribe again interrupted him, saying: 'Dear Master, there is yet one sentence not written.' Bede told him to write quickly, and he dictated a few words, when the youth exclaimed: 'It is now done!' 'Thou hast well said,' answered Bede, 'it is done! Support my head with thy hands, for I desire to sit facing the holy place in which I was wont to pray. There let me invoke my Heavenly Father.' And thus on the floor of his cell, chanting the *Gloria Patri*, he had just strength enough to proceed to the end of the phrase, when he breathed out his soul with his last words (Spiritui Sancto) on his lips." He died in 735, and was buried at Yarrow. The following epitaph was placed on his tomb:

"Presbiter hic Beda requiescat carne sepultus.  
 Dona, Christe, animam in cœlis gaudere per ævum;  
 Daque illi sophiæ debriari fonte, cui jam  
 Suspiravit ovans intento semper amore."

*Translation.*

Not as the opening bud, but laden bough,  
 Here sainted Bede, the priest and sage, lies low.  
 Grant him, O Lord, now that his task is done,  
 Eternal joys, through Thy beloved Son;  
 For endless ages, filled with heavenly love,  
 His thirst allay at Wisdom's fount above.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S ARRIVAL IN KENT, A.D. 597.

(From *The Ecclesiastical History*.)

As soon as they [St. Augustine and his missionaries] entered the dwelling-place assigned them, they began to initiate the

course of life practised in the primitive Church; applying themselves to frequent prayer, watching, and fasting; preaching the Word of Life to as many as they could; despising all worldly things as not belonging to them; receiving only their necessary food from those they taught; living themselves in all respects conformably to what they prescribed to others; and being all disposed to suffer any adversity and even to die for that truth which they preached. In short, several believed and were baptized, admiring the simplicity of their innocent life and the sweetness of their heavenly doctrine. There was on the east side of the city a church dedicated to the honor of St. Martin, built whilst the Romans were still in the island, wherein the queen, who, as has been said before, was a Christian, used to pray. In this they first began to meet, to sing, to pray, to say mass, to preach, and to baptize, till the king, being converted to the faith, allowed them to preach openly, and build and repair churches in all places,

When he, among the rest, induced by the unspotted life of these holy men and their delightful promises, which, by many miracles, they proved to be most certain, believed and was baptized, greater numbers began daily to flock together to hear the Word, and, forsaking the heathen rites, to associate themselves, by believing, to the unity of the Church of Christ.

Their conversion the King encouraged, but compelled none to embrace Christianity; yet he showed more affection to the believers, as to his fellow-citizens in the heavenly kingdom. For he had learned from his instructors and leaders to salvation that the service of Christ ought to be voluntary, not by compulsion. Nor was it long before he gave his teachers a settled residence in his metropolis of Canterbury, with such possessions of different kinds as were necessary for their subsistence.

#### ALCUIN, 735-804.

Alcuin is the most distinguished of those Anglo-Saxons whose name shed lustre on the empire of the Frankish monarch in the eighth century. He was born at York, or in its vicinity, about the year 735, of a noble family; and, when scarcely weaned from his mother's breast, he was dedicated to the Church. On

reaching the proper age he was placed in the school of Archbishop Egbert, at York, then celebrated for the number of noble youths who crowded thither to imbibe instruction from the lips of that learned prelate. In 781, whilst on a visit to the Continent in search of books and new discoveries in science, Alcuin was induced to take up his residence in France and become the friend and counsellor of Charlemagne, who was then meditating the foundation of scholastic institutions throughout his dominions. To secure the benefit of Alcuin's instructions, Charlemagne established at his court a school—called Palatina, because it was kept at his palace—which seems to have been the origin of the University of Paris. He joined to it a sort of academy, each member of which borrowed the name of some personage of antiquity. Charlemagne had the name of David; Alcuin that of Flaccus, from Horace; and Angilbert, son-in-law to Charlemagne, that of Homer.

Indeed most of the schools in France were either founded or improved by Alcuin.\* In 796 he established a school in the Abbey of St. Martin of Tours, and another at Aix-la-Chapelle: thus did he greatly assist the revival of letters in the vast dominions of this prince. As he advanced in years, he grew weary of the honors he enjoyed, and took leave of court in 801. His Abbey of St. Martin's was selected for the place of his retreat; but till his death in 804 he kept

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\* A German poet, cited by Camden, thus extols the merit of Alcuin in introducing literature into France:

“Quid non Alcuino, facunda Lutetia, debes,  
Instauratur bonas ibi qui feliciter artes,  
Barbariemque procul solus depellere cœpit?”

*Translation.*

“Let Gallia's sons, nurtur'd in ancient lore,  
To Alcuin's name a grateful tribute pay;  
'Twas his, the light of science to restore,  
And bid barbarie darkness flee away.”

up a constant correspondence with Charles. His numerous charities excited the applause and gratitude of the inhabitants of Tours; and a hospital, which he founded for the reception of the poor and of travellers, was long preserved under the tuition of his successors, the abbots of St. Martin's.

The pen of Alcuin was seldom idle. For the use of his pupils he wrote, in the form of dialogues, elementary treatises on most of the sciences; and compiled, at the solicitation of his friends, the lives of several eminent men. His letters are numerous, and possess a special interest on account of the fidelity with which they describe the views, manners, and employment of the most distinguished characters of the age. Like Bede, he wrote comments on several books of Scripture; and occasionally he proved his devotion to the Muses by the composition of small poems. His moral works breathe a sincere piety; his doctrine on all points of faith is most pure, and he let slip no opportunity of exerting his zeal in its defence. His style, however, is not pleasing, being overloaded with useless words, common thoughts, and affected ornaments. "Alcuin," says Feller, "had more genius than taste, more erudition than elegance; and he was more fluent than eloquent." Nevertheless his works are much esteemed, and he is acknowledged as the most learned and polished man of his time.

We subjoin the following address of Alcuin to his cell, on quitting it for the world:

O mea cella, mihi habitatio dulcis amata,  
Semper in æternum, O mea cella, vale!  
Undique te cingit ramis resonantibus arbos,  
Silvula florigeris semper onusta cornis.  
Flumina te cingunt florentibus undique ripis,  
Retia piscator qua sua tendit ovans.

Pomiferis redolent ramis tua claustra per hortos,  
 Lilia cum rosulis candida mixta rubris.  
 Omne genus volucrum matutinas personat odas,  
 Atque creatorem laudat in ore Deum.

*Translation.\**

O my loved cell, sweet dwelling of my soul,  
 Must I forever say, "Dear spot, farewell!"  
 Round thee their shades the sounding branches spread.  
 A little wood with flowering honors gay;  
 The blooming meadows wave their healthful herbs,  
 Which hands experienced cull to serve mankind.  
 By thee, 'mid flowery banks the waters glide,  
 Where the glad fishermen their nets extend;  
 Thy gardens shine with apple-bending boughs,  
 Where the white lilies mingle with the rose;  
 Their morning hymns the feathered tribes resound,  
 And warble sweet their great Creator's praise.

ALFRED THE GREAT, 849-901.

Among the writers of the ninth century, a distinguished place should be given to King Alfred the Great, who in 871 succeeded his brother Ethelred I. on the throne of England. When only in his fifth year he was sent to Rome to be crowned by the Pontiff Leo IV., and afterwards he accompanied his father on a pilgrimage to the apostolic city. According to a well-known but now discredited story, his mother Osburga, or his step-mother Judith, had the merit of awakening in the mind of Alfred that passion for learning for which he stands so conspicuous among his contemporaries. Holding in her hand a Saxon poem, elegantly written and beautifully illuminated, she offered it as a reward to the first of her children whose proficiency should enable him to read it. The emulation of Alfred, the youngest, was excited; he ran to his master, applied to the task with

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\* Lingard, who quotes Asser's Life of Alfred.



diligence, performed it to the satisfaction of the queen, and received the prize of his industry.\*

Being called to the throne by the unanimous voice of the West Saxons, Alfred succeeded in conquering the Danes, whose invasions had rapidly accelerated the decline of learning in the Saxon states, and crowned his victories by framing just laws, establishing juries, civilizing the people, and resuscitating the arts, sciences, and belles-lettres in his kingdom. With the assistance of distinguished scholars of his own and foreign countries, whom he invited to his court, he began, in his thirty-ninth year, to apply to the study of Roman literature, and opened schools in different places for the instruction of his subjects. King Alfred was greatly indebted to the counsels of St. Neot, his spiritual director, for the advancement of useful and sacred studies. Our historians agree that a plan for the general study of sciences and liberal arts was laid by this holy anchoret; and after this plan Alfred is said to have founded a school, which, in the course of time, grew to the University of Oxford. It was his will that the children of every freeman, whose circumstances would allow it, should acquire the elementary arts of reading and writing; and that those who were designed for civil or ecclesiastical employments, should moreover be instructed in the Latin language. It was a misfortune which the king frequently lamented, that Saxon literature contained no books of sciences. "I have often wondered," says he, "that the illustrious scholars, who once flourished among the English, and who had read so many foreign works, never thought of transferring the most useful into their own language." To supply this deficiency Alfred himself undertook the task.

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\* Lingard's History.

His writings, besides a code of laws which he composed, comprise translations into Anglo-Saxon of Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*; of Pope Gregory's *Pastoral Care*, a work recommended both by its own excellence and the reputation of its author; of the *Universal History* of Orosius, the best epitome of ancient history then extant; of parts of the *Bible*; of the *Soliloquies* of St. Augustine; and of the *Consolation of Philosophy* by Boethius, a treatise deservedly held in high reputation at that period, a copy of which he constantly carried about him.

The manner in which he regulated his time, enabled him to give due attention to everything—business, study, and prayer. He divided the twenty-four hours into three equal parts: the first, for exercises of piety; the second, for sleep and necessary refreshments; and the third, for the duties of his station. Sir Henry Spelman, the celebrated English antiquary and philologist, says of him in a rapture: “O Alfred, the wonder and astonishment of all ages! If we reflect on his piety and religion, it would seem that he had always lived in a cloister; if on his warlike exploits, that he had never been out of camps; if on his learning and writings, that he had spent his whole life in a college; if on his wholesome laws and wise administration, that these had been his whole study and employment.”

England, before his time barbarous and agitated by continual troubles, became under him an abode of peace and justice. This great monarch died in the year 901, deeply regretted by his people, who revered him as a hero, statesman, and saint.\*

As a specimen of Anglo-Saxon prose, we give the following, taken from his Introduction to the *Translation of St. Gregory's Pastorale*:

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\* See Character of Alfred by Hume, p. 252 of this work.

For thi me thingth betere  
gif geow swa thineth, that we  
eác sume bec tha themed  
bethyr fysta syn eallum man-  
num to witanne, that we tha  
on that ge-theode wendon the  
we ealle ge cnawen mægen,  
and ge-don swa we swithe  
eathe magon mid Godes ful-  
tome gif we tha stylnesse  
habbath, that call seo geo-  
guth the nu is on Angelecynne  
freora manna, thara the tha  
speda hæbben, that hi tham  
befeolan mægan syn to leor-  
nunga oth fæste, tha hwile  
the hi nanre otherre note ne  
mægen, oth fyrst the hi wel  
cunnen Englise gewrit arcedan.  
Lære mon siththan furthor on  
Leden ge-theode, tha the man  
furthor læran wille, and to  
herran hade don wille.

Therefore it seems to me  
better, if it seems so to you,  
that we also, some books that  
be deemed most needful for  
all men to know, that we  
translate them into that lan-  
guage that we all can under-  
stand, and cause, as we very  
easily may with God's help,  
if we have leisure, that all  
the youth that is now in the  
English nation of freemen,  
those that have wealth to  
maintain themselves, may be  
put to learning, the while they  
can employ themselves on  
nothing else, till first they  
can read well English writing.  
Afterwards let people teach  
further in the Latin tongue  
those whom they will teach  
further and raise to a higher  
degree.

#### ANGLO-SAXON LITERATURE AFTER ALFRED; ÆLFRIC, THE GRAMMARIAN, d. 1006; THE LAST YEARS OF THE PERIOD.

After the reign of Alfred, not only was the progress  
of literature impeded by the renewed invasions of the  
ruthless Danes, but it seemed for a time threatened  
with entire destruction. Their footsteps were every-  
where marked by the sack of cities, the plunder and  
burning of churches and monasteries. Many literary  
monuments perished; the rising generations were de-  
prived of the ordinary means of education and knowl-  
edge. In the general calamity of the times it is  
refreshing to notice some holy and learned bishops,  
among whom shone particularly St. Dunstan (924-988),

Archbishop of Canterbury; St. Ethelwold (d. 984), Bishop of Winchester; St. Oswald (d. 992), Archbishop of York, and Ælfrie (d. 1006), Archbishop of Canterbury. This last prelate was a voluminous writer, and, like Alfred, manifested a strong desire to enlighten the people. He wrote much in his native tongue, particularly *Homilies* to the number of eighty, a translation of the first seven books of the Bible, and some religious treatises. He was the author of a *Latin-Saxon Grammar*, which procured for him the surname of Grammarians; of a *Glossary* of Latin words most commonly used in conversation; and of the *Colloquium*, a conversation in Latin, with an interlinear Saxon version. He himself tells us that he avoided the use of all obscure words, in order that he might be better understood by the people. After the restoration of peace in 1017, there seems to have been a certain revival of literary zeal. Especially during the reign of Edward the Confessor, himself a lover and patron of learning, the monastic schools of Peterborough, Evesham, Winchcombe, and Ramsay cast a light upon the last years of the Anglo-Saxon Period.

(From the *Paschal Homily*.)

Hæthen cild bith ge-fúllod, ac hit ne bræt na his hiw with-  
 utan,  
 A heathen child is christened, yet he altereth not his shape  
 without,  
 dheah dhe hit beo with-innan awend. Hit bith ge-broht  
 synfull dhurh  
 though he be within changed. He is brought sinful through  
 Adames forgægednysse to tham fant fate. Ac hit bith athwo-  
 gen fram  
 Adam's disobedience to the font-vessel. But he is washed  
 from  
 eallum synnum with-innan, dheah dhe hit with-utan his hiw ne  
 awende.

all sins inwardly, though he outwardly does not change his shape.

Eac swylce the halige fant wæter, dhe is ge-haten lifes wyl-spring, is ge-lic

Even so the holy font-water, which is called life's fountain, is like

on hiwe adhrum wæterum, and is under dheod brosnunge; ac dhæs halgan gastes

in shape (to) other waters, and is subject to corruption; but the Holy Ghost's

miht ge-nealæcth tham brosnigendlicum wætere, dhurh sacerda blest-sunge,

might come (to) the corruptible water through (the) priest's blessing,

& hit mæg sythan lichaman & sawle athwean fram allum synnum, dhurh

and it may afterwards body and soul wash from all sin, through gastlice might.

ghostly might.

(From the *Colloquium*.)

The following is a colloquy between master and scholars:

1. D. We cildree biddath thé, eálá Lareow, thæt thu tæce us sprecan

2. Nos pueri rogamus te, Magister, ut doceas nos loqui

3. We children beseech thee, O Master, that thou teach us to speak

1. on Ledem rihte, fortham ungelæcereðe we syndon, and

2. Latialiter recte, quia idiotæ sumus et

3. in Latin rightly, because unlearned we are and

1. gewæmmodlice we sprecath.

2. corrupte loquimur.

3. badly we speak.

M. 1 Hwæt wille ge sprecan?

2 Quid vultis loqui?

3 What wish ye to speak?

D. 1 Hwæt rece we hwæt we sprecon, buton het riht spræc sy, and

2 Quid curamus quid loquamur, nisi recta locutio sit, et

3 What care we what we speak, unless it be right speech and

- 1 behefe, næs idel oththe fracod?  
 2 utilis, non anilis aut turpis?  
 3 useful, not idle or shameful?
- M. 1 Wille ge beon beswungen on leornunge?  
 2 Vultis flagellari in discendo?  
 3 Will ye be whipped in learning?
- D. 1 Leofre ys us beon beswungen for lāre, thonne hit ne  
 cunnan; ac  
 2 Carius est nobis flagellari pro doctrina, quam nescire;  
 sed  
 3 It is more pleasing for us to be whipped for learning than  
 not to know; but  
 1 we witon the bile-witne wesān, and nellan on-belædan  
 swingla  
 2 scimus te mansuetum esse, et nolle inferre plagas  
 3 we know thee to be kind, and unwilling to inflict a  
 whipping  
 1 us, buton thu beo to-genydd fram us.  
 2 nobis, nisi cogaris a nobis.  
 3 on us, unless thou be forced by us.

#### LOST WRITINGS; WHAT REMAINS; GENERAL CHARACTER- ISTICS OF THE PERIOD.

We are far from having mentioned all the literary productions of this period. Many, which had escaped the fury of the Danes, have perished by the excesses of fanaticism. During the reigns of Henry VIII. and his successor, when monasteries were suppressed and the old religion of England was bitterly persecuted, entire libraries, procured by the incessant toil of the monks for many centuries, were utterly destroyed, because they were standing witnesses of the Catholic faith in England; not even the libraries of the two great universities were spared. Precious monuments of English antiquity disappeared, but we can never know the amount of the irreparable loss then sustained.\* En-

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\* See further details on page 90 of this book.



ture or fragmentary works of about fifty Anglo-Saxon authors are all that remain, many of them as yet unpublished. Among the prose writings are found laws, charters, and the very valuable *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, which extends from the middle of the sixth to the middle of the twelfth century. It was written by contemporaneous authors, chiefly monks of Winchester, Peterborough, and Canterbury.

Both the prose and the poetry of this period were evidently the productions of men who sought to raise the character of the people and to improve their condition; practical and moral are the epithets that best describe them both.

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## SECOND PERIOD:

SEMI-SAXON, OR TRANSITION PERIOD, 1066-1250.

(From the Norman Invasion to the middle of the reign of Henry III.)

*The Normans—The Battle of Hastings and the Beginning of the Norman Dynasty—Influence of the Norman-French on the Mother Tongue—The Trouvères and the Troubadours—The Semi-Saxon Language—Effects of the Preservation of the Latin Language—The Monasteries—Ancient Libraries—Curriculum of a Liberal Education—Universities—The Scholastic Method—Lanfranc—St. Anselm—John of Salisbury—Other Learned Prelates—Historians and Rhyming Chroniclers—The Ormulum.*

## THE NORMANS.

AT the era that we have reached, the Normans ranked among the most polished and warlike nations of Europe. For their rapid advancement in civilization, they owed much to the wisdom and justice of

their princes; but still more to the influence of the Christian religion, which softened the ferocity of their manners, led them to cultivate the useful and ornamental arts, and opened to their investigations the stores of ancient literature. Although the principles of rude chivalry, and a poetical belief in the marvellous, remained as relics of the old Northern mythology, these were gradually purified and refined by the humanizing tendencies of the faith which they had ardently embraced. Their chivalrous and martial spirit followed them into England, as, some years later, it accompanied them in their dauntless expeditions to the Holy Land.

#### THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS AND THE BEGINNING OF THE NORMAN DYNASTY.

Edward the Confessor having died without issue in 1066, two distinguished aspirants asserted their right to the throne of England: Harold, son of Count Godwin; and William, Duke of Normandy. Their claims were decided on the battle-field of Hastings, where Harold fell, pierced by an arrow. Upon the hill on which perished the last of the Saxon kings, William built a beautiful and rich abbey, the Abbey of the Battle, in fulfilment of a vow which he had made to St. Martin, patron of the Gallic soldiers. Thus the Norman influence, first felt under Canute, who married a Norman wife, and strengthened by Edward the Confessor, who had received his education at the Norman court, at length attained its full ascendancy. The foreign yoke, however, was borne with impatience by the native population, who, after repeated unsuccessful risings, sank in despair, and yielded to the stern and humiliating exactions of their new masters.

INFLUENCE OF THE NORMAN-FRENCH ON THE MOTHER  
TONGUE.

As soon as William had made his tenure sure, he began the work of extirpating the Saxon language, by ordering that the elements of grammar should be taught in the French language; that the Saxon alphabetical characters should be abandoned as barbarous, and all deeds, pleadings in courts, and laws, should be in French. Saxon then fell into contempt; and those of the old race who were more politic than patriotic, set to work vigorously to acquire the favorite tongue of the nobility and higher classes. Those who had some pretensions to education, took pride in speaking 'the Frensche of Paris.' And so firm a footing did the new language acquire at court and elsewhere, that the Picard trouvère, who recited his poem at the tomb of St. Thomas of Canterbury, could boast a hundred years later:

“Mes languages est buens; car en France fui nez.”

## THE TROUVÈRES AND THE TROUBADOURS.

The song of the minstrels was one of the earliest literary importations from both the northern and the southern districts of France. The minstrels of the northern districts were called *Trouvères*; those south of the river Loire, *Troubadours*—words that are evidently only dialectical forms of the same name, the *Langue d'oïl* and the *Langue d'oc* being substantially the same language. The trouvères cultivated the Walloon Romance, the parent of the modern French, and revived in their poetry many of the old legends brought from Scandinavia by the Normans. Fabulous tales of dwarfs and giants, dragons and monsters, were blended with

chivalrous notions and Christian legends. To these bold compositions, somewhat kindred to the epic, the name of romance, from the dialect used, has remained attached. The poetry of the troubadours was chiefly lyric, comprising amatory songs or dialogues known by the name of *Tensons*.

#### THE SEMI-SAXON LANGUAGE.

Still the mother tongue could not be trampled out. The disorganization and decay which were discoverable in it, contained the seeds of life; and an idiom sprung up called the Semi-Saxon, that is to say, an unsettled, varying form of speech, differing in many respects from the old Saxon, but not as yet so determined or complete as to constitute a new language. "Nothing can be more difficult," says Hallam,\* "than to determine, except by an arbitrary line, the commencement of the English language; not so much, as in those [the languages] of the Continent, because we are in want of materials; but rather from an opposite reason, the possibility of tracing a very gradual succession of verbal changes that ended in a change of denomination. For, when we compare the earliest English of the thirteenth century with the Anglo-Saxon of the twelfth, it seems hard to pronounce why it should pass for a separate language rather than a modification or simplification of the former. We must conform, however, to usage, and say that the Anglo-Saxon was converted into English: 1. by contracting or otherwise modifying the pronunciation and orthography of words; 2. by omitting many inflections, especially of the noun, and consequently making more use of articles and auxiliaries; and 3. by the introduction of French derivatives." But, in the

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\* Lit. of Europe, vol. i., pp. 44 and 45, Harper's Edition.

period now under consideration, the foreign element is as yet inconsiderable. Of the eight thousand words of its printed literature, not one thousand are of Romance or Latin origin. The effort of the Norman dynasty to substitute the French for the Anglo-Saxon language had not the effect intended, but it drove out of use many words of the native tongue, and checked for a time the advance of its literature. The dearth, however, of Semi-Saxon writings proves no lack of mental activity in the nation. Never, perhaps, was that activity better displayed in Europe than at the period of which we speak. This was the age that beheld the foundation of the great Universities, when the study of philosophy and theology excited universal enthusiasm. England did not remain behind in that intellectual movement. We are told that, in 1231, the number of students at Oxford, together with their attendants, amounted to thirty thousand. The English monasteries, too, were so many centres of study and learning. But, in both the universities and the monasteries, Latin was still the chief medium of imparting and transmitting knowledge.

#### EFFECTS OF THE PRESERVATION OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE.

In the half-developed state of most European languages during the Middle Ages, a common idiom was indispensable; and Latin was that link which united the several countries of Europe. Nay more, it connected the mediæval and the modern with the ancient world. "The Latin," says Fred. Schlegel, "was the depository of all learning, until the plebeian dialect, the Romanic, adapting itself to local genius and the influence of circumstances, grew to be a separate and dis-

tinct idiom. Had not the Latin been adopted by the Church, whilst the new tongues were gradually developing and settling into form, the world would have been dark indeed. How little would have reached us of the thought, life, or events of that period!" "If it be demanded," says Hallam,\* "by what cause it happened that a few sparks of ancient learning survived throughout this long winter, we can only ascribe their preservation to the establishment of Christianity. Religion alone made a bridge, as it were, across the chaos, and has linked the two periods of ancient and modern civilization. Without this connecting principle, Europe might indeed have awakened to intellectual pursuits; but the memory of Greece and Rome would have been feebly preserved by tradition,—and the monuments of those nations might have excited, on the return of civilization, that vague sentiment of speculation and wonder with which men now contemplate Persepolis or the Pyramids. The sole hope for literature depended on the Latin language; and I do not see why that should not have been lost, if three circumstances in the prevailing religious system had not conspired to maintain it—the papal supremacy, the monastic institutions, and the use of the Latin liturgy."

#### THE MONASTERIES.

It is worthy of note, in the history of letters, that we owe to the monks whatever we know of their times. The remains of their patient and arduous labors form the only true *materia historica* of modern writers. This is especially true of English monks and monasteries. Scarcely any other country in Europe possesses such a historical treasure as the *Saxon Chronicle*,

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\* Middle Ages, p. 461.



so authentic and so characteristic. It is a faithful picture of the manners, the thoughts, the joys, the sorrows of the most interesting and important period in the history of England, as if the life itself of the nation, with its characters and incidents, were made to pass before our eyes in a rapid panorama.\*

In depreciating the Middle Ages, it has been customary to string together the most contradictory objections. "Latin mediæval history," says Fred. Schlegel,† "generally goes by the contemptuous appellation of monkish chronicles, composed as they were by the clergy of the time. In adopting this opprobrious term, people seem to ignore the fact that the historians thus libelled were for the most part of high birth, conversant with state secrets, and, generally speaking, well-informed men, and the best educated of their day. If clerical degeneracy is the subject of complaint, it is asserted that the clergy administered extensive rule, fared as sumptuously as princes, and directed the helm of state. But if their works are criticised, it is alleged that they were ignorant monks, unacquainted with the world, and manifestly unfit to write history. In truth, the position of these authors was the very *beau-ideal* of literary condition best calculated to combine the elements of success. For, whilst they had ample opportunities of knowing the realities of life by mingling in its scenes, they had also the requisite independence and leisure for the privacy and dispassionate judgment of the closet."

#### ANCIENT LIBRARIES.

The art of printing not being yet known, each monastery had its *scriptorium* for those who were employed

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\* Dublin University Magazine.

† Hist. of Lit., p. 167.

in transcribing books, an occupation in which the majority of the monks were engaged during the hours allotted to manual labor. Each monastery had its library. From the writings of Alcuin, we learn that there was a renowned library at York; and, as it is the earliest recorded collection of books, and furnishes the first catalogue of an English library extant, we subjoin a list of the chief works it contained. Alcuin says that in this library were the works of Jerome, Hilarius, Ambrose, Augustine, Athanasius, Gregory, Pope Leo, Basil, Chrysostom, and others. Bede and Aldhelm, the native authors, were also here. In history and philosophy, there were Orosius, Boethius, Pompeius, Pliny, Aristotle, and Cicero. In poetry, Sedulius, Juvenecus, Prosper, Arator, Paulinus, Fortunatus, Lactantius; and, of the classics, Virgil, Statius, and Lucan. Of grammarians, there was a great number, such as Probus, Phocas, Donatus, Priscian, Servius, Euty chius, and Comminianus. Ingulf tells us that the library of Croyland contained above three hundred volumes, till the unfortunate fire that destroyed the abbey in 1091. The academical library of Oxford, in 1300, consisted, according to Hallam, of a few tracts kept in chests under St. Mary's Church. The difficulty of procuring books in those times may be shown from the fact that, in 1067, the Countess of Anjou paid for a collection of homilies two hundred sheep, a measure of wheat, another of rye, a third of millet, and a certain quantity of skins of the marten.

#### CURRICULUM OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

John of Salisbury gives us, in his writings, the most complete account that has reached us, not only of the mode of study at Paris, but of the entire learning of

the age. Those branches of literary and scientific knowledge, which formed the usual course of education, were considered as divided into two great classes,—the first, or more elementary of which, comprehending Grammar, Logic, and Rhetoric, was called the *Trivium*; the second, comprehending Music, Arithmetic, Geometry, and Astronomy, the *Quadrivium*. The seven arts, so classified, used to be thus enumerated in a Latin hexameter:

*Lingua, Tropus, Ratio, Numerus, Tonus, Angulus, Astra.*

John of Salisbury speaks of this system of sciences as an ancient one in his day. "The Trivium and Quadrivium," he says in his work entitled *Metalogicus*, "were so much admired by our ancestors in former ages, that they imagined the seven arts comprehended all wisdom and learning, and were sufficient for the solution of all questions and the removing of all difficulties. For whoever understood the Trivium, could explain all manner of books without a teacher; and he who was farther advanced, and was master also of the Quadrivium, could answer all questions and unfold all the secrets of nature." The present age, however, had outgrown the simplicity of this arrangement; and various new studies had been added to the ancient seven, as necessary to complete the circle of sciences, and the curriculum of a liberal education. Dr. Lingard\* observes that it was from the works of the Latin writers which had survived the wreck of the empire, that students sought to acquire the principal portion of their knowledge; but, in the more abstruse investigation of the mathematics, the ancients were believed to be inferior to the Mohammedan teachers; and many an Eng-

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\* Hist. of Eng., vol. ii.

lishman, during the reign of Henry I., wandered as far as the banks of the Ebro in Spain, that he might listen to the instructions, and translate the works, of the Arabian philosophers.

#### UNIVERSITIES.

The seven arts, comprised in the Trivium and Quadrivium, were, so to say, the foundation of the University system. The superstructure embraced the sciences of Theology, Law, Medicine, and, subordinated to these, of Metaphysics, Natural History, and the languages. A University was, therefore, a "*studium generale*, a school of universal learning, consisting of teachers and learners from ever quarter." The four Faculties which conferred degrees were those of Arts, Theology, Law, and Medicine. In the Faculty of Arts there were no other degrees than those of Bachelor and Master; whilst in the other Faculties the successful candidates, after severe examination, could become Bachelors, Licentiates, and Doctors or Masters. The titles of Doctor and Master, at first used indiscriminately, came to be restricted in their application, that of Master to the highest degree in the Faculty of Arts, and that of Doctor to the highest degree in the other three Faculties. Theology, Medicine, Civil and Canon Law, had particular schools. Salerno was the nursery of all the Medical Faculties of Europe; Bologna was the chief School of Law; Paris, as a place of general instruction, stood at the head of all others, and was styled the City of Letters. In the University of Paris, none was admitted to the course of theology who had not obtained the degree of Master of Arts. After three years' attendance to the course of theology, and a twofold examination, the student passed through

the ordeal of a public thesis during five hours; and, if successful, he was made Bachelor of Theology. To become Licentiate, he studied one or two years more, after which he had to defend three theses, the first during five, the second during ten, and the third during twelve hours,—from six A.M. till six P.M.,—being allowed, in the last instance, to take a short meal without leaving the room. Finally the defence of another thesis was required before the Licentiate could obtain the highest degree and wear the Doctor's cap.\*

The degrees were neither conferred nor received for the same end for which they are in modern times. "Degrees would not at that time be considered mere honors or testimonials, to be enjoyed by persons who at once left the university and mixed in the world. The university would only confer them for its own purpose; and to its own subjects, for the sake of its own subjects." †

The universities, as corporate bodies, became possessed of a great number of privileges. They were so many little republics that were governed by their charter of statutes, their tribunals, and their independent jurisdiction. They were special objects of favor on the part of kings and popes. Their influence was paramount in the decision of all religious and even political questions.

#### THE SCHOLASTIC METHOD.

The system adopted in the schools and universities of the twelfth and subsequent centuries for the teach-

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\* "The whole course, from the termination of the grammatical studies to the Licentiate, extended originally through twenty years; though afterwards it was reduced to ten." Card. Newman's *Office and Work of Universities*, p. 328.

† *Ibid.*, p. 241.

ing of philosophy and theology, is known as the Scholastic Method. To define words of an obscure or ambiguous meaning; to analyze and point out the various aspects of a question, and determine such as are brought under immediate discussion; to prove one's positions by arguments drawn in syllogistical form; and, finally, to solve the objections that may be raised by adversaries: these are the main features of the scholastic method. Not a few writers have inconsiderately attempted to throw discredit upon this system. That some of the schoolmen, wandering in a maze of metaphysical subtleties, undertook to treat useless, frivolous, and sometimes absurd questions, cannot cast a censure upon a method perfectly sound in itself, and illustrated by a number of great men, among whom St. Thomas, the angel of the schools, stands pre-eminent.

#### LANFRANC, 1005-1089.

Most productions of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, at least such as have come down to us, are works composed in Latin by learned ecclesiastics. Of these authors, the most distinguished, both in Church and State, are Lanfranc and St. Anselm. Both of them were brought from the famous Abbey of Bec, in Normandy. Both were Italians by birth, and both were raised in succession to the See of Canterbury. The love of learning exhibited by these eminent prelates, kindled the same ardor in the breasts of the clergy. Lanfranc was for many years professor of laws at Pavia, his native city. William, with the consent of his barons, appointed Lanfranc to the Archiepiscopal See of Canterbury; and more than once, during his absence from England, he charged the prelate with the chief care of the government. Lanfranc rebuilt the Cathedral of



Canterbury, which had been destroyed by fire, and founded outside of the city two opulent hospitals, one for lepers, the other for the infirm. "He set himself to restore a great number of cathedral and monastic schools that had fallen into decay, and during his leisure hours liked to hear some poor scholars hold disputation in his presence on learned subjects, rewarding them with liberal gifts." \* He distinguished himself also by the ability with which he combated the errors of Berengarius at the Council of Rome, in 1059. His writings show less of the rudeness of the age in which he wrote, and more order, precision, and ease, than the other productions of the eleventh century. He displays a great knowledge of Holy Scripture, of tradition, and of canon law. A *Commentary on the Epistles of St. Paul*, a *Treatise on the Holy Eucharist*, sixty *Letters*, and some *Instructions* for monks, are the principal among the extant works of Lanfranc. He had written a *Life of William the Conqueror*, which is lost. The venerable prelate died in 1089, illustrious for his virtues and his zeal for the maintenance of discipline, the rights of his Church, and ecclesiastical immunities.

His works were printed for the first time at Paris, in 1648.

### ST. ANSELM, 1033-1109.

Four years after the demise of Lanfranc, the celebrated Anselm, a native of Aosta in Piedmont, arrived in England. King William II., who had seized upon the temporalities of Canterbury, being dangerously ill, was induced to give the vacant office to Anselm. The reluctant abbot, after a long and violent struggle, yielded to the commands of his superiors, and accepted the

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\* *Christian Schools and Scholars.*

dignity of archbishop. His life henceforth was to oppose a calm but firm resistance to the encroachments of William Rufus and Henry I. on the authority of the Church.

St. Anselm was conspicuous in an age of great ecclesiastics, and he ranks among the doctors of the Church. Mosheim\* admits that he excelled in dialectics, metaphysics, and natural theology, and is the author of the demonstration of the existence of God, drawn from the innate idea which all men have of a being infinitely perfect. He adds that St. Anselm was the best moralist of his time, and the first that has given a general system, or complete body, of theology. He is, doubtless, one of those that contributed most to give scholastic philosophy its constitutive form.

The first of his works is the *Monologium*, or *Soliloquy*. It is divided into seventy-nine chapters, in which he proves by arguments drawn from the light of reason alone, without recurring to the testimonies of the sacred Scriptures, that there exists a supreme, sovereignly perfect being, who is the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; that the reasonable soul is made to know and love him, and is the image of him. In another work, entitled the *Proslogium*, or *Alloquium*, he treats of the attributes of God, proving that this Supreme Being is all that faith teaches us: eternal, immutable, all-powerful, immense, incomprehensible, truth, mercy, justice.

St. Anselm also discussed with great clearness the doctrine of the Incarnation, the procession of the Holy Ghost, the atonement of the original sin, etc. As to his ascetic works, they are instructive, edifying, full of unction and of a certain tender love of God, which inflames the most insensible hearts. His *Letters* exhibit

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\* Mosheim (1694-1755) is the author of an Ecclesiastical History full of prejudices against the Church.

the singular beauty of his soul, his rectitude, his simplicity, his burning love of the neighbor, and the eagle glance of his mind.

We cannot overestimate the advantages which England derived from the example and influence of the two great scholars, St. Anselm and Lanfranc.

### JOHN OF SALISBURY, 1120 (?)–1182.

John of Salisbury, a native of Salisbury, was distinguished for vivacity of thought and speech, and especially for his classical attainments. When quite young, he went to Paris, and learned there the elements of dialectics under Peter Abelard. After studying for nearly twelve years under different masters, he returned to England, was made secretary to Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, and continued to hold the same office under his successor, St. Thomas à Becket. In 1176, at the recommendation of Louis VII. of France, he was appointed Bishop of Chartres, where he died in 1182.

His first work is entitled *The Frivolities of Courtiers and the Footsteps of Philosophers*—(*Polycraticus sive de Nugis Curialium et Vestigiis Philosophorum*). The courtiers are censured for the vices to which they are so liable, and exhorted to the practice of their peculiar duties, whilst the lovers of philosophy are taught the philosophical doctrines which they should receive and follow.

His second work is the *Metalogicus*, a prose treatise in six books, composed about 1160. He there defends good dialectics and true eloquence against a sophist whom he designates by the name of Cornificius. This work contains valuable materials for the history of scholastic philosophy during the twelfth century.

John of Salisbury is also the author of a *Life of St. Thomas à Becket*, and a great number of *Letters*.

As a writer, John of Salisbury is estimable for his great erudition, and for the general correctness of his style. But he is reproached with three things: affectation of style, inaccuracy in his reasonings, and a want of proper allowance for the difference of times and manners.

#### OTHER LEARNED PRELATES.

Among the prelates of this period that were distinguished for their learning we must not omit Cardinal Stephen Langton (d. 1228), St. Edmund (d. 1240), and Robert Grosseteste. The first two occupied the See of Canterbury; the third, whose name in literature is more prominent, was Bishop of Lincoln. Grosseteste was indebted for his education at Oxford to the charity of the Mayor of Lincoln. He taught in his university with unbounded applause; he wrote treatises on almost every branch of science, and was pronounced by Friar Roger Bacon perfect in divine and human knowledge. He died in 1253, leaving behind him the reputation of a great scholar and saint. (Life by F. S. Stevenson, 1899.)

#### HISTORIANS AND RHYMING CHRONICLERS.

A great number of historians and chroniclers flourished in England during this period. All were ecclesiastics, most of them monks; some wrote in Semi-Saxon, others in French, the greater number in Latin. We may note the following as being most conspicuous: INGULF or INGULPHUS (1030-1109), born in London, studied at Westminster and Oxford. William, as yet Duke of Normandy, took him as his secretary. Ingulf having subsequently become monk, the Conqueror appointed him abbot of Croyland in place of Wulfketul, who had been deposed and imprisoned. Although he was indebted to the foreigners for his promotion, he showed great kindness to the natives. "Ingulf has left us a detailed account of the abbey of Croyland from its foundation, and has interwoven in his narrative many interesting particulars of national history."\* FLORENCE (d. 1118), a monk of great erudition in the monastery of Worcester, composed a *Chronicle*, which reaches to the year 1117, and is valuable as a record of many contemporary events which but for him would be lost to history. Another monk of Worcester, named JOHN, brought up the work to the year 1141. ORDERICUS VITALIS, born in 1075 near Shrewsbury, spent fifty-six years in the monastery of St. Evreux in Normandy. As he himself tells us, he led a happy life with his brother monks, and spent much of his time in literary composition. He wrote in Latin an *Ecclesiastical History*, which is very precious for original information on the affairs of Normandy and England after the Conquest. WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY, thus named from the famous abbey in which he lived, is the author of a *Historia Regum Angliæ*. He congratulates himself

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\* Lingard's Hist., vol. ii. p. 26.

on being "the first who, since Bede, has arranged a continuous history of the English." Though Norman by one parent and Saxon by the other, he denounces the petty tyranny of the Norman barons, and vindicates the rights of the Saxons, but professes to write of both impartially. His history comes down to 1142, the year before which he is supposed to have died. HENRY, Archdeacon of Huntingdon, delights in those old Saxon chronicles and poems which the polished Latinists of the twelfth century regarded as beneath their notice. ROGER DE HOVEDEN, a churchman who acted as clerk or secretary to Henry II., is the author of *Annals* of English history from the year 732 to 1201. The events of the last twenty years of this period form one-half of the entire work. ROGER OF WENDOVER, a monk of St. Albans, wrote a chronicle entitled *Flores Historiarum*, the last portion of which is very precious, as it records the events of his own time.

GERALD DE BARRI, better known as GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS (1147-1217), had a Norman baron for his father and a Welsh lady for his mother, and seems to have inherited the good and bad qualities of both races. "He was energetic, proud, and grasping with the Norman; imaginative, genial, vain, and flighty with the Celt."\* He studied in Paris and became Archdeacon of Brecknock in Wales. He wrote many works in Latin, the most celebrated of which is his *Vaticinalis Expugnacionis Historia* (History of the Conquest of Ireland). He had accompanied Prince John in his expedition to Ireland, and had remained a whole year in the island.

Irish critics generally take exception to the statements of Giraldus, "but his personal account of Ireland," says Henry Morley,† "is no dry, antique itinerary, but a series of vigorous and graphic sketches, both of men and things, unequalled in Gerald's own time for its spirit and truth." The other important productions of his pen are *Topographia Hiberniæ*; *Itinerarium Cambriæ*; *De Rebus a se Gestis*, *De Jure et Statu Menevensis Ecclesiæ*; a collection of letters, poems, and speeches under the title of *Symbolum Electorum*; *Gemma Ecclesiastica*, a practical book addressed to the Welsh clergy.

GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH, a Welsh bishop, who lived about the same time, is the author of a well-known fabulous *History of the Britons* (*Historia Britonum*), from which the romance writers drew the material for their poems about Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Drayton reproduces much of it in his *Polyolbion*; and it has given occasion to many allusions in the poetry of Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and Tennyson.

WACE, an Anglo-Norman poet (1112-1180), wrote in his native French a narrative poem, entitled *Roman de Brut d'Angleterre*. The chief hero was an imaginary son of Æneas of Troy, named Brutus, who was represented as having founded the State of Britain many centuries before the Christian era. The materials of this poem were taken from the History of the Britons by Geoffrey of Monmouth.

LAYAMON, a priest living in Worcestershire, may be regarded as the first of a series of writers known by the appellation of *rhyming chroniclers*. He produced, at the close of the twelfth century, a Semi-Saxon imitation, or free translation, of Wace's *Brut*. His verse-history is the earliest poem of great magnitude in the English language, and extends to about sixteen thousand lines of four accents each. It has both alliteration and rhyme, though of a rude description. The number of French derivatives found in this work does not exceed fifty words.

\* Thomas Arnold, *English Literature*, p. 39.

† *English Writers*, vol. iii. p. 65.

Speaking of himself as an author, Layamon thus writes:

He wonede at Ernleie  
Wid than gode cnihte,  
Uppen Severne;  
Merie ther him thohte;  
Faste bi Radistone,  
Ther heo bokes radde.  
Hit com him on mode,  
And on his thonke,  
That he wolde of Engeland  
The rihtnesse telle;  
Wat the men i-hote weren,  
And wancne hi comen,  
The Englene lond  
Ærest afden  
After than flode,  
That fram God com;  
That al ere acwilde  
Cwic that hit fuude,  
Bot Noe and Sem,  
Japhet and Camn,  
And here four wives,  
That mid ham there weren.

He dwelt at Ernley,  
With the good knight,  
Upon the Severn;  
Pleasant there it seemed to him;  
Close by Radistone  
There he books read.  
It came into his mind,  
And in his thought,  
That he would of England  
The exact story tell;  
What the men were called,  
And whence they came,  
The English land  
First to occupy  
After the flood,  
That from God came,  
That destroyed all here  
Alive that was found  
Except Noe and Sem,  
Japhet and Cam,  
And their four wives  
That were with them there.

### THE ORMULUM.

To the same period as that of Layamon's *Brut* have been assigned two other works of considerable celebrity, the *Ormulum* and the *Ancren Riwele*.

The *Ormulum*, so called from its author Orm, or Ormin, is a series of homilies for nearly every day in the year. It is composed in metre without alliteration, and, except in very few cases, also without rhyme. The manuscript, as preserved, comprises ten thousand lines of seven feet, or twenty thousand of four and three feet alternately.

A peculiar feature of the *Ormulum*, and one too on which its author insists as important, is the spelling. The peculiarity consists in the duplication of the consonant whenever it follows a vowel having any other sound than its name-sound. We subjoin the first lines of the dedication to his brother Walter.

Nu, brotherr Wallterr, brotherr min  
Now, brother Walter, brother mine  
Aftterr the flaeshes kinde;  
After the flesh's kind;  
Aund brotherr min i Crissteuendom  
And brother mine in Christendom (Christ's Kingdom)



Thurrr fulluhht and thurrr trowwthe;  
*Through baptism and through truth.*

THE ANCREN RIWLE.

The *Ancren Riwe*—i. e. the Anchoresses' Rule—is a treatise in English prose on the duties of the monastic life, for the direction of three ladies to whom it is addressed. The author is unknown, but he manifestly belonged to the clergy, and probably was in a position of eminence and authority. The entire work extends to eight Books, which in the printed edition cover 215 quarto pages. It contains many Latin derivatives, in singular contrast with the work of Layamon, which is so thoroughly Saxon.

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THIRD PERIOD.

OLD ENGLISH, OR EARLY ENGLISH PERIOD, 1250–1350.

(From the middle of the reign of Henry III. to the middle of the reign of Edward III.)

*Old English*—*Proclamation of Henry III.*—*Roger Bacon*—*Metrical Romances*—*Historians*—*Rhyming Chroniclers*—*Minor Poets.*

OLD ENGLISH.

THE name of *Old English* has been given to this period of one hundred years on account of the numerous changes in orthography and grammatical arrangement which impart to the language an English appearance, and of many archaisms that distinguish it from modern English. To this period belongs what many English philologists regard as the first specimen of English, as contradistinguished from Semi-Saxon, viz., the short *Proclamation* issued by Henry III. in the year 1258. Its real importance arises chiefly from the fact, that it is one of the few specimens of the English of

that century, the date of which is positively known. Although it was addressed to the people of Huntingdon, copies of it were sent for public promulgation to every shire in England. It may therefore be considered as the best evidence existing of the condition of the English language at any fixed date in the thirteenth century.

PROCLAMATION OF HENRY III., A.D. 1258.

Henr', thurg Godes fultume  
King on Engleneloande, lhoa-  
verd on Irloand, duk' on  
Norm', on Aquitain', and eorl  
on Aniow, send igretinge to  
all hise halde ilaerde and  
ilaewede on Huntendon'  
schir'.

Thaet witen ge wel alle,  
thaet we willen and unnen,  
thaet thaet ure raedesmen  
alle other the moare dael of  
heom, thaet beoth ichosen  
thurg us and thurg thaet loan-  
des folk on ure kuneriche,  
habbeth idon add schullen don  
in the worthnesse of Gode and  
on ure treowthe for the freme  
of the loande thurg the be-  
sigte of than toforeniseide red-  
esmen, beo stedefaest and iles-  
tinde in alle thinge a buten  
aende, and we hoaten alle ure  
treowe in the treowthe, that  
heo us ogen, thaet heo stede-  
faestliche healden and swerien  
to healden and to werien the  
isetnesses, thaet beon imakede  
and beon to makien thurg  
than toforeniseide raedesmen  
other thurg the moare dael of

Henry, by God's grace, king  
in (of) England, lord in (of)  
Ireland, duke in (of) Nor-  
mandy, in (of) Aquitaine, and  
earl in (of) Anjou, sends greet-  
ing to all his lieges, learned  
and lay, in Huntingdonshire.

This know ye well all, that  
we will and grant that what  
our counsellors, all or the  
greater part of them, who are  
chosen by us and by the land's  
people in our kingdom, have  
done and shall do, to the  
honor of God and in allegi-  
ance to us, for the good of  
the land, by the ordinance of  
the aforesaid counsellors, be  
steadfast and permanent in  
all things, time without end,  
and we command all our true  
men by the faith that they  
owe us, that they steadfastly  
hold, and swear to hold and  
defend the regulations that  
are made and to be made by  
the aforesaid counsellors, or  
by the greater part of them,  
as is before said, and that  
each help others this to do, by  
the same oath against all men,

heom alswo also hit is biforen  
iseid, and thaet aehc other  
helpe thaet for to done bi than  
ilche othe agenes alle men,  
rigt for to done and to foan-  
gen, and noan ne nime of  
loande ne of egte, wherethurg  
this besigte muge beon ilet  
other iwersed on onie wise and  
gif oni other onie cumen her  
ongenes, we willen and  
hoaten, thaet alle ure treowe  
heom healden deadliche ifoan,  
and for thaet we willen, thaet  
this beo stedefaest and les-  
tinde, we senden gew this  
writ open iseined with ure  
seel to halden amanges gew  
inchord.

Witnesse usselven aet Lun-  
den' thane egtetenthe day on  
the monthe of Octobr' in the  
two and fowertigthe geare of  
ure cruninge.

And this wes idon aetforen  
ure isworene redesmen:

[here follow the signatures  
of several *redesmen* or council-  
lors] and aetforen othre moge.

And al on tho ilche worden  
is isend in to aeurihce othre  
sheire ouer al thaere kune-  
riche on Engleneloande and  
ek in tel Irelande.

—From Marsh's *Origin and History of the English Language*, p.  
192.

right to do and to receive, and  
that none take of land or  
goods, whereby this ordinance  
may be let or impaired in any  
wise, and if any one or  
any number transgress here  
against, we will and command  
that all our true men them  
hold as deadly foes, and be-  
cause we will that this be  
steadfast and permanent, we  
send you these letters-patent  
sealed with our seal, to keep  
among you in custody.

Witness ourself at London  
the eighteenth day in the  
month of October in the two  
and fortieth year of our coro-  
nation.

And this was done before  
our sworn councillors.

[Signatures.]

and before other nobles.

And all in the same words  
is sent into every other shire  
over all the Kingdom in (of)  
England and also into Ireland.

## ROGER BACON, 1214–1294.

Roger Bacon, an English monk of the Order of St. Francis, holds an eminent position among the great names that adorn the century in which he lived; such

as St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angelic Doctor; St. Bonaventure, the Seraphic Doctor; Alexander Hales, the Irrefragable Doctor; and Albertus Magnus. He was born in Somersetshire, in 1214. His proficiency in learning was wonderful. He is said to have been a perfect master of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and to have added to these a knowledge of the Arabic tongue. He is called the Admirable Doctor, on account of the progress which he made in Astronomy, Chemistry, Mathematics, and other departments of learning. He proposed to Pope Clement IV., in 1267, the correction of the Calendar; but the difficulty of the work which was accomplished some centuries later, prevented the pontiff from acquiescing in this project.

He described very exactly the nature and effects of concave and convex lenses, and led the way to the discovery of spectacles, telescopes, and microscopes; but he seems not to have known the instruments which we possess at present. He has also the credit of having invented the air-pump, the camera-obscura, the diving-bell, and gun-powder.

In his *Opus Majus*, he propounds most enlightened views upon the value of experiment as a means of arriving at physical truth. Indeed, he was so far in advance of his age that his scientific researches communicated no stimulus and found no imitators.

He died at Oxford, in 1294, and is entitled to rank, along with Newton and Leibnitz, among the great philosophers and wonderful men of the world.

### METRICAL ROMANCES.

This seems to be the proper place to say a few words of the metrical romances which obtained so large a share of influence during the Middle Ages. Under

that name of romances, narrative poems, epic in kind, though not in loftiness of style or unity of design, were composed in French, as early as the tenth century. They usually turned upon some marvellous adventures of a character more or less religious and chivalric. Long after the conquest, they continued to be favorites at the Anglo-Norman court and baronial hall; but, at the close of the twelfth century, translations or imitations of these began to be done into English. In the thirteenth, were written the earliest of those which we possess in the original Semi-Saxon; in the fourteenth, the English took the place of the French metrical romance with all classes, and this was the era alike of its highest ascendancy and of its most abundant and felicitous productions; in the fifteenth, the romance declined among the more educated classes; and, finally, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, it became utterly neglected by readers and writers, and so continued to be for three centuries. When, at the close of the last century, a reaction in favor of mediæval times set in, the romantic poems of Sir Walter Scott revived in a certain way the metrical romances, and were received with great favor. His example has found imitators in several great poets of the nineteenth century—Byron, Moore, Southey, Tennyson, Browning, and Morris.

The subjects of the metrical romances were manifold. The greater and more interesting part may be referred to four distinct heads: the first, relating to the ancient world and its heroes, especially Alexander the Great; the second, to Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table; the third, to Charlemagne; the fourth, to the Crusades, and especially to Richard the Lion-hearted. But, whatever was the subject, the place, or date of the story, the romances were always a

picture or reflection of the manners, usages, and general spirit of society in which they were produced.\*

The MSS. repositories of England abound with metrical romances of the old chivalric times.

#### HISTORIANS.

NICHOLAS TRIVET, a Dominican, wrote, under the title of *Annals*, a valuable work of English history, which extends from 1135 to 1307. He died in 1328.

RANULPH HIGDEN, a Benedictine monk, composed about the same time a work of general history and geography, which he called *Polychronicon*. Soon afterwards it was translated from the Latin into English by John of Trevisa, a canon of Gloucestershire. It remained a standard work for reference and study even to the end of the fifteenth century. Many MSS. of it are still extant.

#### RHYMING CHRONICLERS.

##### ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER.

About 1290 was written the metrical *History of England*, from Brutus to the death of Henry III., by Robert of Gloucester, a monk of Gloucester Abbey. It is founded on the histories of Geoffrey of Monmouth and William of Malmesbury, and it is written in lines of fourteen syllables, or of seven accents. It displays but little literary skill. The style, however, is so English and so different from that of Layamon, a hundred years earlier, that some regard this chronicle as commencing an era in our language. The following lines are specimens of the author's manner :

Engelond ys a wel god lond, ich wene of eche lond best,  
Y set in the ende of the world, as al in the West.  
The see goth hym al a bout, he stont as an yle. . .  
In the contre of Canterbury mest plente of fysch ys.  
And mest chase about Salisburi of wild bestes y wys.  
At London schippes mest, and wyn at Wyncestre.  
At Herford schep and orf, and fruyt at Wircestre.  
Sope about Couyntre, yrn at Gloucestre.  
Metel, as led and tyn, in the contre of Excestre.

##### ROBERT MANNYNG.

The rhymed history of England, usually known as the *Chronicle* of Robert Mannyng, a monk of Brunne, in Lincolnshire, is the most voluminous, as well as the last conspicuous production of this period. Of its two parts, the second only has been published. It is a version of Peter Langtoft's French metrical chronicle, and ends with the death of Edward I., in 1307.

In his English translation of Grosseteste's *Manuel des Péchés*, Mannyng protests against all outlandish innovations : " I seke," says he, " no straunge Ynglyss."

The following passage is from the opening of the second part of his *Chronicle*, which was composed about the year 1330.

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\* Craik's Eng. Lit., p. 103.



Lordynges that be now here,  
 If ye wille listene and lere [learn]  
 All the story of Inglande,  
 Als [as] Robert Mannyng wryten it fand [found it written],  
 And on Inglysch has it schewed,  
 Not for the lered but for the lewed [lay people] ;  
 For tho [those] that on this land wonn [dwell]  
 That the Latin ne Frankys conn [know neither Latin nor French]  
 For to hauf solace and gamen [enjoyment]  
 In felauship when that sitt samen [together];  
 And it is wisdom for to wyttten [know]  
 The state of the land, and hef it wryten,  
 What manere of folk first it wan,  
 And of what kynde it first began,  
 And gude it is for many thynges  
 For to here [hear] the dedis of kynges [the deeds of kings],  
 Whilk [which] were foles, and whilk were wyse,  
 And whilk of tham couth [knew] most quantyse [quaintness, i.e., artfulness];  
 And whilk did wrong, and whilk ryght,  
 And whilk mayntened pes [peace] and fight.

### MINOR POETS.

Many of the most curious and important political productions of this period are in Latin. The minor poems may be divided into ballads, political songs, and devotional verse. "The authors of some of these songs," says Professor Marsh, "might even boast with Dante : *Locutus sum in lingua trinitatis*," for occasionally French, Latin, and English, are intermixed, as in the following specimen:

Quant homme deit parler, videat quæ verba loquatur;  
 Sen covent aver, ne stultior inveniatur.  
 Quando quis loquitur, bote resoun reste thereynne,  
 Derisum patitur, aut listel so shall he wynne.  
 En seynt eglise sunt multi sçepe priores;  
 Summe beoth wyse, multi sunt inferiores.

Some of these poets deserve a special mention. ADAM DAVIE flourished about the year 1312. His celebrity comes principally from the fact that a free translation into English verse of the French romance on *Alexander the Great*\* was attributed to him, though without much ground. Other works more probably from his pen are *Visions*, *The Battle of Jerusalem*, *The Legend of St. Alexius*, *Scripture Histories*, *Fifteen Tokens before the Day of Judgment*, and *Lamentations of Souls*. ROBERT BASTON was a Carmelite friar. It is said that Edward I. took this poet with him to sing his victories, but that Baston was made prisoner and compelled to write for his ransom a *Panegyric on Robert Bruce*. He wrote principally in Latin, and it is doubtful whether any of his English productions are now extant. RICHARD ROLLE, a hermit of St. Augustin and a doctor of divinity, wrote metrical paraphrases of the Holy Scriptures, and other religious poems, which became very popular. His English prose is better than his verse. He died in 1348.

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\* It was from this work, composed in twelve-syllable lines, that the name of "Alexandrine verse" has been applied to the English hexameter iambic line.

## FOURTH PERIOD.

## THE MIDDLE ENGLISH PERIOD, 1350-1580.

(From the middle of the reign of Edward III. to the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign.)

*Further Changes in the Form of the Language—Growing Importance of Literature—Sir John Mandeville—Geoffrey Chaucer—John Gower—John Lydgate—William Caxton—Blessed Thomas More—Roger Ascham—Scotch Writers—Barbour, James I. of Scotland, Robert Henryson, William Dunbar—Other Writers.*

## FURTHER CHANGES IN THE FORM OF THE LANGUAGE.

THE new phase of language termed the *Middle English*, presents itself in the latter half of the fourteenth century, and continues till the middle of Elizabeth's reign. In this period, the speech of England, heretofore an ill-assorted mixture of discordant ingredients, became an organic combination, animated by a law of life, and endowed with a vigor and growth that promised a long and healthful existence. A few specific features may be noticed.

The Anglo-Saxon rules for the gender of substantives were set aside, and all names of things without life were, as ever afterwards, treated as neuters.

The Semi-Saxon infinitive in *en* was sometimes retained; sometimes the final *n* was dropped; and this step was followed by the dropping of the *e*, which had then become of no use. Words of French origin began to be naturalized and freely incorporated into the language.

The orthography was unsettled. The characters *i* and *j* were not discriminated, nor *u* and *v*. Long quantity, where necessary, was generally indicated by the insertion of a vowel or by a final *e*, but not uni-

formly. The practice of marking short quantity by doubling the following consonant, was but partially observed.

#### GROWING IMPORTANCE OF LITERATURE.

The literary interest of this period lies chiefly in the prevalence which the vernacular idiom obtained over the French, and the general impetus given to studies: it prepared rather than accomplished great literary achievements. In the early part of the period, the court was yet essentially French; in the schools, Latin was studied through the French, and the greater part of writers still composed in Latin. Edward III., it is said, knew, or at any rate used, no more of English than a few phrases, such as: "Ha! St. George! Ha! St. Edward!" However, an act passed under his reign (1362) ordered that the pleadings in all lawsuits should thenceforth be carried on in English; and, under his successor, the same rule was applied to parliamentary proceedings. English was now taught, instead of French, in the "grammere scoles of Engelond." The great success of the English version of Mandeville's Travels, affords another proof of the growing importance of the native language. Kings Henry IV. and Henry V., by writing their wills in English, set a good example, which their nobles made sure to follow. Edward IV. is the earliest king mentioned that appointed a Poet Laureate or court-poet, and John Kay was the first that received the honor.

A new impulse was given to the intellect of the nation by the introduction of printing into England in the year 1474, by William Caxton. The narrow curriculum of philosophy, science, and language, which had been in use for centuries in the schools with little

alteration, ceased now to give satisfaction. New subjects of study were introduced, among which Greek held the prominent place, and they were pushed forward with the greatest enthusiasm. The glory of the period is Geoffrey Chaucer, the Father of English Poetry; its earliest ornament, Mandeville.

#### SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE, 1300–1372.

Sir John Mandeville, author of the first English book in prose, deservedly holds the first place on the list of English prose writers. He was born at St. Albans about the year 1300, and received a liberal education for the profession of medicine. Stimulated by a strong desire to visit foreign countries, he left England in 1322, and continued in a course of travels in which he is said to have spent thirty-four years. During this long period, he visited Palestine, Egypt, Persia, and parts of India and China, remaining three years at Pekin. After his return to his native land, in the year 1356, he drew up an account of his observations in Latin, then “put this boke out of Latyn into Frensche, and translated it agen out of Frensche into Englyshe, that every man of my Nacioun may undirstoude it.” His narratives were at the time very popular, and rendered him celebrated throughout Europe. “Of no book,” says Halliwell, “with the exception of the Scriptures, can more manuscripts be found of the end of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth century.” There are no fewer than nineteen copies in the British Museum alone.

Although the English of Mandeville is straightforward and unadorned, and his style idiomatic; yet the proportion of words of Latin and French origin employed by him, is greater than that found in the works

of Chaucer, Gower, or any other English poet of that century. His work is purely a record of personal observations, and a detail of information gathered from other sources. We are not bound to believe him, when he tells us of people who have no heads, but their eyes are in their shoulders; of people who have neither noses nor mouths; of people who have mouths so big, that, when they sleep in the sun, they cover the whole face with the upper lip; of people whose ears hang down to their knees; of people who have horses' feet; and feathered men who leap from tree to tree. There is no end to his extravagant stories, mixed up with correct accounts. The work possesses no national tone or coloring, and little, if any, purely literary interest; but to the antiquarian it is interesting and valuable, chiefly as giving the earliest example, on a large scale, of English prose.

Sir John Mandeville died in 1372 at Liege, in Belgium, where a monument is erected to his memory.

The following extract from his writings is given in its antique text, with an interlinear modernized version, in order to convey a better idea of the progress which the language has since made.

(From the Prologue.)

For als moche as the Lond bezonde the See, that is to seye, the  
 For as much as the Land beyond the sea, that is to say, the  
 Holy Lond, that men callen the Lond of Promyscioun, or of  
 Holy Land, that men call the Land of Promise, or of  
 Beheste, passynge alle othere Londes, is the most worthi Lond,  
 reward, passing all other Lands, is the most worthy Land,  
 most excellent, and Lady as Sovereyn of alle othere Londes,  
 most excellent, and Lady as Sovereign of all other Lands,  
 and is blessed and haled of the precyous Body and Blood of  
 and is blessed and hallowed of the precious Body and Blood of  
 oure Lord Jesu Crist; in the whiche Lond it lykede him to  
 our Lord Jesus Christ; in the which Land it pleased him to

take Flesche and Blood of the Virgyne Marie, and become  
 take Flesh and Blood of the Virgin Mary, and become  
 Man, and worche many Myracles, and preche and teche the  
 Man, and work many miracles, and preach and teach the  
 Feythe and the Lawe of Cristene Men unto his children; and  
 Faith and Law of Christian men unto his children; and  
 there it lykede him to suffre many Reprevinges and Scornes  
 there it pleased him to suffer many Reproaches and Scorns  
 for us; and he that was Kyng of Hevene, of Eyr, of Erthe, of  
 for us; and he that was King of Heaven, of air, of earth, of  
 See. . . . A dere God, what Love had he to us his Subjettes,  
 sea. . . . A dear God, what Love had he to us his subjects,  
 whan he that never trespaced, wolde for Trepassours suffre  
 when he that never trespassed would for trespassers suffer  
 Dethe!—Righte well oughte us for to love and worschipe, to  
 Death!—Right well ought we to love and worship, to  
 drede and serven suche a Lord; and to worschipe and prayse  
 dread and serve such a Lord; and to worship and praise  
 such an holy Lond, that broughte forthe suche Fruyt, thorghe  
 such a holy Land, that brought forth such Fruit, through  
 the whiche every Man is saved, but it be his own  
 the which every Man is saved, except through his own  
 defeaute.  
 fault.

II. And I John Maundeville knyghte aboveseyd, (alle  
 And I John Mandeville, knight abovesaid, (al-  
 though I be unworthi) that departed from our countrees and  
 though I be unworthy) that departed from our countries and  
 passed the see, the yeer of grace 1322, that have passed manye  
 passed the sea, the year of grace 1322, that have passed many  
 londes and many yles and contrees, and cerched manye fulle  
 lands and many isles and countries, and searched many full-  
 straunge places, and have ben in manye a fulle gode honourable  
 strange places, and have been in many a full-good honorable  
 companye, and at manye a faire dede of arms, (alle be it that  
 company, and at many a fair deed of arms, (albeit that  
 I ded none myself, for myn unable insufficance) now I am  
 I did none myself, for mine unable insufficiency) now I am  
 comen hom (mawgree my self) to reste. . . . Wherefore I  
 come home (maugre myself) to rest. . . . Wherefore I  
 preye to alle the rederes ann hereres of this boke, zif it please  
 pray to all the readers and hearers of this book, if it please



hem, that thei wolde preyen to God for me: and I shalle preye them, that they would pray to God for me: and I shall pray for hem. And alle tho that seyn for me a Pater noster, with for them. And all those that say for me a Pater noster, with an Ave Maria, that God forzeve me my synnes, I make hem an Ave Maria, that God forgive me my sins, I make them partners and graunte hem part of all the gode pilgrimages and partners and grant them part of all the good pilgrimages and of alle the gode dedes, that I have don, zif ony be to his ples- of all the good deeds, that I have done, if any be to his pleas- ance: and noghte only of tho, but of alle that evere I schalle sure: and not only of those, but of all that ever I shall do unto my lyfes ende.  
do unto my life's end.

*11. 9. 1000*

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, 1340 (?)–1400.\*

Geoffrey Chaucer, the “father of English poetry,” the “morning star of song,”

That renownmed Poet  
Dan Chaucer, Well of English undefyled,  
On Fame's eternal beadroll worthie to be fyled,

was born, probably in London, between 1330 and 1340. His father and grandfather were vintners. We have no direct information of the place and manner of his education. As early as 1357, he lived in the service of Lionel, Earl of Ulster and Duke of Clarence, and second son of Edward III. Chaucer accompanied his master in the great expedition of Edward III. to France, in 1359, and was taken prisoner, but was soon ransomed by Lionel. He was sent several times to France and to Italy on diplomatic missions. We find him in 1366 married to one Philippa, a lady in the attendance of Philippa, Queen of

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\* In regard to Chaucer's life, the list of his authentic works, and our *Extracts*, we have followed Rev. Walter W. Skeat, the most eminent editor of Chaucer's *Works*, 7 vols., 8vo, 1894, Oxford, Clarendon Press.

England; and, in the year following, he is mentioned as "a valet of the king's household."

A yearly pension of ten marks (about 34 dollars) was paid by the court to Chaucer on his wife's account, from 1368 to 1387; and another pension, of twenty pounds *per annum*, was granted him by John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, from 1374 to 1387. Besides, the appointment of Comptroller of Custom of wools, from 1374 to 1386, helped to keep the poet in easy circumstances. But he lost both his pensions and his office about the same time, and for twelve years was generally distressed by poverty. At the accession of Henry IV., the son of his best patron, he was relieved from his pecuniary embarrassments, but he had already grown infirm. He died October 25, 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

If now we turn to the literary productions of Chaucer, we find them more numerous than would be expected from a man so much engaged in other pursuits. They are most of them poetical narratives. His early pieces seem to have been affected with the artificial conceit of the time, but his style, as represented by the *Prologue* to the *Canterbury Tales*, became the standard, for the following two centuries, of English literary excellence.

One of the earliest productions of Chaucer is the *Romaunt of the Rose*, a free metrical translation of a French poem. The original, which was considered a masterpiece, begun by Guillaume de Lorris and completed by Jean de Meun (13th century), consists of 22,074 verses. Of the work now extant in English under the title of *Romaunt of the Rose*, and comprising 7698 lines, 1705 verses only, according to Skeat, are from Chaucer, the remainder of his poem being lost. The whole composition, which is in rhyming couplets, deals with love under the allegory of a rose. The *Book of the Duchess* is a funeral

poem of 1334 octo-syllabic lines, composed (in 1369) in honor of the Duchess of Lancaster.

The *Life of St. Cecile* (Lif of Seynt Cecyle) is an early poem of 553 verses, in the seven-line stanza, which Chaucer inserted later on in the *Canterbury Tales* as the *Seconde Nonnes Tale*.

About 1377-81 Chaucer gave a prose English translation of the five books of *De Consolatione Philosophiæ* by Boethius.

*Troilus and Criseyde* (1379-83) is a poem of 8239 verses in the seven-line stanza. The subject was a favorite legend of the Trojan war, and had been versified by Boccaccio in his *Filostrato* (1341). The English poet follows the Italian more or less closely, but he is more moral. The same subject has been dramatized by Shakespeare.

The *House of Fame* was composed about 1383-84. Under the form of a dream or vision, the poet gives a vivid picture of the Temple of Fame, to which he is himself carried by an eagle. He tells us

Of this hille, that northewarde lay,  
How hit was writen ful of names,  
Of folkes that hadden grete fames  
Of olde tymes, and yet they were  
As fressh as men hadde writen hem here  
The selfe day, ryght or thatoure  
That I upon hem gan to poure.

Of the hall he informs us that every wall of it, and floor, and roof, was plated half a foot thick with gold,

\*Of whiche to litel al in my pouche is.

The *Legende of Goode Women* is a poetical story, in rhyming couplets, of nine remarkable women of classic antiquity, preceded by a Prologue of 579 lines. Among

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\*It was *The House of Fame* that inspired Pope to write *The Temple of Fame*.

his heroines we have Cleopatra, Dido, Medea, Lucretia, and Hypermnestra. Alcestis, the queen of love, personifying the daisy, is the special object of his attention in the Prologue. Amid a strange blending of fact, mythology, and sound principles, womanly purity, innocence, and truthfulness seem to be the never-wearying object of the poet. This work was also suggested by one of Boccaccio.\*

The *Astrolabe* is an unfinished treatise on astronomy, written in 1391 for the use of 'lytel Lowys his sonne.'

Among Chaucer's minor poems, we may mention: *Complaint to his Lady*, *An Amorous Complaint*, *Complaint unto Pitè*, *Anelida and Arcite*, *Complaint of Mars*, *The Former Age* (from Boethius), *Fortune*, *Parlement of Foules* (fools), *Complaint to his Empty Purse*, but the most interesting is Chaucer's *A. B. C.*, or *Prayer to Our Lady*, in twenty-three stanzas of eight lines, which expresses the author's tender and unaffected devotion to the mother of God. It is a free translation from a French poem still extant, and was composed between 1359 and 1369. Several other poems have been attributed to Chaucer, as *The Flower and the Leaf*, *The Cuckoo and the Nightingale*, but they are rejected by the latest critics.

When advanced in age, Chaucer composed the great work on which his fame chiefly rests, his *Canterbury Tales*, the most durable monument of his genius. These *Tales* are a series of independent stories, linked together by an ingenious device which was evidently suggested by the Decameron† of Boccaccio. A crowd of pilgrims, 'well

\* See Tennyson's *Dream of Fair Women*.

† This work of Boccaccio consists of a hundred tales divided into decades, each decade occupying one day in the relation. They are narrated by a company of young persons of rank, who fled to a retreat on the banks of the Arno, in order to escape the infection of the terrible plague then raging in Florence.

nyne and twenty in a companye,' on their way to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury, pass the night at the 'Tabard Inn, Southwark, where they make the acquaintance of our poet. Whilst at supper they agree to travel together to Canterbury; and, in order to relieve the tedium of the journey, each person, at the suggestion of the host of the Tabard, is to tell two stories in going, and two others in returning. But we are allowed to accompany the travellers on a part only of the journey, and to hear but twenty-four of their stories. The *Prologue* to the *Tales*, which contains eight hundred and sixty verses, describes the characters of the pilgrims with unsurpassed simplicity and grace, but at the same time with all the prejudices of a Wycliffite, especially against the monks and the ecclesiastical hierarchy. All ranks of society, excepting the very highest and the very lowest, come in for a share of the poet's satirical humor or gentle praise. We have a Knight, who had fought against the 'Heathenesse' in Palestine; his son the young squire, attended by the Yeoman; and a 'Frankelein,' or country gentleman, in whose house 'it snowed of mete and drink.' The peasantry are represented by the Ploughman, the Miller, the Reve or bailiff. Then come a group of ecclesiastical personages, at whose expense, with the exception of the Parish Priest, the poet indulges without stint his ridicule and censure. The learning of that age has three representatives: the 'Clerke from Oxford;' the 'Sergeant of the Lawe,' very busy, but still proud 'to seem busier than he is;' and 'the Doctor of Physike,' who happened to be a great astronomer, that 'studied everything but his Bible,' and deemed 'Gold in phisike a great cordiale.' The group from lower life is made up of the Haberdasher, Carpenter, Weaver, Dyer, Tap-

estry-maker, and Cook. These, with a few others, including the host and the poet, are the far-famed pilgrims of Canterbury.

"In elocution and eloquence," says Warton, "in harmony and perspicuity of versification, Chaucer surpasses his predecessors in an infinite proportion; his genius was universal, and adapted to themes of unbounded variety." All nature is with him alive with a fresh and active life-blood. His grass is the gladdest green; his birds pour forth notes the most thrilling, the most soothing that ever touched mortal ear.

There was many and many a lovely note,  
Some singing loud, as if they had complained;  
Some with their notes another manner feigned;  
And some did sing all out with the full throat.

Henry Morley considers the spirit of Chaucer as essentially dramatic. "Had the mind of Chaucer stirred among us in the days of Queen Elizabeth, his works would have been plays, and Shakespeare might have found his match. . . . He had that highest form of genius which can touch every part of human life, and, at the contact, be stirred to a simple sympathetic utterance. Out of a sympathy so large, good humor flows unforced, and the pathos shines upon us with a rare tranquillity. The meanness or the grandeur, fleshly grossness or ideal beauty, of each form of life is reflected back from the unrippled mirror of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* as from no other work of man except the plays of Shakespeare."\* Like many others who have given their thoughts to the world without an ever-present proper sense of moral responsibility, Chaucer, in his last hours, bitterly bewailed some too-well remembered lines, which dying he vainly wished to blot. 'Wo is me! wo is me!' he exclaimed in that solemn hour, 'that I cannot recall those

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\* English Writers, vol. v., pp. 276, 277.



things which I have written ; but, alas ! they are now continued from man to man, and I cannot do what I desire.' ” \*

He died on the 25th of October, 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

## PROLOGUE.

WHAN that Aprille with his shoures sote  
 The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote,  
 And bathed every veyne in swich licour,  
 Of which vertu engendred is the flour ;  
 Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth  
 Inspired hath in every holt and heeth  
 The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne  
 Hath in the Ram his halfe cours i-ronne,  
 And smale fowles maken melodye,  
 That slepen al the night with open yē,  
 (So pricketh hem nature in hir corages :)  
 Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,  
 (And palmers for to seken straunge strondes)  
 To ferne halwes, couthe in sondry londes ;  
 And specially, from every shires ende  
 Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,  
 The holy blisful martir for to seke,  
 That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.

Bifel that, in that seson on a day,  
 In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,  
 Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage  
 To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,  
 At night was come in-to that hostelrye  
 Wel nyne and twenty in a companye,  
 Of sondry folk, by aventure i-falle  
 In felawshipe, and pilgrims were they alle,  
 That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde ;  
 The chambres and the stables weren wyde,  
 And wel we weren esed atte beste.  
 And shortly, whan the sonne was to reste,  
 So hadde I spoken with hem everichon,  
 That I was of hir felawshipe anon,

And made forward erly for to ryse,  
 To take our wey, ther as I yow devyse.  
 But natheless, whyl I have tyme and space,  
 Er that I forther in this tale pace,  
 Me thinketh it accordaunt to resoun,  
 To telle yow al the condicioun  
 Of ech of hem, so as it semed me,  
 And whiche they weren, and of what degre;  
 And eek in what array that they were inne:  
 And at a knight than wol I first biginne.

A KNIGHT ther was, and that a worthy man,  
 That fro the tyme that he first began  
 To ryden out, he loved chivalrye,  
 Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisye.  
 Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,  
 And thereto hadde he riden (no man ferre)  
 As wel in Cristendom as in hethenesse,  
 And ever honoured for his worthinesse.  
 At Alisaundre he was, whan it was wonne;  
 Ful ofte tyme he hadde the bord bigonne  
 Aboven alle naciouns in Pruce.  
 In Lettow hadde he reysed and in Ruce,  
 No cristen man so ofte of his degree.  
 In Gernade at the sege eek hadde he be  
 Of Algesir, and riden in Belmarye.  
 At Lyeys was he, and at Satalye,  
 Whan they were wonne; and in the Grete See  
 At many a noble aryve hādde he be.  
 And mortal batailles hadde he ben fiftene,  
 And foughten for our feith at Tramissene  
 In listes thryes, and ay slayn his foo.  
 This ilke worthy knight had been also  
 Somtyme with the lord of Palatye,  
 Ageyn another hethen in Turkye  
 And evermore he hadde a sovereyn prys.  
 And though that he were worthy, he was wys,  
 And of his port as meke as is a mayde.  
 He never yet no vileinye ne sayde  
 In all his lyf, un-to no maner wight.  
 He was a verray parfit gentil knight.  
 But for to tellen yow of his array,  
 His hors were gode, but he ne was nat gay.

Of fustian he wered a gipoun  
 Al bismotered with his habergeoun.  
 For he was late y-come from his viage,  
 And wente for to doon his pilgrimage.

\* \* \* \* \*

A CLERK ther was of Oxenford also,  
 That un-to logik hadde longe y-go.  
 As lene was his hors as is a rake,  
 And he was nat right fat, I undertake;  
 But loked holwe, and ther-to soberly.  
 Ful thredbar was his overest courtepy;  
 For he hadde geten him yit no benefyce,  
 Ne was so worldly to have offyce.  
 For him was lever have at his beddes heed  
 Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed,  
 Of Aristotle and his philosophye,  
 Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sautrye.  
 But al be that he was a philosopre,  
 Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre;  
 But al that he mighte of his freendes hente,  
 On bokes and on lerninge he it spente,  
 And bisily gan for the soules preye  
 Of hem that yaf him wher-with to scoleye.  
 Of studie took he most cure and most hede.  
 Noght o word spak he more than was nede,  
 And that was seyde in forme and reverence,  
 And short and quik, and ful of hy sentence.  
 Souninge in moral vertu was his speche,  
 And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

A FRANKELEYN was in his companye;  
 Whyt was his berd, as is the dayesye.  
 Of his complexioun he was sangwyn.  
 Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in wyn.  
 To liven in delyt was ever his wone,  
 For he was Epicurus owne sone,  
 That heeld opinioun that pleyn delyt  
 Was verrailly felicitee parfyt.  
 An housholdere, and that a greet, was he;  
 Seint Julian he was in his contree.  
 His breed, his ale, was alwey after oon;  
 A bettre envyned man was no-where noon.

With-oute bake mete was nevere his hous,  
 Of fish and flesh, and that so plentevous,  
 It snewed in his hous of mete and drinke,  
 Of alle deyntees that men coude thinke.  
 After the sondry sesons of the yeer,  
 So chaunged he his mete and his soper.  
 Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,  
 And many a breem and many a luce in stewe.  
 Wo was his cook, but-if his sauce were  
 Poynaunt and sharp, and redy al his gere.  
 His table dormant in his halle alway  
 Stood redy covered al the longe day.  
 At sessiouns ther was he lord and sire.  
 Ful ofte tyme he was knight of the shire.  
 An anlas and a gipser al of silk  
 Heng at his girdel, whyt as morne milk.  
 A shirreve had he ben, and a countour;  
 Was no-wher such a worthy vavasour.

\* \* \* \* \*

With us ther was a DOCTOR of *Phisyk*,  
 In al this world ne was ther noon him lyk  
 To speke of phisik and of surgerye;  
 For he was grounded in astronomye.  
 He kepte his pacient a ful greet del  
 In houres, by his magik naturel.  
 Wel coude he fortunen the ascendent  
 Of his images for his pacient.  
 He knew the cause of every maladye,  
 Were it of hoot or cold, or moiste, or drye,  
 And where engendred, and of what humour;  
 He was a verrey parfit practisour.  
 The cause y-knowe, and of his harm the rote,  
 Anon he yaf the seke man his bote.  
 Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries,  
 To sende him drogges, and his letuaries,  
 For ech of hem made other for to winne;  
 Hir frendschipe nas nat newe to biginne.  
 Wel knew he the olde Esculapius,  
 And Deiscorides, and eek Rufus,  
 Old Ypocras, Haly, and Galien;  
 Serapion, Razis, and Avicen;

Averrois, Damascien, and Constantyn;  
 Bernard, and Gatesden, and Gilbertyn.  
 Of his diete mesurable was he,  
 For it was of no superfluitée,  
 But of greet norissing and digestible.  
 His studie was but litel on the Bible.  
 In sangwin and in pers he clad was al,  
 Lynced with taffata and with sendal.  
 And yet he was but esy of dispence;  
 He kepte that he wan in pestilence.  
 For gold in phisik is a cordial,  
 Therefore he lovede gold in special.

\* \* \* \* \*

A good man was ther of religioun,  
 And was a povre PERSON of a toun;  
 But riche he was of holy thought and werk.  
 He was also a lerned man, a clerk  
 That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche;  
 His parisshe devoutly wolde he teche.  
 Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,  
 And in adversitee ful pacient;  
 And swich he was y-proved ofte sythes.  
 Ful looth were him to cursen for his tythes,  
 But rather wolde he yeven, out of doute,  
 Unto his povre parisshe aboute,  
 Of his offringe, and eek of his substaunce.  
 He coude in litel thing han suffisaunce.  
 Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer a-sonder,  
 But he ne lafte not, for reyne ne thonder,  
 In siknes nor in meschief, to visyte  
 The ferreste in his parisshe, mucche and lite  
 Up-on his feet, and in his hand a staf.  
 This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,  
 That first he wroghte, and afterward he taughte;  
 Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte;  
 And this figure he added eek ther-to,  
 That if gold ruste, what shal iren doo?  
 For if a preest be foul, on whom we truste,  
 No wonder is a lewd man to ruste;  
 And shame it is, if a preest take keep,  
 A shiten shepherde and a clene sheep;  
 Wel oghte a preest ensample for to yive,  
 By his clenness, how that his sheep shold live.

He sette nat his benefice to hyre,  
 And leet his sheep encombred in the myre,  
 And ran to Londone, unto sēynt Poules  
 To seken him a chaunterie for soules,  
 Or with a bretherhed to been withholde;  
 But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his folde,  
 So that the wolf ne made it nat miscarie;  
 He was a shepherde and no mercenarie.  
 And though he holy were, and vertuous,  
 He was to sinful man nat despitous,  
 Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne,  
 But in his teching discret and benigne.  
 To drawe folk to heven by fairnesse  
 By good ensample, that was his bisnesse:  
 But it were any persone obstinat,  
 What-so he were, of heigh or lowe estat,  
 Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones.  
 A bettre preest, I trowe, that nowher noon is.  
 He wayted after no pompe and reverence,  
 Ne maked him a spyced conscience,  
 But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,  
 He taughte, and first he folwed it him-selve.

\* \* \* \* \*

FROM CHAUCER'S A. B. C., CALLED LA PRIÈRE DE NOSTRE DAME.

C.

Comfort is noon, but in yow, Lady dere,  
 For lo, my sinne and my confusioun,  
 Which oughten not in thy presence appere,  
 Han take on me a grevous accioun,  
 Of verrey ryght and desperacioun;  
 And, as by right, they mighten wel sustene  
 That I were worthy my dampnacioun,  
 Nere mercy of you, blisful hevene quene.

E.

Ever hath myn hope of refut been in thee,  
 For heer-biforn ful ofte, in many a wyse,  
 Hast thou to misericorde receyved me.  
 But mercy, lady at the grete assyse,  
 Whan we shul come bifore the hye Justise  
 So litel fruit shal thanne in me be founde,  
 That, but thou er that day me wel chastyse,  
 Of verrey right my werk me wol confounde.



## G.

Glorious mayd and moder which that never  
 Were bitter, neither in erthe nor in see,  
 But ful of swetnesse and of mercy ever,  
 Help that my fader be not wroth with me!  
 Spek thou, for I ne dar not him y-see;  
 So have I doon in erthe, allas ther-whyle!  
 That certes, but if thou my socour be,  
 To stink eterne he wol my gost exyle.

## Q.

Queen of comfort, yit whan I me bithinke,  
 That I agilt have bothe, him and thee,  
 And that my soule is worthy for to sinke,  
 Allas, I, caitif, whider may I flee?  
 Who shal un-to thy sone my mene be?  
 Who, but thy-self, that art of pitee welle?  
 Thou hast more reuthe on our adversitee  
 Than in this world mighte any tunge telle.

JOHN GOWER, 1325 (?)–1402.

The personal history of John Gower, the contemporary and friend of Chaucer, is involved in great obscurity. He was liberally educated, having studied at Merton College, Oxford, and was a member of the Society of the Inner Temple.\* He appears to have been in affluent circumstances, as he contributed largely to the building of the conventual church of St. Mary Overies, in Southwark. Peacham, in his *Compleat Gentleman*, says of him: "His verses, to say the truth, were poor and plaine, yet full of good and grave moralitie; but, while he affected altogether the French phrase and words, made himself too obscure to his

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\* The colleges of the English professors and students of common law are called *Inns*. The four principal Inns of Court are the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn. At the present day, before being called to the Bar, it is necessary to be admitted a member of one of the Inns of Court.

reader; besides, his invention cometh far short of the promise of his titles." He is on all occasions serious and didactic, and so uniformly grave and sententious, even upon topics which might inspire vivacity, that he is characterized by Chaucer as the 'Morall Gower.'

His principal work consists of three parts:

1. *Speculum Meditantis*, a moral tract in French rhymes. This work, which was supposed to be lost, was lately discovered, and announced to the public in 1895.

2. *Vox Clamantis*, a metrical chronicle of the insurrection of the Commons under Richard II. It consists of seven books in Latin elegiacs.

3. *Confessio Amantis*, an English poem in octo-syllabic Romance metre, said to contain 30,000 verses; it treats of the morals and metaphysics of love. The language is tolerably perspicuous, and the versification often harmonious; 'but the amount of edification or entertainment to be got out of the *Confessio Amantis* is not very considerable,' says Prof. Craik.

He died at an advanced age in 1402, and was buried in St. Mary Overies, now St. Saviour's Church, to which he was a benefactor, and in which his tomb is still to be seen.

The following lines, taken from the fifth book of his *Confessio Amantis*, are given as a specimen of the spelling and archaisms of his time:

In a cronique thus I rede:  
 Aboute a king, as must nede,  
 Ther was of knyghtes and squiers  
 Gret route, and eke of officers:  
 Some of long time him hadden served,  
 And thoughten that they have deserved  
 Advancement, and gon withoute:  
 And some also ben of the route,  
 That comen but a while agon,  
 And they avanced were anon.

## JOHN LYDGATE, 1375 (?)–1430.

Of the immediate followers of Chaucer and Gower, John Lydgate is the most distinguished versifier. He was a monk of the Benedictine Abbey of Bury St. Edmund's in Suffolk, and flourished in the reigns of Henry V. and Henry VI. He was regarded as a prodigy of learning at the period in which he lived. He had travelled in France and Italy, and mastered the language and literature of both countries. On his return to England, he opened a school at his monastery, and gave instruction in poetry and rhetoric, and even in mathematics and theology. Though his style is often very diffuse and more antique than Chaucer's, he has the credit of having improved the poetical language of the country. His poems range over a great variety of subjects. His principal pieces are *The Fall of Princes*, taken from Boccaccio, *The Story of Thebes*, and *The History of Troy* containing about 28,000 verses. Besides these, a list has been given of his other pieces to the number of 251, existing in manuscripts in different libraries.

Lydgate wrote in verse a life of St. Edmund, which he dedicated to Henry VI.

Warton says of him: "He is the first of our writers whose style is clothed with that perspicuity in which the English phraseology appears, at this day, to an English reader."

We give, with some changes in the spelling, the following beautiful lament, taken from his *Testament*:

## CHRIST DESCRIBES HIS SUFFERINGS.

Behold, O man! lift up thine eye, and see  
What mortal pain I suffered for thy trespass!  
With piteous voice I cry, and say to thee,  
Behold my wounds, behold my bloody face!

Behold the rebúkes, that do me so menáce,  
Behold mine enmyes that do me so despise.

And how that I, to réform thee to grace,  
Was, like a lamb, offered in sacrifice!

Behold the mynstrys,\* which hád me in keeping,

Behold the pillar and the ropis strong,  
Where I was bound, my sidès down bleeding,

Most felly beat with their scòórges long!

Behold the battle which I did underfong,†  
The brunt abiding of their mortal ‡ emprise!

Through their accusing and their slanders wrong,  
Was [I], like a lamb, offered in sacrifice.

Behold and see the hateful wretchedness,

Put again me to my confusión,

Mine eyèn hid and blinded with darknéss,

Beat and eke bobbid § by fálse illusiún,

Salwèd || in scorn by their false kneeling down!

Behold all this, and see the mortal guise,

How I, alone, for man's salvaciún,

Was, like a lamb, offered in sacrifice.

See my disciples, how they ha ¶ me forsake,

And fro me fled, almost evéry óne,

See how they slept and list not with me wake!

Of mortal dread they left me all alone,

Except my Mother and my cousin John,

My death complaining in most doleful wise:

See fro my cross they woldè never gone,

For man's offense when I did sacrifice.

Behold the knights,\*\* which, by their froward chaunce,

Sat for my clothès at the dice to play!

Behold my Mother, swouning for greváunce,

Upon the cross when she sawhé †† me die!

Behold the sepulchre in which my bonys lie,

Kept with strong watchè till I did arise!

Of hell gatés see how I *brak the key*,

And gave for man my blood in sacrifice!

\* Ministers, officers.

§ Deceived.

\*\* Soldiers

† Undertake.

|| Saluted.

†† Saw.

‡ Deadly work.

¶ Have.

Turn home again, thy sinnè do forsake,  
Behold and see if aught be left behind,  
How I to mercy am ready thee to take;  
Give me thine heart and be no more unkind!  
Thy love and mine togidre do them bind,  
And let them never partè in no wise:  
When thou wer lost, thy soul again to find,  
My blood I offer'd for thee in sacrifice.

WILLIAM CAXTON, 1412(?)–1492.

William Caxton, memorable as the first English printer, and as a voluminous translator, was born in Kent about 1412. He spent twenty-three years in Holland and Flanders; and, whilst there, made himself master of the art of printing, then recently introduced on the Continent. Having translated a French book styled *Recuyell des Histoires de Troyes*, he printed it at Ghent in 1471. This was the first book in the English language ever issued from the press. He afterwards established a printing office at Westminster, and published (1477?) *The Game and Playe of the Chesse*, which was probably the first book printed in England. In the Caxton celebration, held in 1877, to commemorate this event, no fewer than 190 copies of books printed by Caxton were exhibited, representing 104 distinct works. A much larger number might have been collected, had not the English Parliament of 1550 ordered the destruction of all Catholic books. Caxton was one of the most industrious and indefatigable men. He united with industry great modesty and simplicity of character, and styled himself 'Simple William Caxton.' He calls Chaucer, whose *Canterbury Tales* he took great pains to have correctly printed, 'the worshipful father and first founder and embellisher of ornate eloquence in our English.'

It is said that he completed, on the day of his death, the translation of *Vitæ Patrum*, or "The Righte Devout and Solitairye Lyfe of the Ancient or Olde Holy Faders, Hermytes Dwelling in the Deserts."

BLESSED THOMAS MORE, 1478-1535

Sir Thomas More, the most distinguished character in the reign of Henry VIII., was born in London in the year 1480. He was the son of a judge of the King's Bench, and was educated at Oxford. Science and virtue had great attractions for him, and he cultivated both with eminent success. He was a man of true genius and possessed a mind enriched with all the learning of his time. He ranks with Bishop Fisher and Cardinal Pole among the leading Roman Catholic writers of the reign of Henry VIII. His sagacity and talents, displayed in various honorable and important public functions, especially in the conference for the peace of Cambrai in 1529, caused him to be raised to the dignity of Lord High Chancellor.

His *Utopia*, written in Latin, and first published in 1518, was translated into English as early as 1551 by Robinson, and later by Bishop Burnet. It is a curious philosophical work, full of profound observations and shrewd insights into human nature, which describes an imaginary model country and people, in imitation of Plato's Commonwealth. The word 'utopia' has, since his time, become an English word, applied to any scheme of ideal perfection that cannot be carried out. "If false and impracticable theories," says Hallam, "are found in the *Utopia* (and perhaps More knew them to be such), this is in a much greater degree true of the Platonic Republic; and they are more than compensated by the sense of justice and humanity that



pervades it, and his bold censures on the vices of power."

His *History of Edward V., of his Brother, and of Richard III.*; is, in Hallam's judgment, the earliest specimen of dignified idiomatic prose, without vulgarity or pedantry. It is certainly the first English history that can be said to aspire to be more than a chronicle, and is characterized by an easy narrative that rivals the sweetness of Herodotus. "No historians either of ancient or modern times," says Hume, "can possibly have more weight. He may justly be esteemed a contemporary with regard to the murder of the two princes; and it is plain from his narrative that he had the particulars from the eye-witnesses themselves."

More also wrote a great number of devotional treatises and controversial tracts. Among these may be mentioned an answer to the work of Luther against the king of England, divided into two books; and an explanation of the Passion of our Lord, with a beautiful prayer taken from the Psalms.

Sir Thomas More was unjustly imprisoned and condemned to death by Henry VIII., for refusing to take the oath of supremacy in which the king was declared to be the supreme head of the Church. In prison, some of his friends endeavored to gain him over by representing to him that he ought not to entertain any other opinion than that of the Parliament of England. "I should mistrust myself," he said, "to stand alone against the whole Parliament; but I have on my side the whole Catholic Church, the great parliament of Christians." When his wife conjured him to obey the king, and preserve his life for the consolation and support of his children, "How many years," says he, "do you think I have still to live?" She replied:

“More than twenty.” “Ah, my wife,” he continued, “do you wish that I should exchange eternity for twenty years?” Indeed a character of greater disinterestedness and integrity cannot be found in ancient or modern history. The poet Thomson pays him this beautiful and well-deserved tribute of praise:

‘Like Cato firm, like Aristides just.’

Faithfully and firmly attached to the principles of the Catholic faith, he lived amid the splendors of the court without pride, and perished on the scaffold without weakness. His death was that of the Christian martyr. By a decree of Pope Leo XIII., December 29th, 1886, he was declared *Blessed*, together with Cardinal Fisher and fifty-two others who died for the faith from 1535 to 1583.

“In the pictures of Holbein, in his Life by Roper and by Mackintosh, and in his correspondence with Erasmus, where he is seen in his house at Chelsea paying reverence to his parents and playing with his children, he has become endeared to modern readers, while his cheerful disposition is just such as we naturally associate with true greatness and welcome wherever it is found.”

We give as one of the extracts a letter written by Sir Thomas More on learning that his barns and those of his neighbors were burned down. We commend its spirit of gentleness and piety. The original spelling is preserved.

#### LETTER TO LADY MORE.

Maistres Alyce, in my most harty wise I recommend me to you; and whereas I am enfourmed by my son Heron of the losse of our barnes and our neighbours also, with all the corn that was therein, albeit (saving God's pleasure) it is gret pitie of so much good corne lost, yet sith it hath liked hym to sende us

such a chaunce we must and are bounden, not only to be content, but also to be glad of his visitacion.

He sente us all that we have loste; and sith he hath by such a chaunce taken it away againe, his pleasure be fulfilled. Let us never grudge ther at, but take it in good worth, and hartely thank him as well for adversitie as for prosperitie. And peradventure we have more cause to thank him for our losse then for our winning; for his wisdome better seeth what is good for us then we do our selves.

Therefore I pray you be of good chere, and take all the hows-old with you to church, and there thanke God, both for that he hath given us and for that he hath taken from us, and for that he hath left us, which, if it please hym, he can encrease when he will. And if it please him to leave us yet lesse, at his pleasure be it.

I pray you to make some good ensearche what my poore neighbours have loste, and bid them take no thought therefore: for and \* I shold not leave myself a sponer, there shal no pore neighbour of mine bere no losse by any chaunce happened in my house. I pray you be with my children and your household merry in God. And devise some what with your frendes, what waye wer best to take, for provision to be made for corne for our householde, and for sede thys yere comming, if ye thinke it good that we kepe the ground stil in our handes. And whether ye think it good that we so shal do or not, yet I think it were not best sodenlye thus to leave it all up, and to put away our folk of our farme till we have somewhat advised us thereon.

How beit if we have more nowe than ye shal nede, and which can get them other maisters, ye may then discharge us of them. But I would not that any man were sodenly sent away he wote nere wether.

At my comming hither I perceived none other but that I should tary still with the Kinges Grace.

But now I shall (I think) because of this chance, get leave this next weke to come home and se you: and then shall we further devyse together uppon all thinges, what order shall be best to take.

And thus as hartely fare you well with all our children as ye

can wishe. At Woodestoke the third day of Septembre by the hand of

your loving husbände,

THOMAS MORE KNIGHT.

#### CHARACTER OF RICHARD III.

Richard, the third son, of whom we now entreat, was in wit and courage equal with either of them; in body and prowess, far under them both; but little of stature, ill-featured of limbs, crook-backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right, hard-favored of visage. He was malicious, wrathful, envious, and from afore his birth ever froward.

None evil captain was he in the war, as to which his disposition was more meetly than for peace. Sundry victories had he, and sometime overthrows, but never in default for his own person, either of hardiness or politic order. Free was he called of dispense, and somewhat above his power liberal. With large gifts he get him unsteadfast friendship, for which he was fain to pil and spoil in other places, and get him steadfast hatred. He was close and secret; a deep dissimuler, lowly of countenance, arrogant of heart; outwardly coumpinable where he inwardly hated; dispitious and cruel, not for evil will alway, but oftener for ambition, and either for the surety and increase of his estate. Friend and foe was indifferent where his advantage grew; he spared no man's death whose life withstood his purpose. He slew with his own hands King Henry VI. being prisoner in the Tower.

#### ROGER ASCHAM, 1515-1568.

Roger Ascham, at one time preceptor, and ultimately Latin Secretary to Queen Elizabeth, is the first writer on education in our language. He took his degree in the University of Cambridge at the age of nineteen. His two principal works are, *Toxophilus* and *The Schoolmaster*.

*Toxophilus*, published in 1544, is a dialogue on the art of archery, designed to promote an elegant and

useful mode of recreation among those who, like himself, gave most of their time to study, and also to exemplify a style of composition more purely English than what was in vogue at that time.

*The Schoolmaster*, printed after his death, contains good general views of education, and what Johnson acknowledges to be ‘perhaps the best advice that was ever given for the study of languages.’

His writings are in pure, idiomatic, vigorous English. They exhibit great variety of knowledge, remarkable sagacity, and sound common-sense. In his dedication of *Toxophilus* to the gentlemen and yeomen of England, he recommends to all who write in any tongue, the counsel of Aristotle: “To speak as the common people do, to think as wise men do.” From this we may perceive that he had a proper regard for what was due to the great fountain-head and oracle of the national language—the vocabulary of the common people.

He was never robust; and his death, which happened in 1568, was occasioned by too close application to the composition of a Latin poem, which he intended to present to Queen Elizabeth on the anniversary of her accession to the throne.

The following extracts from the opening of the *Toxophilus*, show that what was good sense and sound philosophy in Ascham’s time, is so still, and that the lesson is not less required at the present time, than it was then.

#### STUDY SHOULD BE RELIEVED BY AMUSEMENT.

*Philologus*.—How much in this matter is to be given to the authority of Aristotle or Tully, I cannot tell, seeing sad men may well enough speak merrily for a mere matter; this I am sure, which thing this fair wheat (God save it) maketh me remember, that those husbandmen which rise earliest, and

come latest home, and are content to have their dinner and other drinkings brought into the field to them, for fear of losing time, have fatter barns in the harvest, than they which will either sleep at noontime of the day, or else make merry with their neighbors at the ale. And so a scholar, that purposeth to be a good husband, and desireth to reap and enjoy much fruit of learning, must till and sow thereafter. Our best seed-time, which be scholars, as it is very timely, and when we be young; so it endureth not over long, and therefore it may not be let slip one hour; our ground is very hard and full of weeds; our horse wherewith we be drawn very wild, as Plato saith. And infinite other *mo lets*,\* which will make a thrifty scholar take heed how he spendeth his time in sport and play.

#### OCCUPATIONS SHOULD BE CHOSEN SUITABLE TO THE NATURAL FACULTIES.

If men would go about matters which they should do and be fit for, and not such things which wilfully they desire and yet be unfit for, verily greater matters in the commonwealth than shooting should be in better case than they be. This ignorance in men which know not for what time and to what thing they be fit, causeth some wish to be rich, for whom it were better a great deal to be poor; other to be meddling in every man's matter, for whom it were more honesty to be quiet and still; some to desire to be in the court, which be born and be fitter rather for the cart; some to be masters and rule others, which never yet began to rule themselves; some always to jangle and talk, which rather should hear and keep silence; some to teach, which rather should learn; some to be priests, which were fitter to be clerks. And this perverse judgment of the world, when men measure themselves amiss, bringeth much disorder and great unseemliness to the whole body of the commonwealth, as if a man should wear his hose upon his head, or a woman go with a sword and a buckler, every man would take it as a great uncomeliness, although it be but a trifle in respect of the other.

This perverse judgment of men hindereth nothing so much as learning, because, commonly those that be unfittest for learning, be chiefly set to learning. As if a man nowadays have two sons, the one impotent, weak, sickly, lisping, stutter-

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\* *Mo lets* means *more obstacles*.



ing and stammering, or having any mis-shape in his body; what doth the father of such one commonly say? This boy is fit for nothing else, but to set to learning and make a priest of, as who would say, the outcasts of the world, having neither countenance, tongue, nor wit (for of a perverse body cometh commonly a perverse mind), be good enough to make those men of, which shall be appointed to preach God's holy word, and minister his blessed sacraments, besides other most weighty matters in the commonwealth; put oft times, and worthily, to learned men's discretion and charge; when rather such an office so high in dignity, so goodly in administration should be committed to no man, which should not have a countenance full of comeliness to allure good men, a body full of manly authority to fear ill men, a wit apt for all learning, with tongue and voice able to persuade all men. And although few such men as these can be found in a commonwealth, yet surely a goodly disposed man will both in his mind think fit, and with all his study labor, to get such men as I speak of, or rather better, if better can be gotten, for such an high administration, which is most properly appointed to God's own matters and businesses.

#### SCOTCH WRITERS.

During this period the literature of Scotland dawned, and soon rose to considerable splendor; but was soon overcast by the gloomy spirit of Puritanism.

The language spoken in the Lowland districts during the fourteenth century, was nearly the same as that of England. It was in this language that BARBOUR, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, wrote his heroic and patriotic poem, *The Bruce*, which has ever been a favorite with his countrymen. It celebrates the exploits of Robert Bruce, who, by the victory of Bannockburn, asserted the independence of Scotland, and obtained the crown for himself. It contains seven thousand rhyming couplets, and has the rare merit of combining spirited and harmonious poetry with truthful history. Barbour composed another work, *The Brute*, which is lost. His death occurred in 1395.

A few other writers deserve also a special mention. JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND (1394–1436) is the author of the *King's Quhair* (quire or book), remarkable for its simplicity, feeling, and poetical spirit. BLIND HARRY, or HARRY THE MINSTREL, produced about 1460 his poem on the adventures of Wallace. "Considered as the composition of a blind man," says Thomas Arnold, "*The Wallace* is a remarkable production. Considered as a work of art, a more execrable poem perhaps was never composed. Yet national resentment and partiality have made the Scotch, from the fifteenth century down to the present time, delight in this tissue of lies and nonsense."\*

ROBERT HENRYSON, or HENDERSON, also a Scottish poet much renowned in his time, is supposed to have been a Benedictine and to have died before 1508. He wrote the beautiful pastoral of *Robin and Makyne*, printed among Percy's Reliques, also a translation of Æsop's Fables, and some other small poems. The fable of *The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse* is rendered with much humor and characteristic description.

GAWIN DOUGLAS (1475–1522), Bishop of Dunkeld, made himself famous for his translation into English verse of the Æneid, his being the first metrical version of any ancient classic in the English or Scottish dialect. He wrote also two long allegorical poems, *The Palace of Honour* and *King Hart*.

WILLIAM DUNBAR (1465–1530), a Franciscan friar, is styled by Craik "the Chaucer of Scotland," and by Walter Scott, "a poet unrivalled by any that Scotland has produced." His poems belong to three classes, the allegorical, the moral, and the comic. *The Thistle and the Rose*, *The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins*, and *The Golden Terge*, are his principal allegories. Of his moral poems, the best is *The Merle and the Nightingale*, who are made

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\* Manual of Eng. Lit., p. 101.

to discuss the comparative merits of earthly and heavenly love, the last verse being an acknowledgment that

All love is lost but upon God alone.

In the opinion of Craik, "Burns is certainly the only name among the Scottish poets that can be placed in the same line with that of Dunbar; and even the inspired ploughman, though the equal of Dunbar in comic power and his superior in depth of passion, is not to be compared with the elder poet either in strength or in general fertility of imagination."

SIR DAVID LINDSAY (1490–1555) lived at the court of James V., whom he survived. After the king's death he wrote satirical tales and plays, in which he too often endeavors to throw ridicule on churchmen or the Church.

#### OTHER WRITERS OF THE FOURTH PERIOD.

LAWRENCE MINOT (died about 1360) wrote ten poems to celebrate the victories of Edward III. These poems, unknown to the older critics, were accidentally discovered near the close of the eighteenth century. According to Craik, they are remarkable for a precision, selectness, and force of expression previously unexampled in English verse. The stanzas are of six lines of three or four feet, rhyming first line with second, third with sixth, fourth with fifth. Of Minot's personal history nothing is known.

WILLIAM or ROBERT LANGLANDE, floruit 1360, is thought to be the author of the *Vision of Piers* (Peter) *Plowman*. He is also supposed to have been a monk or a secular priest. The work comprises 14,000 lines of two feet (or 7000 of four feet), which have no rhyme, but an alliteration as regular as that of the old Saxon poems. Under the form of a vision or dream the poet indulges a taste for satire. All orders of men, but particularly the religious, serve as a target for his shafts. As has been justly remarked,

the credit due to a satirist depends much upon his known character and motives; and of these, in the present instance, we have no certain knowledge. According to Wright, there is in the *Vision* no heretical doctrine; but the same cannot be said of *Piers Plowman's Crede*, a shorter poem, written soon after by a follower of Wyclif. This author, says Wright, "is the simple representative of the peasant rising to judge and act for himself—the English *sans-culotte* of the fourteenth century, if we may be allowed the comparison."

✓ JOHN WYCLIF (1324–1384) wrote in Latin many works of theology or controversy, in which he attacked indiscriminately all those who belonged to the regular or secular clergy, together with the pope, bishops, and other dignitaries, as being no better than liars and fiends, hypocrites and traitors, heretics and antichrists.\* His itinerant priests alone were the true evangelical preachers. Wyclif deserves the title of first English reformer. The term, when applied to the Church founded by Christ, is self-condemning, for it argues a want of faith in His power to keep for ever in the truth that Church for which He gave His life, and which His apostle Paul styles "the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth." Among Wyclif's English writings, a translation of the Bible is ascribed to him. There is little doubt that he had the principal share in the new translation which was then made. Sir Thomas More testifies that long before Wyclif there was an English version of the Scriptures, 'by good and godly people with devotion and soberness well and reverently red.'† English or Anglo-Saxon translations of the Gospels, of the Psalms, and of some other parts of the Bible were certainly in existence. Wyclif is also the author of many original writings in defence of his reforming views in theology and church

\* See Lingard's Hist. of England, vol. iv. p. 158.

† See Kenrick's Bible, Introduction to the Gospels, p. iv. edit. 1862.

government. "His style," says Prof. Craik,\* "is everywhere coarse and slovenly, though sometimes animated by a popular force or boldness of expression." It seems to be now satisfactorily proved that Wyclif before his death recanted his errors.

JOHN FISHER (1459-1535), the saintly Bishop of Rochester, was no less distinguished for his learning than for his piety and greatness of soul. He published some sermons and theological treatises. When so many others abandoned the true Church at the bidding of a cruel tyrant, John Fisher had the courage to seal his faith with his blood. Like More, he has been ranked among the Blessed by Pope Leo XIII.

SIR THOMAS WYATT (1503-1542), a distinguished diplomatist under Henry VIII., was also a poet of note. His poems are chiefly amatory or satirical.

SIR THOMAS ELYOT (d. 1546), a friend of Sir Thomas More, is the author of a poetical treatise, *The Governor*, which passed through many editions, and of a *Latin and English Dictionary*.

HENRY HOWARD, Earl of Surrey, a warrior, courtier, and poet, introduced into England the sonnet form of composition, and was the first English poet that wrote in blank verse. This last form of verse he used in the translation of the second and fourth books of the *Æneid*. The characteristics of Surrey's poetry are delicacy and tenderness. He was only thirty-one years of age when, on a groundless charge of high treason, he was beheaded in 1547 by the order of Henry VIII.

JOHN LELAND (d. 1552) is generally mentioned as the earliest of eminent English antiquaries. He collected a prodigious number of manuscripts, and for six years he endeavored to arrange and digest them. But his brain

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\* Eng. Lit., p. 165.



gave way under the pressure of mental labor. The writings that resulted from his researches are in Latin.

Besides the writers and writings of the fourth period that we have mentioned, many others might be named. Indeed, Ritson gives a list of seventy English poets, so called, who flourished from the time of Chaucer to that of Surrey. Many productions, too, may have perished together with the names of their authors, and this for two causes: the first, because before the invention of printing, a great part of the popular poetry existed only in the memories of its authors; the second, because the plunder of libraries under Henry VIII. and his successor, did away with all manuscripts and printed books of the old Catholic times that could be found. "Whole shiploads of manuscripts were sent as waste paper to foreign countries." \* "Whole libraries, the getting of which together had taken ages upon ages, and had cost immense sums of money, were scattered abroad by these hellish ruffians (the agents of Thomas Cromwell), when they had robbed the covers of their rich ornaments." †

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\* White's Hist. of Great Brit., in Hill's British Catholic Poets.

† Cobbett's Reform, Letter the 6th. John Bale (1495-1563), an apostate Carmelite and zealous Protestant bishop of Ossory, thus writes of the destruction of libraries at the hands of the first English Reformers: "To destroy all [books] without-consideracyon, is and wyl be unto Englande for euee (ever) a most horryble infamy among the grave senyours of other nacyns. A greate nombre of them whych purchased those superstycyouse maunsions (monasteries), reserued of those bokes, some to serue their iakes, some to seoure their candelstyckes. and some to rubbe their bootes. Some they solde to the grossers and sope sellers and some they sent over see to the bokebynders, not in small nombre, but at tymes whole shyppes full, to the wonderinge of the foren nacyns. I know a merchaunt man that boughte the contentes of two noble lybraryes for xl. (40) shyllinges pryce, a shame it is to be spoken. This stuffe hath he occupied in the stede of graye paper by the space of more than these x. (10) yeares, and he hath store ynough for as many yeares to come." *Dubl. Rev.*, July, 1882, pp. 257 and 258. For further details and proofs, see Butler's Lives, May 26th, St. Augustine, note; also, Maskell's Ancient Liturgy and Monumenta Ritualia.



## FIFTH PERIOD.

## THE MODERN ENGLISH PERIOD.

(From the Middle of Queen Elizabeth's Reign, in 1580, to the Present Time.)

*The Mistake of Attributing the Extraordinary Intellectual Development of this Period to the Protestant Reformation—Real Causes of Human Progress and Literary Improvement in the Modern Period. Section the First, the Augustan Age: Robert Southwell—Edmund Spenser—Thomas Sackville—The Early Drama and Dramatists—William Shakespeare—Lord Bacon—Ben Jonson—Translation of the Bible—Annals of the Four Masters—Other Writers. Section the Second: Richard Crashaw—Abraham Cowley—John Milton—Samuel Butler—John Bunyan—John Dryden—Other Writers. Section the Third: Joseph Addison—Sir Richard Steele—Daniel Defoe—Alexander Pope—Jonathan Swift—James Thomson—William Collins—Edward Young—Thomas Gray—Letters of Junius—Oliver Goldsmith—David Hume—Samuel Johnson—William Robertson—Edward Gibbon—Robert Burns—Edmund Burke—William Cowper—Other Writers. Section the Fourth: Percy Bysshe Shelley—John Keats—Lord Byron—Sir Walter Scott—Novels and Novel Reading—George Crabbe—Samuel T. Coleridge—Robert Southey—Thomas Campbell—Sydney Smith—William Wordsworth—Lord Jeffrey—John Lingard—Thomas Moore—Henry Hallam—Lord Macaulay—William M. Thackeray—Frederick W. Faber—Cardinal Wiseman—Charles Dickens—T. W. M. Marshall—Thomas Carlyle—John Richard Green—Cardinal Newman—Cardinal Manning—Lord Tennyson—Robert Louis Stevenson—William Morris—John Ruskin—Aubrey de Vere—Thomas William Allies—P. A. Sheehan—Other Writers.*

THE MISTAKE OF ATTRIBUTING THE EXTRAORDINARY INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF THIS PERIOD TO THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION.

WHAT we understand by the modern English period is all that interval of time which extends from the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign to our own day. Doubtless more books have been produced than at any preceding period, elementary knowledge has spread more

extensively among the masses, physical sciences have reached a wonderful development, criticism and philology have entered a new career, the novel and the newspaper have grown to be the daily food of the million. But is it right to conclude from these facts that the so-called Protestant Reformation originated this movement, and thus opened to mankind an era of unheard of progress in civilization and science? \* Or rather, was not the intellectual activity of Europe already aroused and even fairly started with a promise of great progress before the sixteenth century, and did not that activity receive from the religious and political commotion of the Reformation a sudden check, from which it has recovered only to grow wild, and follow, to a great extent, devious and deceitful ways? We do not mean to enter here upon a full discussion of this vast subject, but merely to throw in a few remarks, corroborated in most instances by Protestant authorities, concerning the actual influence of the Reformation upon the principal elements of human progress, as literature in general, fine arts, philosophy, social order, liberty both civil and religious; and then briefly state what we understand to be the real causes of the wider spread of letters in modern times.

1. LITERATURE IN GENERAL.—Erasmus, who was contemporary with the early reformers, and certainly no blind approver of the old state of things, gives his testimony that the Reformation was fatal to all wholesome intellectual progress, and he laments bitterly that wherever Lutheranism reigns, literature perishes. In one of his letters, speaking of the Evangelicals of his day, he tells us that to them is due the fact that polite

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\* "The times which shine with the greatest splendor in literary history are not always those to which the human mind is most indebted. . . . The first fruits which are reaped under a bad system often spring from seed sown under a good one." Macaulay, *Essay on Machiavelli*.

letters are neglected and forgotten: "languent, fugiunt, jacent, intereunt bonæ litteræ."\* "The most striking effect," says Hallam, "of the first preaching of the Reformation was that it appealed to the *ignorant*. . . . It is probable that both the principles of the great founder of the Reformation, and the natural tendency of so intense an application to theological controversy, checked, for a time, the progress of philological and philosophical literature on this side of the Alps."† Thomas Arnold, in his work entitled *Chaucer to Wordsworth*, thus characterizes the English reformers: "The official reformers, if one may so call them,—Henry VIII. and his agents, and the council of Edward VI.,—did positive injury to education and literature for the time, by the rapacity which led them to destroy the monasteries for the sake of their lands. Many good monastic schools thus ceased to exist, and education throughout the country seems to have been at the lowest possible ebb about the middle of the century. The sincere reformers, who afterwards developed in the great Puritan party, were disposed to look upon human learning, as something useless, if not dangerous; upon art, as a profane waste of time; and generally upon all mental exertion which was not directed to the great business of securing one's salvation, as so much labor thrown away."‡ In his *History of English Literature*, the same writer lays the charge in question upon the reformers generally, and Luther in particular, as being the originator of the fanatic movement against human learning.§ "By the regulations of the Star Chamber, in 1585, no press was allowed to be used out

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\* Hallam's *Lit. of Europe*, vol. i., p. 189.

† *Ibid.*, p. 192.

‡ Pp. 52 and 53.

§ P. 106.

of London, except one at Oxford and another at Cambridge. Thus every check was imposed on literature, and *it seems unreasonable to dispute that they had some efficacy in restraining its progress.*"\*

2. FINE ARTS.—The effect of the Reformation on the fine arts was pernicious, not only by the destruction of existing specimens of architecture, sculpture, and painting; but by diverting art itself from its original and natural destination. The Reformation viewed as superstition the pomp of divine worship, as objects of idolatry the masterpieces of art. Its tendency was to degrade taste by repudiating its models; to introduce a dry, cold, captious formality, in lieu of the elevating, soul-inspiring service of the old Catholic cathedrals.† “The Reformation favorable to the fine arts!” exclaims Archbishop Spalding, “as well might you assert that a conflagration is beneficial to a city which it consumes. Wherever the Reformation appeared, it pillaged, defaced, often burnt churches and monasteries; it broke up and destroyed statues and paintings, and it often burnt whole libraries.”‡ In the British Parliament during the Protectorate, so deep was the fanaticism of the times, that “serious propositions were made to paint all the churches black, in order to typify the gloom and corruption that reigned within them.”

3. PHILOSOPHY.—A few remarks concerning the influence of Protestantism on philosophy, are made necessary from the close relation in which that branch of learning stands to literature. The vehicle through which the

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\* Hallam's Lit., pp. 413 and 414.

† When Dean, afterwards Bishop, Berkeley offered an organ as a gift to the town of Berkeley in Massachusetts, the selectmen of the town were not prepared to harbor so dangerous a guest; and, voting that ‘an organ is an instrument of the devil for the entrapping of men's souls, they declined the offer.’—Duckinck's Cyc., vol. i., p. 166.

‡ History of the Reformation, vol. i., ch. 15.

results of philosophical investigation are conveyed to the people at large, is literature; and, reciprocally, the speculations of philosophy are modified by the ideas current in literature. What, then, have been the effects of the Reformation on philosophy?

The fundamental principle of the Reformation—private judgment or the rejection of authority in religious matters—sweeps away all the mysteries of the Christian faith, since, being above human reason, they cannot be comprehended by human reason. Hence Rationalism must be substituted for Christianity, and a pagan literature must be ultimately the inevitable consequence. In fact, those among Protestants who followed out their principle, were led to drive away God and the soul from their philosophy, and rush madly into the gross errors of materialism. To substantiate what we say, we need only recall the names of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Hobbes, Blount, Toland, Shaftesbury, Woolston, and Bolingbroke. The French philosophism of the last century emanated from this school; and the French infidels, headed by Voltaire, were at first mere echoes of their English masters. It is also a fact worthy of notice that Voltaire, who cherished so intense a hatred of Christianity, has generally found great favor with Protestants. At times, indeed, reactionary movements have been set on foot to turn the tide of infidelity; but, as long as the principle remains, such movements will be failures. To-day the fatal doctrines continue to produce the self-same consequences in the sceptical, anti-Christian spirit that strives more and more to assert its supremacy, even in such quarters as the once so conservative University of Oxford. Darwin, Spencer, Tyndal, Huxley, Matthew Arnold, are the leading representatives of that spirit. The effects of such a philosophy upon literature have



been to deprive it of the highest source of inspiration, the Christian spirit; to throw a cloud of doubts over the best-ascertained facts of history; and finally to replace Christian by pagan ideals and heroes. Such in fact, to a great extent, is our contemporary literature; such is it, at least, in its most popular form, the all-pervading novel.

4. SOCIAL ORDER.—It cannot be denied, that peace and order, in the State, are among the essential conditions to the progress of civilization and the prosperity of literature. The best guarantee of peace and order, is found in a spirit of obedience on the part of the governed, and a spirit of justice on the part of the government. Now Protestantism stands opposed to this twofold spirit. Its very origin was a protest, a revolt against the highest authority on earth; its essential principle, a sanction to arbitrary rule and despotism; and hence its effect was gradually to undermine the basis of social order. Germany, the cradle of Protestantism, was frightfully mutilated by the devastating scourge of religious wars. The ferment of revolt, extending wherever the Reformation prevailed, was everywhere a cause of commotion and strife. During two entire centuries, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland, were writhing with anarchy. France was reduced to the verge of ruin by the same religious dissensions. For two-thirds of the sixteenth century, England groaned under religious persecutions and the most brutal despotism; and, during the greater part of the seventeenth, she was a prey to civil wars and the fanaticism of sectarians. Hallam considers that the excitement of a revolutionary spirit was a consequence of the new doctrines, and adds: “A more immediate effect of overthrowing the ancient system was the growth of fanaticism, to



which, in its worst shape, the Antinomian\* extravagances of Luther yielded too great encouragement.”† “A political and spiritual despotism such as that of Henry VIII. and of Cromwell, would have been impossible but for the Reformation.”‡ It is a startling fact, that, in every Protestant kingdom of continental Europe, absolute monarchy, in its most consolidated and despotic form, dates precisely from the period of the Reformation.

5. CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.—Those who look upon Protestantism as inseparable from public liberty, do not agree with Hallam and Guizot, neither of whom can be accused of any want of sympathy for the Reformation. According to the former, “It is one of the fallacious views of the Reformation, to fancy that it sprung from any notions of political liberty, in such a sense as we attach to the word.”§ “In Germany,” says the latter, “far from demanding political liberty, the Reformation has accepted, I should not like to say political servitude, but the absence of liberty.”||

With regard to *religious* liberty, let us hear Hallam again: “The adherents of the Church of Rome have never failed to cast two reproaches on those who left them: one, that the reform was brought about by intemperate and calumnious abuse, by outrages of an excited populace, or by the tyranny of princes; the other, that after stimulating the most ignorant to reject the authority of the Church, it instantly withdrew

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\* Antinomian (*αντι*, against, and *νομος*, law) signifies the error which denies the obligation of the moral law, under the Christian dispensation. Luther said that we might sin a thousand times a day and not mind it, provided we had faith in Christ, *i. e.*, faith that His merits are greater than our iniquities.

† Lit. of Europe, vol. i., p. 187, Harper's Edit.

‡ Fred. Schlegel.

§ Lit. of Europe, vol. i., p. 187.

|| Hist. Gen. de la Civil., Lect. 12.

this liberty of judgment, and devoted all who presumed to swerve from the line drawn by law, to virulent obloquy, or sometimes to bonds and death. These reproaches, it may be a shame for us to own, 'can be uttered and cannot be refuted.'”\* In what age or country has religious liberty ever been more systematically, more steadily, and more thoroughly trampled upon, than it was in the case of Catholics in England, Ireland, and Scotland, from the time of Elizabeth to the Catholic Emancipation in 1829? In our own country, the early history of Virginia and New England is little more than a record of doctrinal disputations, the bitter fruits of religious intolerance.

From the facts just enumerated, the following conclusion forces itself upon us: that the Reformation was rather a retrograde than a progressive movement in the interests of civilization and science; and that, if literature has developed so extensively in modern times, it is not *in consequence*, but *in spite* of the Reformation. The various elements of modern progress, carefully gathered together for centuries, had already produced great results, and the impulse was given for still greater, when the Reformation entangled the human mind in wild controversies, and estranged it from the Church only to lead it back gradually to paganism. This false direction given to the mind, of which we see still the unhappy consequence, belongs to the Reformation; whilst the life and brilliancy that characterize this epoch are due, as we shall show, to causes far different.

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\* Lit. of Europe, vol. i., p. 200.

REAL CAUSES OF HUMAN PROGRESS AND LITERARY  
IMPROVEMENT IN THE MODERN PERIOD.

Among these causes, we place in the first rank the *Catholic Church*. She it was that saved the world from utter barbarism, when the hordes of the North were settling over the ruins of the old pagan civilization. She it was that converted and civilized, one after another, all the nations of Europe. It was her zeal for intellectual pursuits that led to the foundation of numerous schools, and those famous universities, which, for depth of teaching and the number of students, have never been equalled. When the new civilization was threatened by the fanaticism of Islam, it was her pontiffs that first sounded the alarm, and united in one common cause the rival claims of European princes. Indeed, from Urban II. to St. Pius V., and from St. Pius V. to Clement XI., the popes never relented their efforts till the Mahometan power was first crippled at Lepanto, and its aggressive spirit finally broken under the walls of Belgrade (1717).

*The Crusades* not only repelled the enemy of civilization, but proved beneficial at home, by dissolving the feudal system, ridding Europe of many a petty despot, stimulating commerce, and eliciting a spirit of industry, enterprise, and invention.

The *decline of the feudal system* and the *abolition of slavery*, by introducing a large body of men into the rank of citizens, contributed not a little to the general development of human resources. Under feudalism, the mass of the people, under the appellation of serfs, were bought and sold with the soil to which they were attached; but now their condition was gradually improved by the influence of the Church, until the system disappeared altogether from European society.

As regards slavery, "the spirit of the Christian religion," says Bancroft, "would, before the discovery of America, have led to the *entire* abolition of the slave-trade, but for the hostility between the Christian Church and the followers of Mahomet. In the twelfth century, Pope Alexander III., true to the spirit of his office, . . . had written that 'Nature having made no slaves, all men have an equal right to liberty.' It was the clergy that had broken up the Christian slave-markets at Bristol and Hamburg, at Lyons and at Rome."\*

Another important element of human progress, also the work of the Church, were the *elevation of the female character*, and the *restoration of woman* to her proper station in society. The Church, from the first, taught the barbarian to treat woman not as a slave, but a companion. The mother, whose duties in the training of her children were so laborious and weighty, forgot her troubles in the joy of possessing the undivided affection of her spouse. She became the sovereign of the domestic circle, the ornament, and refiner of society.

A more immediate cause of the progress of letters in Western Europe, must be traced to the *advent* in Italy and elsewhere, of *many learned Greeks*, together with the *munificent patronage* held out by the Houses of Medici, of Este, of Gonzaga, and especially by the Popes. Greek manuscripts were collected at great expense, and buildings erected to preserve these treasures and the monuments of art that survived the ravages of the barbarians. As early as the middle of the fifteenth century, the Vatican Library, enriched, if not founded, by Pope Nicholas V., possessed no fewer than 5000 volumes, many of which were of the greatest value. This zeal for letters and the general revival

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\* Hist. of the U. S., vol. 1., pp. 163 and 165, 1st edition.

created a galaxy of geniuses in the golden age of Leo X., very properly styled the second Augustan age of Roman literature, when

‘A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.’

Elsewhere also, as in Spain, in Portugal, and in France, three countries where the Reformation did not succeed in implanting itself, there was a general outburst of enthusiasm for letters, which, indeed, might have been fatal to Christian ideas but for the directing hand of the Church.

Finally, what contributed most of all to the development of literature in modern times, was that wonderful invention of the *art of printing*, the authors of which, according to the more common opinion of learned men, were Faust, Schœffer, and Gutenberg, at Metz, about the year 1440. Printing by *hand* was known long before, even as far back as the tenth century, but was of little advantage, owing to the slowness of the process and the scarcity of paper. The invention of the printing *press*, at a time when paper had become cheaper and more common, afforded unprecedented facilities for the prosecution of literary studies. Before the close of the fifteenth century, it is said that 10,000 editions of works, of which the classics formed a considerable number, were printed in Europe. Of these works, Italy had the honor of publishing nearly one-half; while a very small number, (not exceeding one hundred and fifty), were printed in England. Of the Vulgate, Hallam mentions ninety-one editions, and of Virgil, ninety-five. We find 291 editions of the writings of Cicero. These numbers, it must be remembered, relate not to single volumes; but to whole editions of the works, varying from 225 to 550 copies, or more, for each edition. If

we take the latter number as the basis of our calculation, and apply it to the works of Cicero alone, the result is that above 160,000 copies of the writings of this elegant author were brought into circulation during the last quarter of the fifteenth century.

In England, the example set by William Caxton, who first introduced the press there in 1477, was eagerly followed by others. Not only the classic works of Roman and Grecian genius, but the popular writings of modern Italy and France, were translated and widely circulated. Thus a taste for general reading and information was excited and fostered in all classes of society. The language itself soon felt the benefit of the new impulse, and was enriched by a great variety of words drawn from the ancient and modern tongues. Better models of thought and style were introduced; and the quaint untutored phraseology of our earliest authors, yielded to the more correct diction and polished periods of subsequent writers. Yet this movement was considerably retarded by the religious commotions of the kingdom, during the reigns of Henry VIII. and his two successors. When the nation had become more indifferent to the old worship, and the general quiet was left undisturbed by the patient endurance of Catholics under a relentless and bloody persecution, then England was able to enjoy the golden age of her literature.

For the sake of distinctness and convenience, we have subdivided this period into four sections. The first extends from 1580 to 1642; the second from 1642 to the end of the seventeenth century; the third embraces the eighteenth century; the fourth reaches from the beginning of this century to our times.



## SECTION THE FIRST, THE AUGUSTAN AGE, 1580-1642.

The original works brought forth in the beginning of the Modern Period of English literature, have been aptly compared to the productions of a soil for the first time broken up, when all indigenous plants spring up at once with a rank and irrepressible fertility, and display whatever is peculiar and excellent in their nature, on a scale the most conspicuous and magnificent. In point of force and originality of genius, the 60 years that elapsed from the middle of Elizabeth's reign to the civil war, may be considered as unsurpassed. "The writers of that period, especially the poets, treat their language as a plastic substance, which they are free to mould and work into the forms that best suit them."\* Happily the artists were great masters. We must admit, however, that the epoch was tainted by a straining after false wit, which exhibited itself in extravagant conceits, puns, and quibbles. This bad taste, which took the name of *Euphuism*,† became so fashionable as to find its way even into the best writings of the age.

## ROBERT SOUTHWELL, 1560-1595.

This charming Christian poet, who was a victim of religious persecution, was born at St. Faith's, Norfolk, in 1560, of an ancient and respectable Catholic family. His early years are represented as giving promise of future excellence. Obedience to his parents, docility to his instructors, and gentleness to all, won him every heart. He was sent at an early age to the English

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\* Johnson and Browne's Eng. Lit.

† *Εὐφρης*, of good figure. *Euphuus* is the principal character in two famous works of John Lyly (1554-1606), who deserves to be called the parent of *Euphuism*.

college at Douay,\* and thence to Rome, where he was enrolled among the children of St. Ignatius. In 1584, he was ordained priest. In 1586, he was, at his earnest request, sent as a missionary to his native country, and was made chaplain to the Countess of Arundel. Whilst in the faithful discharge of his sacred duties, he was apprehended by an agent of Queen Elizabeth, kept for three years in a loathsome prison, and, after being repeatedly and barbarously tortured, was executed at Tyburn, in 1595. "This whole proceeding," says the Protestant C. D. Cleveland, "should cover the authors of it with everlasting infamy. There was not a particle of evidence at his trial, that this pious and accomplished poet meditated any evil designs against the government."† Conscious of suffering in the best of causes, he met death with the heroism of a martyr. His writings, although composed in prison, exhibit no trace of angry feeling against any human being or any human institution. The constant themes of both his prose and verse are life's uncertainty and the world's vanity, the crimes and follies of humanity, the consolations and glories of religion. We have from his classic pen fifty-five beautiful poems. They were very popular in his time, as many as eleven editions having been published between 1593 and 1600.

Ben Jonson has expressed his admiration of Southwell, and praised the *Burning Babe* as a poem of great beauty. "Southwell," says Angus, "shows in his poetry great simplicity and elegance of thought, and still greater purity of language. He has been compared in some of his pieces to Goldsmith, and the comparison seems not unjust. There is in both the same natural-

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\* The English college at Douay was founded in 1568 by Cardinal William Allen, for the twofold purpose of recruiting English missionaries, and giving a Catholic education to young Catholic Englishmen.

† Compendium of Eng. Lit., p. 89.

ness of sentiment, the same propriety of expression, and the same ease and harmony of versification; while there is in him a force and compactness of thought, with occasional quaintness, not often found in the more modern poet."\* But the prose of Southwell is not less charming than his poetry. The *Triumph over Death*, written on the character of Lady Sackville, and *Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears*, are among his best prose pieces. His beautiful lines on the death of Mary Queen of Scots, may not inaptly be applied to himself:

Some things more perfect are in their decay,  
 Like spark that going out gives clearest light;  
 Such was my hap, whose doleful dying day  
 Began my joy, and termed Fortune's spite.  
 Rue not my death, rejoice at my repose;  
 It was no death so me, but to my woe:  
*The bud was opened to let out the rose;*  
 The chains unloosed to let the captive go.

## DANGERS OF DELAY.

Shun delays, they breed remorse;  
 Use thy time while time is lent thee;  
 Creeping snails make little course,  
 Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee.  
 Good is best when soonest wrought,  
 Lingering labors come to naught.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,  
 Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;  
 Seek not time when time is past;  
 Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.  
 After-wit is dearly bought,  
 Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before,  
 Take thy hold or else beware,  
 When he flies he turns no more,  
 And behind his scalp is bare.

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\* Handbook of Eng. Lit.

Works adjourned have many stays,  
Long demurs breed new delays.

Seek the salve while sore is green,  
Festered wounds ask deeper lancing;  
After-cures are seldom seen,  
Often sought, but rarely chancing.  
Time and place give best advice,  
Out of season, out of price.

Drops will pierce the stubborn flint,  
Not by force, but often falling;  
Custom kills by feeble dint,  
More by use than strength enthralling.  
Single sands have little weight,  
Many make a drowning freight.

#### TIMES GO BY TURNS.

The loppéd tree in time may grow again,  
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;  
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,  
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower:  
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,  
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow;  
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb:  
Her tides have equal times to come and go;  
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web:  
No joy so great but runneth to an end,  
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring;  
Not endless night, yet not eternal day:  
The saddest birds a season find to sing;  
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.  
Thus, with succeeding turns God tempereth all,  
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost,  
That net that holds no great takes little fish;  
In some things all, in all things none are crossed;  
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.

Unmingled joys here to no man befall;  
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

## SCORN NOT THE LEAST.

Where words are weak, and foes encountering strong,  
Where mightier do assault than do defend,  
The feeble part puts up enforced wrong,  
And silent sees that speech could not amend;  
Yet higher powers most think, though they repine,  
When sun is set, the little stars will shine.

While pike doth range, the silly tench doth fly,  
And crouch in privy creeks with smaller fish;  
Yet pikes are caught when little fish go by,  
These fleet afloat, while those do fill the dish;  
There is a time even for the worms to creep,  
And suck the dew while all their foes do sleep.

The merlin cannot ever soar on high,  
Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase;  
The tender lark will find a time to fly,  
And fearful hare to run a quiet race.  
He that high growth on cedars did bestow,  
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

In Haman's pomp poor Mardocheus wept,  
Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe;  
The Lazar pined, while Dives' feast was kept,  
Yet he to heaven—to hell did Dives go.  
We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May;  
Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.

## THE BURNING BABE.

As I in hoary winter's night  
Stood shivering in the snow,  
Surprised I was with sudden heat,  
Which made my heart to glow;

And lifting up a fearful eye  
To view what fire was near,  
A pretty Babe, all burning bright,  
Did in the air appear;

Who, scorched with excessive heat,  
 Such floods of tears did shed,  
 As though his floods should quench his flames,  
 Which with his tears were bred.

“Alas!” quoth he, “but newly born,  
 In fiery heats I fry,  
 Yet none approach to warm their hearts  
 Or feel my fire, but I;

My faultless breast the furnace is,  
 The fuel, wounding thorns;  
 Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,  
 The ashes, shames and scorns;

The fuel justice layeth on,  
 And mercy blows the coals,  
 The metal in this furnace wrought  
 Are men’s defilèd souls:

For which, as now on fire I am,  
 To work them to their good,  
 So will I melt into a bath,  
 To wash them in my blood.”

With this he vanished out of sight,  
 And swiftly shrunk away,  
 And straight I called unto my mind  
 That it was Christmas day.

#### OPENING ADDRESS TO THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

Joy, infant saints, cropped in the tender flower!  
 Long is their life that die in blissful hour;  
 Too long they live, that live till they be naught:  
 Life saved by sin is purchase dearly bought.  
 Your fate the pen of Angels should rehearse:  
 Whom spotless, death in cradle rocked asleep;  
 Sweet roses mixed with lilies strewed your hearse,  
 Death virgin-white in martyr-red did steep.

(From a dedication of some Poems.)

Poets, by abusing their talents, and making the follies and feignings of love the customary subject of their base endeav-



ors, have so discredited this faculty, that a poet, a lover, and a liar, are by many reckoned but three words of one signification. The devil, as he affecteth deity and seeketh to have all the compliments of divine honor applied to his service, so hath he, among the rest, possessed also most poets with idle fancies. And, because the best course to let them see the error of their works, is to weave a new web in their own loom, I have here laid a few coarse threads together, to invite some skilfuller wits to go forward in the same, or to begin some finer piece, wherein it may be seen how well verse and virtue suit together. With many good wishes I send you these few ditties.

EDMUND SPENSER, 1553-1599.

Edmund Spenser, author of *The Fairie Queene*, and called by Campbell the Rubens of English poetry, was born in London, in the year 1553. Of his parentage little is known. In 1569, he entered as a sizar at Pembroke College, Cambridge. On leaving the University, he retired to the North of England, where he composed part of the *Shepherd's Calendar*, a pastoral, or rather a piece of polemical and party divinity, completed, in 1579, in twelve eclogues, according to the twelve months of the year, and dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney. It was admired in his time; but it soon lost its popularity on account of the obsolete, uncouth phrases with which it abounds, and which Dryden termed the Chaucerisms of Spenser. His *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, a political satire, represents the middle age of Spenser's genius, if not of his life; that stage of his mental and poetical progress, in which the higher sense of the beautiful had not yet been fully developed. In this poem, we still find both his puritanism and his imitation of Chaucer, two things which disappear altogether in his later poetry. The following well-known complaint of a court expectant, taken from this piece, probably describes too well the vicissitudes of his own life:

Full little knowest thou that hast not tried,  
 What hell it is in suing long to bide,  
 To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,  
 To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow,  
 To have thy prince's grace, yet want his peers';  
 To have thy asking, yet wait many years;  
 To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares,  
 To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;  
 To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,  
 To spend, to give, to wait, to be undone.

Other works of Spenser were: *Muiopotmos*; or, *The Fate of the Butterfly* (1590); *The Ruins of Time* (1591); *Colin Clout's Come Home Again* (1595); *Amoretti*; or, *Sonnets* (1595), eighty-three in number; *Epithalamion*. This last poem, the most celebrated bridal ode in the English language, was composed on the occasion of Spenser's own marriage, in 1594, and published the year after.

His greatest poem, *The Fairie Queene*, was given to the world in detached portions, and at long intervals of time, the last three books appearing in 1596. It is an extended allegory, with images drawn from the popular notions concerning fairies. The poet represents the Fairie Queen as holding her solemn annual feast during twelve days, on each of which a perilous adventure is undertaken by some particular knight, each of twelve knights typifying some moral virtue. The first is the Knight of the Red Cross, representing Holiness: the second is Sir Guyon, or Temperance; the third, Britomartis, representing Chastity; the fourth, Camel and Triamond, or Friendship; the fifth, Artegal, or Justice; the sixth, Sir Calidore, or Courtesy. What the other six books would have been, we have no means of knowing; for the poet did not live to complete his original design. The Queen Gloriana is symbolical of Queen Elizabeth, and the adventures of the Red Cross Knights shadow forth the history of the Church of England.

Spenser is considered the most luxuriant and melodious versifier in the English language. His creation of scenes and objects is wonderful; and in free and sonorous versification he has not yet been surpassed. The Spenserian stanza is the adoption of one of Chaucer's stanzas,\* with the addition of an Alexandrine line. His lofty rhyme has a swell and cadence and continuous sweetness that we can find nowhere else. "Many of his words," says Campbell, "deserve reviving; and, though the forms are sometimes obsolete, the language is, as a whole, beautiful in its antiquity; and, like the moss and ivy in some majestic building, covers the fabric of the poem with romantic and venerable associations."

His faults arose out of the fulness of his riches. His inexhaustible powers of circumstantial description betrayed him into a tedious minuteness; and, in the painting of natural objects, led him to group together trees and plants, and assemble sounds and instruments, which were never seen or heard in unison out of Fairie Land. The great length of the poem, its allegorical form, added to the real and affected obsolescence of the language, may indeed deter readers in general from a complete perusal; but it will always be resorted to by the genuine lovers of poetry, as a rich storehouse of invention.

The only prose work that remains of Spenser is his *View of the State of Ireland*, the result of his long stay in that country. He first accompanied Lord Wilton to Ireland as secretary; but, four years later, in 1584, he obtained from Elizabeth the estate of Kilcolman, where he resided till Tyrone's Rebellion (1598), when the castle of Kilcolman was burnt, and an infant child

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\* This stanza of Chaucer is found in *The Monk's Tale* and in *La Prière de Nostre Dame*. See p. 72 of this book.

of the poet perished in the flames. Spenser escaped to London, where he died impoverished and broken-hearted in 1599, and was buried, as he had requested, near the tomb of Chaucer in Westminster Abbey.

THE CAVE OF MAMMON.

(From *The Fairie Queene*, B. II., C. vii.)

At length they came into a larger space  
That stretched itself into an ample plain,  
Through which a beaten broad highway did trace  
That straight did lead to Pluto's grisly reign,  
By that way's side there sat infernal pain,  
And fast beside him sat tumultuous strife.  
The one in hand an iron whip did strain,  
The other brandishéd a bloody knife,  
And both did gnash their teeth and both did threaten Life.

Before the door sat self-consuming Care,  
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,  
For fear lest Force or Fraud should unaware  
Break in, and spoil the treasure there in guard;  
Nor would he suffer Sleep once thitherward  
Approach, although his drowsy den were next,  
For next to death is sleep to be compared;  
Therefore his house is unto his annexed;  
Here Sleep, there Riches, and hell-gate them both betwixt.

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That house's form within was rude and strong,  
Like a huge cave hewn out of rocky clift,  
From whose rough vault the ragged branches hung  
Embossed with massy gold of glorious gift,  
And with rich metal loaded every rift,  
That heavy ruin they did seem to threat;  
And over them Arachne high did lift  
Her cunning web, and spread her subtle net,  
Enwrapped in foul smoke, and clouds more black than jet.

Both roof and floor, and walls were all of gold,  
But overgrown with dust and old decay,  
And hid in darkness, that none could behold  
The hue thereof; for view of cheerful day

Did never in that house itself display,  
 But a faint shadow of uncertain light;  
 Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away;  
 Or as the moon, clothéd with cloudy night,  
 Does show to him that walks in fear and sad affright.

In all that room was nothing to be seen,  
 But huge great iron chests and coffers strong,  
 All barred with double bands, that none could ween  
 Them to enforce by violence or wrong;  
 On every side they placéd were along;  
 But all the ground with skulls was scatteréd,  
 And dead men's bones, which round about were flung,  
 Whose lives (it seeméd) whilome there were shed,  
 And their vile carcasses now left unburiéd.

They forward pass, nor Guyon yet spake word,  
 Till that they came unto an iron door,  
 Which to them open'd of its own accord,  
 And showed of riches such exceeding store,  
 As eye of man did never see before,  
 Nor ever could within one place be found,  
 Though all the wealth which is, or was of yore,  
 Could gathered be through all the world around,  
 And that above were added to that under ground.

#### THE CARE OF ANGELS OVER US.

(From *The Fairie Queene*, B. II., C. viii.)

And is there care in Heaven? And is there love  
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,  
 That may compassion of their evils move?  
 There is:—else much more wretched were the case  
 Of men than beasts: but O! the exceeding grace  
 Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,  
 And all his works with mercy doth embrace,  
 That blessed angels he sends to and fro,  
 To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave  
 To come to succor us that succor want!  
 How oft do they with golden pinions cleave  
 The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,

Against foul fiends to aid us militant!  
 They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,  
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant;  
 And all for love and nothing for reward:  
 O, why should heavenly God to men have such regard?

## SWEET TEMPERED WITH SOUR.

*Sonnet XXVI.*

Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a brere;\*  
 Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough;  
 Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh near;  
 Sweet is the firbloom, but his branches rough;  
 Sweet is the cyprus, but his rind is tough;  
 Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;  
 Sweet is the broom flower, but yet sour enough;  
 And sweet is moly,† but his root is ill;  
 So, every sweet with sour is tempered still;  
 That maketh it be coveted the more:  
 For easy things that may be got at will  
 Most sorts of men do set but little store.  
 Why then should I account of little pain  
 That endless pleasure shall unto me gain?

## TRUE BEAUTY.

*Sonnet LXXIX.*

Men call you fair, and you do credit it,  
 For that yourself you daily such do see;  
 But the true fair, that is the gentle wit  
 And virtuous mind, is much more praised of me.  
 For all the rest, however fair it be,  
 Shall turn to naught, and lose that glorious hue;  
 But only that is permanent and free  
 From all frail corruption, that doth flesh ensue.  
 That is true beauty, that doth argue you  
 To be divine, and born of heavenly seed;  
 Derived from that fair spirit from whom all true  
 And perfect beauty did at first proceed.

\* Brier.

† A sort of wild garlic.



He only fair, and what he fair hath made;  
All other fair, like flowers untimely fade.

## DESCRIPTION OF A BUTTERFLY.

(From *The Fate of a Butterfly*.)

He the gay garden round about doth fly,  
From bed to bed, from one to other border,  
And takes survey, with curious, busy eye,  
Of every flower and herb there set in order;  
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,  
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,  
Nor with his feet their silken leaves deface,  
But feeds upon the pleasures of each place,  
And evermore, with most variety  
And change of sweetness (for all change is sweet),  
He seeks his dainty sense to gratify;  
Now sucking of the juice of herbs most meet,  
Or of the dew which yet on them doth lie,  
Now in the same bathing his tender feet;  
And then he percheth on some bank thereby  
To sun himself, and his moist wings to dry.

THOMAS SACKVILLE, 1536–1608.

Thomas Sackville, better known as Lord Buckhurst and Earl of Dorset, an eminent statesman and poet, was born in Sussex, in 1536. He studied first at the University of Oxford, and afterwards removed to Cambridge. At both universities, he was distinguished for his performances in Latin and English poetry. In the history of the language, his poetical genius entitles him to be considered as forming a connecting link between Chaucer and Spenser, between *The Canterbury Tales* and *The Fairie Queene*.

His tragedy of *Gorboduc* is a sanguinary story drawn from early British history, composed with considerable force of poetical conception and moral sentiment. It is full of illustrations of the present from the past. It

discusses the blessings of peace and settled government, the folly of popular risings, and the evils of a doubtful succession. As a poet, Sackville handled the heroic verse with great success, and gave the first example of regular tragedy in blank verse.

Of a poem entitled the *Mirror for Magistrates*, intended to give a view of the illustrious but unfortunate characters in English history, he finished only a poetical preface, or *Induction*, and one legend, the *Life of the Duke of Buckingham*. "His *Induction* consists of a few hundred lines; and even in these, there is a monotony of gloom and sorrow which prevents us from wishing it to be longer. It is truly styled by Campbell a landscape on which the sun never shines."\*

There hung on Sackville's genius not only the gloom of despondency, but a ghastly complexion caught up from the lurid flames of religious persecution. He was one of the judicial tribunal that pronounced the doom of Mary Stuart; and the Parliament, after having confirmed the sentence, commissioned him to bear the sad news to the unfortunate Queen.

Sackville died suddenly at the council table, in April, 1608.

#### ALLEGORICAL PERSONAGES IN HELL.

(From the *Mirror for Magistrates*.)

And first within the porch and jaws of hell  
Sat deep Remorse of Conscience, all besprent †  
With tears; and to herself oft would she tell  
Her wretchedness, and cursing never stent ‡  
To sob and sigh; but ever thus lament  
With thoughtful care, as she that all in vain  
Would wear and waste continually in pain.

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\* Hallam's Lit. of Europe, vol. i., p. 346.

† Besprinkled.

‡ Stopped.

Her eye unsteadfast, rolling here and there,  
 Whirled on each place, as place that vengeance brought;  
 So was her mind continually in fear,  
 Tossed and tormented by the tedious thought  
 Of those detested crimes which she had wrought:  
 With dreadful cheer and looks thrown to the sky  
 Wishing for death; and yet she could not die.

\* \* \* \* \*

And next within the entry of this lake  
 Sat fell Revenge, gnashing her teeth for ire,  
 Devising means how she may vengeance take,  
 Never in rest till she have her desire;  
 But frets within so far forth with the fire  
 Of wreaking flames, that now determines she  
 To die by death, or venged by death to be.

When fell Revenge, with bloody foul pretence,  
 Had shown herself as next in order set,  
 With trembling limbs we softly parted thence,  
 Till in our eyes another sight we met;  
 When from my heart a sigh forthwith I fet,\*  
 Ruing, alas! upon the woful plight  
 Of Misery, that next appeared in sight.

Lastly, stood War, in glittering arms yclad,†  
 With visage grim, stern look, and blackly hued:  
 In his right hand a naked sword he had,  
 That to the hilts was all with blood imbrued;  
 And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rued)  
 Famine and fire he held, and therewithal  
 He razed towns and threw down towers and all;

Cities he sacked, and realms (that whilom flowered  
 In honor, glory, and rule, above the rest)  
 He overwhelmed, and all their fame devoured,  
 Consumed, destroyed, wasted, and never ceased,  
 Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppressed:  
 His face forehewed with wounds; and by his side  
 There hung his targe, with gashes deep and wide.

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\* Fetched.

† Clothed.

## MIDNIGHT.

Midnight was come, and every vital thing  
With sweet sound sleep their weary limbs did rest;  
The beasts were still, the little birds that sing,  
Now sweetly slept, beside their mother's breast,  
The old and all well shrouded in their nest;  
The waters calm, the cruel seas did cease,  
The woods, and fields, and all things held their peace.

The golden stars were whirled amid their race,  
And on the earth did laugh with twinkling light,  
When each thing nestled in his resting-place,  
Forgot day's pain with pleasure of the night:  
The hare had not the greedy hounds in sight,  
The fearful deer of death stood not in doubt,  
The partridge dreamed not of the falcon's foot.

The ugly bear now minded not the stake,  
Nor how the cruel mastiffs do him tear;  
The stag lay still unroused from the brake;  
The foamy boar feared not the hunter's spear:  
All things were still in desert, bush, and brere.  
"The quiet heart, now from their travails rest,"  
Soundly they slept, in most of all their rest.

## THE EARLY DRAMA AND DRAMATISTS.

A good drama is an interesting event represented by action and dialogue, in which each character is distinct, and true to itself and to nature. All nations have probably amused themselves with oral or with scenic representations. The games of children abound in both. Every parable is a dramatic picture; and men of vivid imagination and of forcible utterance naturally describe and embellish their thoughts dramatically. It would appear that, at the dawn of modern civilization, most countries of Christian Europe possessed a rude kind of theatrical entertainment, not like the plays of ancient Greece and Rome; but representing the principal super-

Those holy fields  
 Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,  
 Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nailed  
 For our advantage on the bitter cross.

The allusion to the scheme of Redemption and to the Lord's Prayer in Portia's plea for mercy:

Though justice be thy plea, consider this—  
 That in the course of justice none of us  
 Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;  
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
 The deeds of mercy."

Shakespeare wrote also 154 *Sonnets* and a few other *Poems*; but these works are condemned for their sensualism. "Notwithstanding the frequent beauties of these *Sonnets*," says Hallam, "it is impossible not to wish that Shakespeare had not written them." The *Plays*, as edited for schools by Hudson or by Kellogg, are judiciously purged of objectionable passages.

Shakespeare died at Stratford on the anniversary of his birthday, April 23d, 1616; and was interred on the second day after his death, in the chancel of Stratford church, where a monument still remains to his memory.

#### CLARENCE'S DREAM.

(From *Richard III.*, Act. I., Scene IV.)

*Brakenbury.* Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

*Clarence.* O, I have passed a miserable night,  
 So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,  
 That, as I am a Christian faithful man,  
 I would not spend another such a night  
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;  
 So full of dismal terror was the time.

*Brak.* What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.

*Clar.* Methought that I had broken from the Tower,  
 And was embarked to cross to Burgundy,  
 And in my company my brother Gloster,

Who from my cabin tempted me to walk  
Upon the hatches. Thence we looked toward England,  
And cited up a thousand heavy times,  
During the wars of York and Lancaster,  
That had befallen us. As we paced along  
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,  
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and in falling  
Struck me, that sought to stay him, overboard  
Into the tumbling billows of the main.  
O Lord, methought what pain it was to drown!  
What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!  
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!  
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;  
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon,  
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,  
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.  
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes,  
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,  
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,  
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,  
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

*Brak.* Had you such leisure in the time of death  
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

*Clar.* Methought I had; and often did I strive  
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood  
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth  
To find the empty, vast, and wandering air,  
But smothered it within my panting bulk,  
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

*Brak.* Awaked you not with this sore agony?

*Clar.* O, no, my dream was lengthened after life.  
O, then began the tempest of my soul.  
I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,  
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,  
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.  
The first that there did greet my stranger soul  
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,  
Who cried aloud—"What scourge for perjury  
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"  
And so he vanished. Then came wandering by



'A shadow \* like an angel, with bright hair  
 Dabbled in blood, and he shrieked out aloud—  
 "Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,  
 That stabbed me in the field by Tewkesbury;  
 Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!"  
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends  
 Environed me, and howled in mine ears  
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise  
 I, trembling, waked; and for a season after  
 Could not believe but that I was in hell:  
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

*Brak.* No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;  
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

*Clar.* Ah! Brakenbury, I have done those things  
 That now give evidence against my soul,  
 For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!  
 O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,  
 But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,  
 Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:  
 O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!—  
 I prithee, Brakenbury, stay by me;  
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

PRINCE ARTHUR AND HUBERT.

(From *King John*, Act IV., Scene I.)

*Enter HUBERT and Two Attendants.*

*Hub.* Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou stand  
 Within the arras; when I strike my foot  
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth;  
 And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,  
 Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

*1 Attend.* I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

*Hub.* Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you; look to 't.—

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

*Enter ARTHUR.*

*Arth.* Good morrow, Hubert.

*Hub.* Good morrow, little Prince.

*Arth.* As little prince (having so great a title

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\* Prince Edward, the son of Henry VI.

To be more prince), as may be.—You are sad.

*Hub.* Indeed, I have been merrier.

*Arth.* Mercy on me!

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I. . . .

So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,

I should be as merry as the day is long;

And so I would be here, but that I doubt

My uncle practices more harm to me;

He is afraid of me, and I of him:

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son!

No indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven,

I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

*Hub.* If I talk to him, with his innocent prate

He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:

Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.

(*Aside.*)

*Arth.* Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:

In sooth, I would you were a little sick:

That I might sit all night, and watch with you.

I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

*Hub.* His words do take possession of my bosom.—

Read here, young Arthur. (*Showing a paper.*) How now foolish rheum!

(*Aside.*)

Turning dispiteous torture out of door!

I must be brief; lest resolution drop

Out at my eyes, in tender womanish tears.—

Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

*Arth.* Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

*Hub.* Young boy, I must.

*Arth.*

And will you?

*Hub.*

And I will.

*Arth.* Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,

(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)

And I did never ask it you again:

And with my hand at midnight held your head;

And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,

Still and anon cheered up the heavy time;

Saying, What lack you? and, where lies your grief?

Or what good love may I perform for you?

Many a poor man's son would have lain still,

And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;

But you at your sick service had a prince.  
 Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,  
 And call it, cunning; do an if you will:  
 If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,  
 Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?  
 These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,  
 So much as frown on you?

*Hub.* I have sworn to do it;  
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.

*Arth.* Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!  
 The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,  
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,  
 And quench his fiery indignation,  
 Even in the matter of mine innocence.  
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,  
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.  
 Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?  
 And if an angel should have come to me,  
 And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
 I would not have believed no tongue, but Hubert's.

*Hub.* Come forth. (*Stamps.*)

*Re-enter ATTENDANTS, with cords, irons, etc.*

Do as I bid you do.

*Arth.* O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,  
 Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

*Hub.* Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

*Arth.* Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?  
 I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.  
 For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound;  
 Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,  
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;  
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,  
 Nor look upon the iron angrily;  
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you  
 Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Hub.* Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

*1 Attend.* I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

*Arth.* Alas! I then have chid away my friend:  
 He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—

Let him come back, that his compassion may  
Give life to yours.

*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourself.

*Arth.* Is there no remedy?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Arth.* O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,  
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,  
Any annoyance in that precious sense!  
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,  
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

*Hub.* Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

*Arth.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues  
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:  
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!  
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,  
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes;  
Though to no use, but still to look on you!  
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,  
And would not harm me.

*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.

*Arth.* No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,  
Being create for comfort, to be used  
In undeserved extremes: see else yourself;  
There is no malice in this burning coal;  
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,  
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

*Arth.* And if you do, you will but make it blush,  
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:  
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;  
And, like a dog that is compelled to fight,  
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.  
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,  
Deny your office: only you do lack  
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extend,  
Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.

*Hub.* Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes  
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:  
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same very iron to burn them out.

*Arth.* O, now you look like Hubert! all this while  
You were disguised.

*Hub.* Peace: no more. Adieu;  
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:  
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.  
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,  
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
Will not offend thee.

*Arth.* O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

*Hub.* Silence; no more: Go closely in with me;  
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

#### MERCY.

(From *The Merchant of Venice*, Act IV., Scene I.)

The quality of mercy is not strained;  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes  
The thronéd monarch better than his crown:  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.  
But mercy is above the sceptred sway;  
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings;  
It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—  
That, in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy.

#### THE COMMONWEALTH OF BEES.

(From *Henry V.*, Act I., Scene II.)

They have a king, and officers of sorts:  
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,  
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;  
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,  
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;  
Which pillage they with merry march bring home

To the tent-royal of their emperor,  
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys  
 The singing masons building roofs of gold;  
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey;  
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in  
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;  
 The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum  
 Delivering o'er to executioners pale  
 The lazy yawning drone.

FALL OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

(From *Henry VIII.*, Act III., Scene II.)

Cardinal Wolsey, after his fall from the favor of Henry VIII., thus soliloquizes, and afterwards confers with his servant Cromwell:

*Wolsey.* Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!  
 This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth  
 The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,  
 And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:  
 The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;  
 And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
 His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,  
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
 This many summers in a sea of glory;  
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride  
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,  
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
 Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.  
 Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;  
 I feel my heart new-opened: O, how wretched  
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!  
 There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,  
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have;  
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
 Never to hope again.—

*Enter CROMWELL amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell?

*Crom.* I have no power to speak, sir.



What, amazed  
*Vol.*  
 At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder  
 A great man should decline? Nay, and you weep,  
 I am fallen indeed.

*Crom.* How does your grace?

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.  
I know myself now; and I feel within me  
A peace above all earthly dignities,  
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,  
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,  
These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken  
A load would sink a navy, too much honor:  
O 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,  
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

*Crom.* I am glad, your grace has made that right use of it.

*Wol.* I hope I have; I am able now, methinks,  
 (Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)  
 To endure more miseries, and greater far,  
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.  
 What news abroad?

*Crom.* The heaviest, and the worst,  
Is your displeasure with the king.

*Wol.* God bless him!

*Crom.* The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen Lord Chancellor in your place.

*Wol.* That's somewhat sudden:  
But he's a learned man. May he continue  
Long in his highness's favor, and do justice  
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,  
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,  
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em! \*  
What more?

*Crom.* That Cranmer is returned with welcome,  
Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

*Wol.* That's news indeed. . . .

Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;  
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now  
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king;

\* The chancellor is the general guardian of orphans.

That sun I pray may never set! I have told him  
 What, and how true thou art; he will advance thee;  
 Some little memory of me will stir him,  
 (I know his noble nature,) not to let  
 Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,  
 Neglect him not, make use now, and provide  
 For thine own future safety.

*Crom.*

O my lord,

Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego  
 So good, so noble, and so true a master?  
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,  
 With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.  
 The king shall have my service; but my prayers  
 Forever, and forever, shall be yours.

*Wol.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me  
 Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.  
 Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell;  
 And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
 Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee;  
 Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,  
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,—  
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;  
 A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.  
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.  
 Cromwell, I charge thee; fling away ambition;  
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,  
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?  
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;  
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:  
 Let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's,  
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve thy king;  
 And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in:  
 There take an inventory of all I have,  
 To the last penny; 'tis the king's; my robe,  
 And my integrity to heaven, is all  
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,  
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal

I served my king, he would not now in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

*Crom.* Good sir, have patience.

*Wol.* So I have. Farewell,  
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

#### WOLSEY'S VICES AND VIRTUES.

(From *Henry VIII.*, Act IV., Scene II.)

*Queen Katharine.* So may he rest; his faults lie gently on  
him!

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,  
And yet with charity.—He was a man  
Of an unbounded stomach,\* ever ranking  
Himself with princes; one that, by suggestion,  
Tithed all the kingdom: simony was fair play;  
His own opinion was his law: i' the presencet  
He would say untruths; and be ever double,  
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,  
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful;  
His promises were, as he was then, mighty;  
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.  
Of his own body he was ill, and gave  
The clergy ill example.

*Griffith.* Noble madam,  
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues  
We write in water. May it please your highness  
To hear me speak his good now?

*Katharine.* Yes, good Griffith;  
I were malicious else.

*Griffith.* This cardinal,  
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
Was fashioned to much honor from his cradle.  
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;  
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;  
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;  
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer,  
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,

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\* Pride.

† Of the king.

(Which was sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,  
He was most princely: ever witness for him  
Those twins of learning, that he raised in you,  
Ipswich and Oxford! one of them fell with him,\*  
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;  
The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,  
So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
His overthrow heaped happiness upon him;  
For then and not till then he felt himself,  
And found the blessedness of being little:  
And to add greater honor to his age  
Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.

FRANCIS BACON, 1561-1626.

Francis Bacon, Lord High Chancellor of England, termed by many the *parent of experimental philosophy*, was born in London, in 1561. From his early boyhood he showed great vivacity of mind, and gave indications of his future eminence. When only nineteen years old, he wrote a work entitled *Of the State of Europe*, in which he displayed astonishing maturity of judgment. To an active, comprehensive, and penetrating genius, he added application to study and the frequentation of the learned men of his age. His character unfortunately was not in keeping with his literary merit. Having been accused by Parliament of venality and corruption, he fully confessed to the committee of investigation the crimes laid to his charge, and besought them not 'to press upon a broken reed.' He was fined £40,000, imprisoned in the Tower, and declared incapable of holding any office or employment in the state. However, he was soon released by King James, and obtained the entire revocation of his sentence.

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\* Ipswich.

The following are the most important works of this remarkable man :

I. *Essays, or Counsels Civil and Moral*, the best known and most popular of his productions. The *Essays* are fifty-eight in number, besides a fragment. Burke preferred them to Bacon's other writings. "The small volume of *Essays* may be read from beginning to end in a few hours ; and yet after the twentieth perusal, one seldom fails to remark in it something overlooked before."\* The style is elaborate, sententious, often metaphorical, and possesses a degree of conciseness rarely found in the compositions of the Elizabethan age.

II. *History of the Reign of Henry VII.* This is a reliable and well-executed work, which alone would have illustrated the name of Bacon, had not his other writings reached a higher degree of splendor.

III. The treatise *De Sapientiâ Veterum*, in which he shows his knowledge of antiquity, and explains the ancient fables by ingenious allegories.

IV. *Elements of the Laws of England*, in two parts. 1. A collection of the principal rules and maxims of the common law with their latitude and extent. 2. The use of the law for the preservation of our persons, goods, and good names.

V. *De Augmentis Scientiarum*. This work, in which his English treatise on the *Advancement of Learning* is embodied, gives a general summary of human knowledge, taking special notice of gaps and imperfections in science.

VI. *Novum Organum, or New Instrument or Method* of studying the sciences. This work explains the inductive method of reasoning, and dwells on the neces-

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\* Dugald Stewart.

sity of experiments in the study of natural sciences. From these the appellation of Baconian method came to be used for the method of induction.

The *De Augmentis* and the *Novum Organum* form the first two parts of a vast philosophical system, in six divisions, entitled *Instauratio Magna* (*The Great Reform of sciences*); of the four other parts we have only some detached fragments.

The most opposite appreciations have been given of Lord Bacon and his philosophical works. Whilst many writers, like Hallam, Dugald Stewart, Diderot, D'Alembert, and in general the impugnors of the scholastic philosophy, have professed unbounded admiration for his genius; others, among whom we may quote De Maistre, Rohrbacher, and Cantu, have strenuously maintained that his works swarm with errors; that the method of induction, falsely called Baconian, far from being new, was pointed out by Aristotle himself, and applied extensively by Roger Bacon, Copernicus, Galileo, and many other modern philosophers, before Francis Bacon; and, finally, that his real merit lies principally in the poetical beauties with which he has illustrated the driest subjects. We think that Bacon has been too much praised and too much blamed. He had the actual merit of urging the practice of the inductive method in physical sciences. True it is that the method was well known before Bacon; but, in point of fact, it was too often neglected. The great fault with Bacon, is to imply everywhere as a principle, that man knows nothing except through experience and observation. This principle was afterwards followed up to its last consequences, and eventually led its defenders to materialism and atheism. As to Bacon himself, fond as he was of experiments, he made and multiplied them to little profit, and left no im-



portant contribution to any single branch of physical science.

He died, in 1626, of a fever contracted while making an experiment. He was buried at St. Albans. A great poet has styled him:

‘The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.’—*Pope*.

#### OF TRUTH.

##### *Essay I.*

. . . . It will be acknowledged, even by those that practise it not, that clear and round dealing is the honor of man’s nature, and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver, which make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it. For these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent, which goeth basely upon the belly and not upon the feet. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame, as to be found false and perfidious; and therefore Montaigne saith prettily, when he inquired the reason why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace, and such an odious charge: saith he, “If it be well weighted, to say that a man lieth, is as much as to say that he is brave towards God and a coward towards men. For a lie faces God, and shrinks from man.”

#### OF ADVERSITY.

##### *Essay V.*

The vertue of *Prosperity* is Temperance, the Vertue of *Adversity* is Fortitude, which in *Morals* is the more Heroical vertue. *Prosperity* is the blessing of the Old Testament; *Adversity* is the Blessing of the New; which carrieth the greater Benediction, and the Clearer Revelation of God’s Favor. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to *David’s* harpe, you shall heare as many Herse-like ayres as Carols; and the Pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the Afflictions of *Job* than the Felicities of *Solomon*. Prosperity is not without many Feares and Distastes; and *Adversity* is not without Comforts and Hôpes. We see in Needle-workes and Imbroideries, it is more pleasing to have a Lively Worke upon a Sad and Solemn Ground, than to have a Darke and Melancholy Worke upon a Lightsome Ground: judge, therefore, of the Pleasure

of the Heart by the Pleasure of the Eye. Certainly vertue is like pretious Odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed: For *Prosperity* doth best discover Vice, but *Adversity* doth best discover Vertue.

## OF STUDIES.

*Essay L.*

Studies serve for Delight, for Ornament, and for Ability. Their Chiefe Use for Delight is in Privatness and Retiring; for Ornament, is in Discourse; and for Ability, is in the Judgment and Disposition of Business. For Expert Men can Execute, and perhaps Judge of Particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affaires, come best from those that are Learned. To spend too much time in Studies is Sloth; to use them too much for ornament is Affectation; to make Judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholler. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for naturall abilities are like naturall plants that need proyning by study; and studies themselves doe give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemne studies; simple men admire them; and wise men use them; for they teache not their owne use, but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Reade not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talke and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some bookes are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some bookes are to be read onely in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some bookes also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be onely in the lesse important arguments, and the meaner sort of bookes; else distilled bookes are like common distilled waters, flashing things. Reading maketh a full man; Conference a ready man; and Writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he conferre little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seeme to know that he doth not. *Histories* make men wise; *poets* witty; the *mathematicks* subtle; *natural philosophy* deep; *moral* grave; *logick* and *rhetorick* able to control. *Abeunt studia in mores.* . . .

## BEN JONSON, 1574-1637.

Ben Jonson, the contemporary and friend of Shakespeare, was born in 1574, at Westminster. After serving in Flanders as a common soldier, with great credit for bravery, we find him, at the age of twenty, settled as an actor in London. In this calling he did not succeed; and, in 1596, he produced his first comedy, *Every Man in His Humor*, which is still considered a standard piece. From this period he seems to have produced a play annually for several years, besides writing occasionally masques and interludes for the entertainment of the Court. He holds the second place among the dramatic authors of this period, although Beaumont and Fletcher as regards imagery and wit, and Massinger as regards grace and dignity of sentiment, rank before him. In many of the qualities of a dramatist, Jonson excels; but he is often hard, ungenial, pedantic, wearing too frequently what Milton calls 'his learned sock.' His comedies and tragedies are sixteen in number; and his masques and other Court entertainments, thirty-five. Besides these, he wrote a book entitled *Timber; or, Discoveries made upon Men and Matter*. It is chiefly a collection of moral remarks and criticisms, unconnected, judicious, witty, and often severe. The *English Grammar* which is extant under his name, is but part of a work which he wrote on that subject. It shows an accurate acquaintance with the principles of our speech. It is one of the earliest of our grammars, as the *Timber* is one of the earliest specimens of literary criticism.

His best dramas are his *Alchymist*, *Epicene*, and *Volpone or the Fox*, which, besides being considered admirable as to plot and development, exhibit traits of pun-

gent humor, strong conception, and powerful discrimination.

His tragedies of *Sejanus* and *Catiline* are too learned and declamatory, either for the closet or the stage; and a great portion of his comedy is low, forced, unnatural, and repulsive. His characters, when compared with those of Shakespeare, are what sculpture is to actual life. "His plays," says Angus, "rather tend to bring into contempt the religious earnestness and scriptural tastes, which then distinguished a large portion of the public."

He died in poverty, and was called to the 'dread account' in 1637, regretting the occasional irreverences of his pen, and deploring the frequent abuse of powers which were given for nobler ends. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and on his tombstone were inscribed these words only, 'O rare Ben Jonson!'

#### ADVICE TO A RECKLESS YOUTH.

Learn to be wise, and practice how to thrive,  
That would I have you do: and not to spend  
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,  
Or every foolish brain that humors you.  
I would not have you to invade each place,  
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,  
Till men's affections, or your own desert,  
Should worthily invite you to your rank.  
He that is so respectless in his courses,  
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.  
Nor would I you should melt away yourself  
In flashing bravery, lest, while you affect  
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,  
A little puff of scorn extinguish it,  
And you be left like an unsavory snuff,  
Whose property is only to offend.  
I'd have you sober, and contain yourself;  
Nor that your sail be bigger than your boat;  
But moderate your expenses now (at first)

As you may keep the same proportion still,  
 Nor stand so much on your gentility,  
 Which is an airy, and mere borrowed thing,  
 From dead men's dust, and bones; and none of yours,  
 Except you make, or hold it.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER, WILLIAM SHAKES-  
 PEARE.

. . . . . Soul of the age,  
 The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!  
 My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by  
 Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie

A little further off, to make thee room:  
 Thou art a monument without a tomb,  
 And art alive still, while thy book doth live,  
 And we have wits to read and praise to give. . . . .

And though thou had small Latin and less Greek,  
 From thence to honor thee I will not seek  
 For names: but call forth thundering Eschylus,  
 Euripides, and Sophocles, to us. . . . .

Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,  
 To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.  
 He was not of an age, but for all time!  
 And all the muses still were in their prime  
 When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm  
 Our ears, or like a Mercury, to charm. . . . .

Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were  
 To see thee in our water yet appear,  
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,  
 That did so take Eliza and our James.

THE GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.

It is not growing like a tree  
 In bulk doth make man better be;  
 Or standing long an oak three hundred year,  
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere.

A lily of a day  
 Is fairer far in May,  
 Although it fall and die that night;  
 It was the plant and flower of light.  
 In small proportions we just beauties see,  
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

## HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

Hear me, O God!  
 A broken heart  
 Is my best part:  
 Use still thy rod,  
 That I may prove  
 Therein Thy love.

If thou hadst not  
 Been stern to me,  
 But left me free,  
 I had forgot  
 Myself and Thee.

For sin's so sweet,  
 As minds ill bent  
 Rarely repent,  
 Until they meet  
 Their punishment.

## HYMN TO THE MOON.

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,  
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,  
 Seated in thy silver chair,  
 State in wonted manner keep:  
 Hesperus entreats thy light,  
 Goddess, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade,  
 Dare itself to interpose;  
 Cynthia's shining orb was made  
 Heaven to clear, when day did close:  
 Bless us then with wished sight,  
 Goddess, excellently bright.



Lay thy bow of pearl apart,  
And thy crystal shining quiver;  
Give unto the flying heart  
Space to breathe, how short soever:  
Thou that mak'st a day of night,  
Goddess, excellently bright.

## DIRECTIONS FOR WRITING WELL.\*

(From *The Timber*.)

For a man to write well, there are required three necessities; to read the best authors; observe the best speakers; and much exercise of his own style. In style, to consider what ought to be written, and after what manner; he must first think, and excogitate his matter; then choose his words, and examine the weight of either. Then take care in placing and ranking both matter and words, that the composition be comely; and to do this with diligence and often. No matter how slow the style be at first, so it be labored and accurate; seek the best, and be not glad of the forward conceits, or first words that offer themselves to us, but judge of what we invent, and order what we approve. Repeat often what we have formerly written; which, besides that it helps the consequence, and makes the juncture better, quickens the heat of imagination, that often cools in the time of sitting down, and gives it new strength, as if it grew lustier by the going back. As we see in the contention of leaping, they jump farthest that fetch their race largest; or, as in throwing a dart or javelin, we force back our arms, to make our loose the stronger. Yet, if we have a fair gale of wind, I forbid not the steering out of our sail, so the favor of the gale deceive us not. For all that we invent doth please us in the conception or birth; else we would never set it down. But the safest is to return to our judgment, and handle over again those things, the easiness of which might make them justly suspected. So did the best writers in their beginnings. They imposed upon them-

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\* "Ben Jonson's directions for writing well should be indelibly impressed upon the mind of every student."—*Drake's Essays*.

selves care and industry. They did nothing rashly. They obtained first to write well, and then custom made it easy and a habit. By little and little, their matter showed itself to them more plentifully; their words answered, their composition followed; and all, as in a well-ordered family, presented itself in the place. So that the sum of all is, ready writing makes not good writing; but good writing brings on ready writing.

#### TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

It was during the first part of the Modern Period that the two most celebrated English versions of the Bible were published, the *Douay Bible*, and *King James's Version*, generally known as *The Authorized Version*. The many translations made by Protestants to support their errors, rendered a new version for the use of Catholics necessary. The care of preparing it was intrusted to Cardinal Allen, who called to his assistance Gregory Martin, Richard Bristow, and Richard Worthington. The New Testament was printed at Rheims, in 1582, and the Old Testament at Douay, in 1609. The literary merit of the Rheims-Douay Version stands very high.

*King James's Version*, the combined work of many learned scholars, was not printed before the year 1611. It is generally praised as the highest standard of classical English.

#### ANNALS OF THE FOUR MASTERS.

Another great work, produced at this epoch, is the celebrated *Annals of the Four Masters*. The late Professor O'Curry regarded the *Annals* as the largest collection of national, civil, military, and family history ever

brought together in Ireland, or perhaps in any other country. They record the chief events of Irish history, from the earliest period to the year 1616.

Michael O'Clery, the principal of the Four Masters, born in the County of Donegal, about the year 1580, was a Franciscan, who remained by choice a lay brother of the Order. His superiors encouraging his antiquarian tastes, he employed fifteen years in his search of documents on the history of Ireland. In January, 1632, with the assistance of three associates,—two of them, like himself, of the family of the O'Clerys, and one O'Mulconry, he began to compile the documents he had gathered, and in August, 1636, finished this gigantic work. Written in Irish characters, it partly remained in manuscript till the year 1851, when that great Irish scholar, Dr. O'Donovan, published a complete edition in seven volumes, quarto, comprising the Irish text, a carefully executed translation in English, and a vast amount of valuable notes. Not only the *Annals of the Four Masters* "must form the basis of all fruitful study of the history of Ireland," as the learned O'Curry thought, but even "the history of Great Britain without them, could never be regarded as complete."

#### OTHER WRITERS.

NICHOLAS SANDER (1527-1581), mentioned by Wood as 'the most noted defender of the Roman Catholic cause in his time,' was at first Regius Professor of Canon Law at Oxford, where he had been educated. After his ordination he was employed by Rome in various capacities at Trent, Louvain, and in Spain. In 1579, he was sent as Nuncio to Ireland, where he was obliged to hide himself, and was starved to death about the year 1581.

Sander's principal work, written in Latin, is on the rise and growth of the Anglican schism.\* It appeared four years after the author's death, and obtained great success in every country of Europe except in England, where

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\* A translation with introduction and notes, by Mr. D. Lewis, was published in London in 1877.

the zealous defenders of the Reformation resorted even to the most vulgar calumnies to destroy its authority. These calumnies have been repeated ever since by Protestant writers. However, "nearly all recent examination of original papers of the sixteenth century tend to verify Sander's facts, even in cases where he was thought to be lying most outrageously. Sander's work must take rank as a first-class authority."\*

EDMUND CAMPION or CAMPIAN (1540-1581), was an eminent Jesuit, who, for no other offence than the exercise of his missionary duties, was arrested, put on the rack, hanged, and quartered. Father Campion wrote several books in defence of the Catholic faith. "All writers, whether Protestant or *Popish*, say that he was a man of most admirable parts, an elegant orator, a subtle philosopher and disputant, and an exact preacher, whether in English or Latin tongue, of a sweet disposition, and a well-polished inan."†

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554-1586), the patron and friend of Spenser, the accomplished man of the world, was also a distinguished writer. He is the author of *Arcadia*, the *Defence of Poesy*, and miscellaneous poems. His *Sonnets*, which constitute the chief part of his poetry, are replete with 'artificial conceits and elaborate nothings.' The *Arcadia* is a philosophical romance in prose, which narrates the fictitious story of a knight and courtier. Popular during the seventeenth century, neglected during the eighteenth, it has found readers again in our century. The *Defence of Poesy*, written also in prose, has kept up the reputation of an English classic, and deservedly. It contains substantially all that has ever been said in defence of the poetical art. Sidney, when only thirty-two years of age, was mortally wounded in a skirmish near Zutphen in Holland.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564-1593) is considered as the greatest English dramatist that preceded Shakespeare. *Tamburlaine the Great*, *Life and Death of Dr. Faustus*, *The Jew of Malta*, and *Edward II.*, are his chief plays. *Tamburlaine* was one of the first dramas in blank verse acted on the stage. There was a legend of Dr. Faustus long current before the English poet took it up and immortalized it by his genius. The plays of Calderon and Goethe on the same subject are imitations of Marlowe's, with more or less successful changes. *The Jew of Malta*, like the other productions of this dramatist, is full of horrors. He is the poet of unbridled passion and despair. His 'mighty line,' though often disfigured by rant and bombast, and irregularity of metre, flows with a great variety of melody. Gifted as he was, Marlowe lived a riotous, licentious life, and died at the age of twenty-nine the victim of a tavern scuffle.

RICHARD HOOKER (1553-1600), whom his admirers have unduly praised as the 'judicious Hooker,' owes his reputation to *The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*, which he wrote at the instigation of William Cecil, the crafty minister of Elizabeth. It is a defence of the Church of England against dissenters. The author shows himself a bitter enemy of Catholics, whose doctrines he perverts; full of inconsistencies and contradictions, he cannot disguise the Puritanical views which it was the purpose of his book to com-

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\* Saturday Review (London), October 3d, 1863. This Review is conducted by rationalists. See an account of Sander in the Dublin Review for July, 1877.

† Athen. Oxon.

bat. His style is rich, dignified, elaborate, but marred by the length and intricacy of the sentences.\*

ROBERT PARSONS, or PERSONS (1546-1610), was an eminent Fellow of Oxford. Having made his submission to the Catholic Church, and become a Jesuit, he long labored by word and writing in the exercise of his priestly functions, notwithstanding the severity of the penal laws and the bloodhound zeal of the *pursuivants*. His pen is vigorous, even incisive, especially when he exposes the lives of the persecutors and their abettors. All his works belong to the controversial kind.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT (1585-1615), and JOHN FLETCHER (1576-1625), combined their efforts to produce thirty-eight plays, the former applying chiefly to tragedy, and the latter to comedy. They were highly connected, and wished to please the upper classes, an object which they but too well obtained, as their popularity at the time exceeded even that of Jonson and Shakespeare. After the death of Beaumont, Fletcher continued to write, and produced fourteen plays more. The works of these two dramatists are so degraded by licentiousness that they are now excluded from every decent stage.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552-1618) was a dashing courtier, a reckless adventurer, and a brilliant writer. One of the favors received by him at the hands of Elizabeth, was a *liberal* grant of 12,000 acres of confiscated Irish land. In his course of adventures beyond the sea, he discovered Virginia, which he thus called in honor of the Queen. Under James I. he was cast into the Tower for a charge of treason from which he could not entirely prove himself innocent. During the thirteen years of his confinement, he wrote the *History of the World*. This great work does not reach beyond the year 168 B.C. In it much fiction is mixed with history, but the style is clear, forcible, and eloquent. Raleigh has also written several lyric poems of merit.

Released from his confinement on promise that he would open a gold mine in the New World, he started in search of new adventures, but failed in his attempt to discover the gold. After his return, he was accused by the Spaniards of having attacked them unjustly, and executed on the old charge of treason for which he had suffered his long imprisonment.

WILLIAM CAMDEN (1551-1623) was a famous antiquary and writer of history. All his works are written in Latin, and relate to England.

MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563-1631), a poet of true, though somewhat erratic genius, is best known by his *Polyolbion*. This is a poem of thirty thousand lines in Alexandrian rhyming couplets, giving a topographical delineation of England. Hallam thinks that 'there is probably no poem of this kind in any other language, comparable together in extent and excellence to the *Polyolbion*.' But the distinguished critic goes on to say that 'perhaps no English poem, known so well by name, is so little known beyond its name.' It cannot possess the unity necessary for a work of art, nor can it have the utility of a topographical dictionary. Drayton wrote several other poems, the subject of which is almost as unhappy as the *Polyolbion*.

HENRY CONSTABLE (b. 1566) was highly praised by Ben Jonson, and men-

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\* See London Tablet, February and March, 1877.



tioned by Warton as 'a noted sonnet-writer.' His love-sonnets, which appeared under the title *Diana*, have had more favor than his *Spiritual Sonnets in praise of God and of His Saints*; but this difference seems to have no other ground than prejudice against the expression of Catholic sentiments. As a specimen, we subjoin the following sonnet:

TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

In that, O Queen of queens! thy birth was free  
 From guilt which others doth of grace bereave,  
 When in their mothers' womb they life receive,  
 God as His sole-born daughter lovéd thee.  
 To match thee like thy birth's nobility,  
 He thee His Spirit for thy spouse did leave  
 Of whom thou didst His only Son conceive,  
 And so wast linked to all the Trinity.  
 Cease then, O queens, who earthly crowns do wear,  
 To glory in the pomp of worldly things.  
 If men such high respect unto you bear,  
 Whose daughters, wives, and mothers are of kings,  
 What honor should unto that queen be done  
 Who had your God for father, spouse, and son!

GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1633), a younger brother of the infidel Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and a clergyman of the Establishment, spent his short life in the discharge of his professional duties and the composition of two religious works: *The Parson* and *The Church*. *The Country Parson* is a prose work in which he describes in a plain and earnest style the duties of a pastor. *The Church* is a series of about 170 small poems on sacred themes, distinguished for energy of thought, conciseness of diction, and spiritual unction, but not free from the extravagant conceits of euphuism, and harshness of expression. The simple, retired, and religious life of Herbert, no less than his writings, give a favorable impression of his personal character.

ROBERT BURTON, or Democritus Junior, as he styled himself (1576-1640), is the quaint and learned author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, of which Dr. Johnson said that it 'was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise.' The *Anatomy* is an extraordinary medley of curious quotations and pleasing anecdotes rather than a work purely original.

PHILIP MASSINGER (1584-1640), a dramatist of renown, wrote many plays, of which eighteen have survived, and one only, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, still keeps the stage.

SECTION THE SECOND, OR TRANSITION PERIOD,  
 1642-1700.

The interval which begins with the Civil War and terminates with the seventeenth century, was not in



the main favorable to literature. During the broils that agitated the nation, men could not be expected to cultivate letters with ardor or success. Under the Commonwealth and the Protectorate, triumphant Puritanism was looked upon as a declared enemy of poets, wits, and artists. With the Restoration came in a looseness of manners and a servile imitation of French ideas and taste, which were more dangerous to literature than even the overstrained rigidity of the Puritans. The stage was particularly infected. The comedy, far from being faithful to its mission of corrector of morals, openly sneered at virtue and winked at profligacy. Throughout the century, Euphuism continued to exert a baleful influence on the literary taste. The whole epoch was one of change and transition. Milton, its greatest name, belongs by the character of his poetical writings to the Shakespearian times, whereas Dryden, who comes next in point of excellence, was the acknowledged master of the classical age.

RICHARD CRASHAW, 1616 (?)–1650.

Richard Crashaw, an eminent religious poet, was the son of a London preacher. After preliminary studies at the Charterhouse, he went to Cambridge, where he was elected to a fellowship in 1637. When the Earl of Manchester, under the authority of the Revolted Parliament '*reformed*' the University by expelling such members as refused to subscribe the Covenant, Crashaw was one of the fifty-five Fellows ejected. He then possessed a high reputation as preacher. But he gave up all prospects of ambition and wealth, and made his submission to the Catholic Church. After some time spent in a state of great poverty, he went (1646) to Italy, where he was appointed one of the canons of

Loretto. He held this preferment till his death, which happened about the year 1650.

The principal works of Crashaw are : *Steps to the Temple, The Delights of the Muses, Sacred Poems, Poemata Latina, Epigrammata Sacra*. His translations from the Latin and the Italian poets are masterpieces of the kind. His original works, although frequently marred by quaintness and conceits, peculiar to his time, are characterized by energy of thought, intense feeling of faith and piety, exquisite beauty, and wealth of diction. Crashaw was an intimate friend of Selden and Cowley, the latter of whom dedicated to his memory one of the most touching elegies in the language. In his *Epigrammata Sacra* is found the well-known verse relating to the miracle of Cana :

Lympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit.  
The modest water saw its God and blushed.

#### ON SENDING A PRAYER-BOOK TO A LADY.

It is an armory of light.  
Let constant use but keep it bright,  
You'll find it yields  
To holy hands and humble hearts  
More words and shields  
Than sin hath snares, or hell hath darts.

#### LAZARUS'S TEARS.

Rich Lazarus! richer in those gems, thy tears,  
Than Dives in the robes he wears :  
He scorns them now, but Oh! they'll suit full well  
With the purple he must wear in hell.

#### GIVE TO CÆSAR WHAT IS CÆSAR'S.

All we have is God's, and yet  
Cæsar challenges a debt;

Nor hath God a thinner share,  
 Whatever Cæsar's payments are.  
 All is God's; and yet, 'tis true,  
 All we have is Cæsar's too.  
 All is Cæsar's; and what odds?  
 So long as Cæsar's self is God's.

## CHRIST'S VICTORY ON THE CROSS.

Christ, when he died,  
 Deceived the cross,  
 And on death's side  
 Threw all the loss:  
 The captive world awaked, and found  
 The prisoner loose, the jailor bound.  
 O dear and sweet dispute  
 'Twixt death's and love's far different fruit!  
 Different as far  
 As antidotes and poisons are.  
 By that first fatal tree  
 Both life and liberty  
 Were sold and slain;  
 By this they both look up and live again.  
 O strange mysterious strife  
 Of open death and hidden life!  
 When on the cross my King did bleed,  
 Life seemed to die, death died indeed.

(From his *Epitaph on Mr. Ashton.*)

Sermons he heard, yet not so many  
 As left no time to practice any:  
 He heard them reverently, and then  
 His practice preached them o'er again.

## ABRAHAM COWLEY, 1618-1667.

Abraham Cowley, a distinguished poet and one of the most popular and influential writers of his day, was born in London in 1618. He was admitted as King's scholar in Westminster School, and so early imbibed a taste for poetry that in his sixteenth or seventeenth

year, while yet at school, he published a collection of verses which he entitled *Poetical Blossoms*. These and other juvenile productions attracted considerable attention towards the author, and procured him great literary distinction. His poetical works are divided into four classes: the miscellaneous, the amatory verses, the *Pindaric Odes*, and the  *Davideis*. The last is an epic of considerable length on the sufferings and glories of David. Although incomplete and conveying no strong proof of epic talent, it contains some pleasing passages. It is now, however, entirely neglected.

Cowley's multifarious learning and well-digested reflections, give to his writings that peculiar attraction which grows upon the reader, as he becomes older and more contemplative. He was well versed both in Greek and Latin literature; and his imitations, paraphrases, and translations, show perfect knowledge of the originals, and a great mastery over the resources of the English language. What has contributed much to diminish Cowley's reputation, is that abuse of intellectual ingenuity, that passion for learned, far-fetched, and recondite illustrations which was to a certain extent the vice of his age. Pope says of him:

“Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet,  
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit:  
Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric art,  
But still I love the language of his heart.”

As an essayist in prose, Cowley's style has a smooth and placid evenness, abounding with thought, without any of the affectation or straining which disfigures his poetry. His *Essay on Cromwell* especially, is easy and graceful throughout, with the exception of the close. In general, it may be said of him, that few authors afford so many new thoughts, and those so entirely their own. A severe cold and fever, caught from wandering

among the damp fields, terminated his life in 1667, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

## LIFE AND FAME.

(From the *Pindaric Odes*.)

O Life! thou Nothing's younger brother!  
 So like, that one might take one for the other  
 What's somebody or nobody?  
 In all the cobwebs of the schoolmen's trade  
 We no such nice distinction woven see,  
 As 'tis 'to be' or 'not to be.'  
 Dream of a shadow! a reflection made  
 From the false glories of the gay reflected bow  
 Is a more solid thing than thou.  
 Vain, weak-built isthmus, which dost proudly rise  
 Up betwixt two eternities!  
 Yet canst nor wind nor wave sustain,  
 But broken and overwhelmed, the endless oceans meet again.  
 And with what rare invention do we strive  
 Ourselves then to survive!  
 Wise subtle arts and such as well befit  
 That Nothing, man's no wit—  
 Some with vast costly tombs would purchase it,  
 And by the proofs of death pretend to live.  
 "Here lies the great"—false Marble! where?  
 Nothing but small and sordid dust lies there.  
 Some build enormous mountain-palaces,  
 The fools and architects to please;  
 A lasting life in well-hewn stone they rear:  
 So he, who on the Egyptian shore\*  
 Was slain so many hundred years before,  
 Lives still (O life! most happy and most dear!  
 O life! that epicures envy to hear!)  
 Lives in the dropping ruins of his amphitheatre.  
 His father-in-law a higher place does claim†  
 In the seraphic entity of Fame;  
 He, since that toy his death,  
 Does fill all mouths, and breathes in all men's breath.

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\* Pompey the Great.

† Cæsar, whose daughter was married to Pompey.

'Tis true the two immortal syllables remain;  
 But oh, ye learned men! explain  
 What essence, what existence this,  
 What substance, what subsistence, what hypostasis  
 In six poor letters is!  
 In those alone does the great Cæsar live,  
 'Tis all the conquered world could give.  
 We poets madder yet than all,  
 With a refined fantastic vanity,  
 Think we not only have but give eternity.  
 Fain would I see that prodigal  
 Who his to-morrow would bestow  
 For all old Homer's life, e'er since he died, till now!

## TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

Happy insect! what can be  
 In happiness compared to thee?  
 Fed with nourishment divine,  
 The dewy morning's gentle wine!  
 Nature waits upon thee still,  
 And thy verdant cup does fill.  
 Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,  
 Happier than the happiest king!  
 All the fields which thou dost see,  
 All the plants belong to thee.  
 All that summer hours produce,  
 Fertile made with early juice.  
 Man for thee does sow and plough;  
 Farmer he, and landlord thou!  
 Thou dost innocently enjoy,  
 Nor does thy luxury destroy.  
 Thee country hinds with gladness hear,  
 Prophet of the ripened year!  
 To thee, of all things upon earth,  
 Life's no longer than thy mirth.  
 Happy insect! happy thou,  
 Dost neither age nor winter know.  
 But when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung  
 Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,  
 Sated with thy summer feast,  
 Thou retir'st to endless rest.



## THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE AND UNCERTAINTY OF RICHES.

Why dost thou heap up wealth, which thou must quit,  
Or, what is worse, be left by it ?

Why dost thou load thyself when thou'rt to fly,  
O man! ordained to die ?

Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high,  
Thou who art under ground to lie ?  
Thou sow'st, and plant'st, but no fruit must see,  
For death, alas! is reaping thee.

Suppose thou fortune couldst to tameness bring,  
And clip or pinion her wing;  
Suppose thou couldst on fate so far prevail,  
As not to cut off thy entail;

Yet death at all that subtlety will laugh;  
Death will that foolish gardener mock,  
Who does a slight and annual plant ingraff  
Upon a lasting stock.

Thou dost thyself wise and industrious deem;  
A mighty husband thou wouldst seem;  
Fond man! like a bought slave, thou all the while  
Dost but for others sweat and toil.

Officious fool! that needs must meddling be  
In business that concerns not thee;  
For when to future years thou extend'st thy cares,  
Thou deal'st in other men's affairs.

Even aged men, as if they truly were  
Children again, for age prepare;  
Provisions for long travel they design,  
In the last point of their short line.

Wisely the ant against poor winter hoards  
The stock which summer's wealth affords;  
In grasshoppers, which must at autumn die,  
How vain were such an industry!

The wise example of the heavenly lark,  
Thy fellow-poet, Cowley! mark;  
Above the clouds let thy proud music sound!  
Thy humble nest build on the ground.

## JOHN MILTON, 1608-1674.

John Milton, England's greatest epic poet, may be regarded as being, in many respects, the standard of dignified poetic expression; although Shakespeare alone exhibits the varied elements of copiousness, power, and brilliancy inherent in our language. "It is easy," says Pope, "to mark out the general course of our poetry: Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, and Dryden, are the landmarks for it." Milton was born in London, in 1608. His first preceptor was a Puritan minister, named Young: At the age of sixteen, he was sent to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he continued for seven years. Whilst still a member of the University, he wrote his *Ode on the Nativity*, almost any verse of which is sufficient to indicate a new era in poetry. The five years immediately succeeding his University career, he spent in the reading of classical works, and the composition of a few poems. *Lycidas* is a monody on the death of a friend, which Johnson treats with contemptuous depreciation, but is regarded by Warton and Hallam as a good test of real poetic feeling. *Comus*, a masque, is the most graceful and fanciful of his poems. In melody of versification, sweetness of imagery, and the 'Doric delicacy of its songs and odes,' as Sir H. Wotton expresses it, it has never been surpassed. His *L'Allegro*, an ode to mirth, and *Il Penseroso*, an ode to melancholy, are two exquisite poems, in which the thought and mode of treatment are no less Italian than their titles. In 1638, he went abroad, and spent fifteen months travelling in Italy and France. In 1644, appeared his *Tractate on Education*, in which he rejects the modern method of the school and university, and proposes in its place a system chiefly imitated from the gymnasia of Sparta and Athens, but totally impracti-

cable and utopian. About the same time was published his *Areopagitica*, or *Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*, the most eloquent prose composition of his pen. In the triumph of the Republicans, he was appointed Latin Secretary of Cromwell. In 1651 was published his *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*, a reply to Salmasius, the most learned man in Europe, after Grotius, who had defended the claims and conduct of King Charles I. For nearly ten years the eyesight of the poet had been failing, and, in 1652, he became hopelessly blind.

Dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse  
Without all hope of day!—*Samson Agonistes*.

Milton's political and religious sentiments were of the extremest and even most violent character. There appears continually in his works, we will not say, a contest, but a contrast, between his conviction and his sympathies—between his logic and his fancy. Thus, while Milton the polemic was advocating the overthrow of the monarchic institutions of England, and the destruction of the hierarchic edifice of its Church, Milton the poet had his soul deeply penetrated with the enthusiasm inspired by his country's history, and his ear ever thrilling to the majestic services of its half-Roman worship. The man who desired the abolition of all external dignities on earth, has given us the grandest picture of such a graduated hierarchy of orders in heaven—

Thrones, Princedoms, Virtues, Dominations, Powers;

he who would have reduced the externals of Christianity to a simplicity and meanness compared with which the subterranean worship of the persecuted Christians of the primitive ages was splendor, has exhibited a

deeper and more prevailing admiration than any other poet ever showed, for the grandeur of Gothic architecture, and the charms of the solemn masses of the ancient cathedrals:

But let my due feet never fail  
 To walk the studious cloisters' pale  
 And love the high-embowered roof,  
 With antique pillars massy proof,  
 And storied windows richly dight,  
 Casting a dim religious light:  
 There let the pealing organs blow  
 To the full-voiced choir below,  
 In service high and anthems clear,  
 As may with sweetness through mine ear,  
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
 And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

—*Il Penseroso.*

His immortal *Paradise Lost* was finished in 1665, and first printed in 1667. It long struggled with bad taste and political prejudices, before it took a secure place among the few productions of the human mind that continually rise in estimation, and are unlimited by time or place. It is divided into twelve books or cantos; it begins with the council of Satan and the fallen angels, the description of the erection of Pandemonium, and ends with the expulsion of our first parents from Paradise. "Like other great works, and in a higher degree than most, the poem is oftenest studied and estimated by piecemeal only. Though it be so taken, and though its unbroken and weighty solemnity should at length have caused weariness, it cannot but have left a vivid impression on all minds not quite unsusceptible of fine influences. The stately march of its diction; the organ-peal with which its versification rolls on; the continual overflowing, especially in the earlier books, of beautiful illustrations from nature and

art ; the clearly and brightly colored pictures of human happiness and innocence—these are features, some or all of which must be delightful to most of us, and give to the mind images and feelings not easily or soon effaced.”\* The first book is as unsurpassed for magnificence of imagination, as the fourth is for grace and luxuriance. A tide of gorgeous eloquence rolls on from beginning to end, like a river of molten gold, outblazing, we may surely say, everything of its kind in any other poetry.

In *Paradise Lost*, we rarely meet with feeble lines. There are few in which the tone is not in some way distinguished from prose. The very artificial style of Milton, sparing in English idiom, and his study of a rhythm not always the most grateful to our ears, but preserving his blank verse from a trivial flow, are the causes of this elevation.

“It is strange,” says Schlegel, “that Milton failed to discover the incompleteness of *Paradise Lost* as a unique whole, of which the Creation, the Fall, and Redemption, are so many successive acts closely linked together. He eventually perceived the defect, it is true, and appended *Paradise Regained*; but the proportions of this latter to the first performance, were not in keeping, and much too slight to admit of its constituting an efficient keystone.”

In studying Milton's epic as a sacred poem, we are impressed by a want of awe and reserve in the handling of religious mysteries, when, for instance, he represents the Supreme Being ‘as a school-divine;’ and we loathe the grim puritanical pleasantry which he puts in the mouth of the rebel angels, while making the first experiment of their new-discovered artillery. The Miltonic Satan is undoubtedly one of the most stupendous

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\* William Spalding.

creations of poetry ; but there is a heroic grandeur in it which wins, do what you will, a human sympathy. This is wrong: the representation of the devil should be purely and entirely evil, without a tinge of good, as that of God should be purely and entirely good, without a tinge of evil. Milton never speaks of the Trinity, and hardly disguises his Arianism. Yet we would be inclined to apply to *Paradise Lost*, in its religious aspect, what Macaulay says of his *Essay on the Doctrines of Christianity*: "The book, were it far more orthodox or far more heretical than it is, would not much edify or corrupt the present generation."

About four years before his death, he published his tragedy of *Samson Agonistes*. It abounds in moral and descriptive beauties ; but exhibits little purely dramatic talent, either in the development of the plot or in the delineation of character. As the *Comus* was a beautiful reflection of happy youth, the *Samson Agonistes* shadows forth the gloomy grandeur of the poet's old age. We seem to hear the voice of Milton's own spirit in the words of his hero :

I feel my genial spirit droop,

My race of glory run, and race of shame;  
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

The defects of Milton's prose writings may, in general, be given as follows : An unpleasing intermixture of familiar with learned phraseology; an affected elaborate structure seldom reaching any harmony; an absence of idiomatic grace, and a use of harsh inversions which violate the rules of language ; a frequent resort to personal abuse of the grossest kind; above all, numberless errors in politics and religion, which, since the works are nearly forgotten, can do no great evil.



## DEBATE IN PANDEMONIUM.

High on a throne of royal state, which far  
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,  
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand  
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,  
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised  
To that bad eminence: and from despair  
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue  
Vain war with heaven; and, by success untaught,  
His proud imagination thus displayed:

“Powers and dominions, deities of heaven;  
For since no deep within her gulf can hold  
Immortal vigor, though oppressed and fallen,  
I give not heaven for lost. From this descent  
Celestial virtues rising, will appear  
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,  
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.  
Me though just right, and the fixed laws of heaven,  
Did first create your leader: next, free choice,  
With what besides, in council or in fight,  
Hath been achieved of merit; yet this loss,  
Thus far at least recovered, hath much more  
Established in a safe unenvied throne,  
Yielded with full consent. The happier state  
In heaven, which follows dignity, might draw  
Envy from each inferior; but who here  
Will envy whom the highest place exposes  
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim,  
Your bulwark, and condemns to greater share  
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good  
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there  
From faction; for none sure will claim in hell  
Precedence, none whose portion is so small  
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind  
Will covet more. With this advantage then  
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,  
More than can be in heaven, we now return  
To claim our just inheritance of old,  
Surer to prosper than prosperity  
Could have assured us; and by what best way,



Those thoughts that wander through eternity,  
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost  
In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows,  
Let this be good, whether our angry foe  
Can give it, or will ever? how he can,  
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.  
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,  
Belike through impotence, or unaware,  
To give his enemies their wish, and end  
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves  
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?  
Say they who counsel war, We are decreed,  
Reserved, and destined, to eternal woe;  
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,  
What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,  
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?  
What, when we fled amain, pursued, and struck  
With heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought  
The deep to shelter us? this hell then seemed  
A refuge from those wounds: or when lay  
Chained on the burning lake? that sure was worse.  
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,  
Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,  
And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,  
Should intermitted vengeance arm again  
His red right hand to plague us? What if all  
Her stores were opened, and this firmament  
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,  
Independent horrors, threatening hideous fall  
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps,  
Designing or exhorting glorious war,  
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurled  
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey  
Of wracking whirlwinds; or forever sunk  
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;  
There to converse with everlasting groans,  
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,  
Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.  
War, therefore, open or concealed, alike  
My voice dissuades."

The Third Book opens by an easy transition, with an address to Light. The whole passage has been greatly admired:

ADDRESS TO LIGHT.

Hail, holy light! offspring of heaven first-born,  
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam  
May I express thee unblamed! since God is light,  
And never but in unapproachéd light  
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,  
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.  
Or hearest thou rather, pure ethereal stream,  
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,  
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice  
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest  
The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
Won from the void and formless infinite.  
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,  
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained  
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight  
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,  
With other notes than to the Orphéan lyre,  
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;  
Taught by the heavenly muse to venture down  
The dark descent, and up to reascend,  
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,  
And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but thou  
Revisitest not these eyes, that roll in vain  
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;  
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,  
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more  
Cease I to wander where the muses haunt  
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,  
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief  
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,  
That wash thy hallowed feet and warbling flow,  
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget  
Those other two equalled with them in renown,  
Blind Thamyras, and blind Mæonides,  
And Tiresias, and Phineas, prophets old:  
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move

Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird  
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid  
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year  
 Seasons return; but not to me returns  
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,  
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;  
 But cloud instead, and everduring dark  
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,  
 Presented with a universal blank  
 Of nature's works to me expunged and rased,  
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.  
 So much the rather thou, celestial light,  
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
 Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

SATAN'S SOLILOQUY ON VIEWING PARADISE AT A DISTANCE.

Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view  
 Lay pleasant, his grieved look he fixed sad;  
 Sometimes towards heaven, and the full blazing sun,  
 Which now sat high in his meridian tower:  
 Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began:  
 "O thou, that, with surpassing glory crowned,  
 Lookest from thy sole dominion like the god  
 Of this new world: at whose sight all the stars  
 Hide their diminished heads; to thee I call,  
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,  
 O sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
 That bring to my remembrance from what state  
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;  
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down  
 Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless King.  
 Ah, wherefore? he deserved no such return  
 From me whom he created what I was  
 In that bright eminence, and with his good  
 Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.  
 What could be less than to afford him praise,  
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,

How due! yet all his good proved ill in me,  
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high  
I disdained subjection, and thought one step higher  
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit  
The debt immense of endless gratitude,  
So burdensome still paying, still to owe;  
Forgetful what from him I still received,  
And understood not that a grateful mind  
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
Indebted and discharged; what burden then?  
O had his powerful destiny ordained  
Me some inferior angel, I had stood  
Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised  
Ambition. Yet why not? some other power  
As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,  
Drawn to his part; but other powers as great  
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within  
Or from without, to all temptations armed.  
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?  
Thou hadst; whom hast thou then or what to accuse,  
But heaven's free love dealt equally to all?  
Be then his love accursed, since love or hate,  
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.  
Nay, cursed be thou; since against his thy will  
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.  
Me miserable! which way shall I fly  
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?  
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;  
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep  
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,  
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.  
O, then, at last relent: is there no place  
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?  
None left but by submission; and that word  
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame  
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced  
With other promises and other vaunts  
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue  
The Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know  
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,  
Under what torments inwardly I groan,  
While they adore me on the throne of hell,



With diadem and sceptre high advanced,  
 The lower still I fall, only supreme  
 In misery: such joy ambition finds.  
 But say I could repent and could obtain,  
 By act of grace, my former state; how soon  
 Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay  
 Which feigned submission swore! Ease would recant  
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.  
 For never can true reconciliation grow,  
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep;  
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse  
 And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear  
 Short intermission bought with double smart.  
 This knows my Punisher; therefore as far  
 From granting he, as I from begging, peace:  
 All hope excluded thus, behold, instead  
 Of us outcast, exiled, his new delight  
 Mankind created, and for him this world.  
 So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,  
 Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost;  
 Evil, be thou my good: by thee at least  
 Divided empire with heaven's King I hold,  
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;  
 As man ere long, and this new world shall know."

## ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

It was the winter wild,  
 While the heaven-born child  
     All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;  
 Nature, in awe to Him,  
 Had doffed her gaudy trim,  
     With her great Master so to sympathize:  
 It was no season then for her  
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.  
     \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
 No war, or battle sound,  
 Was heard the world around:  
     The idle spear and shield were high up hung;  
 The hookéd chariot stood  
 Unstained with hostile blood;  
     The trumpet spake not to the arméd throng;

And kings sat still with awful eye,  
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,  
Wherein the Prince of Light

His reign of peace upon the earth began:  
The winds, with wonder whist,  
Smoothly the waters kissed,

Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars with deep amaze,  
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,

Bending one way their precious influence;  
And will not take their flight,  
For all the morning light,

Or Lucifer that often warned them thence,  
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,  
Until the Lord himself bespake and bid them go.

\* \* \* \* \*

The shepherds on the lawn,  
Or ere the point of dawn,

Sat simply chatting in a rustic row:  
Full little thought they then,  
That the mighty Pan

Was kindly come to live with them below;  
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet  
Their hearts and ears did greet,

As never was by mortal finger strook;  
Divinely-warbled voice  
Answering the stringéd noise:

As all their souls in blissful rapture took:  
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,  
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

\* \* \* \* \*

The oracles are dumb,  
No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the archéd roof in words deceiving.  
Apollo from his shrine  
Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.

No nightly trance, or breathéd spell,  
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,  
And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;  
From haunted spring and dale,  
Edgéd with poplar pale,

The parting genius is with sighing sent;  
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,  
The nymphs in twilight shades of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,  
And on the holy hearth,

The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;  
In urns, and altars round,  
A drear and dying sound

Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;  
And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.

\* \* \* \* \*

So, when the sun in bed,  
Curtained with cloudy red,

Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
The flocking shadows pale  
Troop to the infernal jail,

Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave;  
And the yellow-skirted fays  
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-lovéd maze.

But see, the Virgin blest  
Hath laid her Babe to rest;

Time is, our tedious song should here have ending.  
Heaven's youngest-teeméd star  
Hath fixed her polished car,

Her sleeping Lord, with handmaid lamp, attending:  
And all about the courtly stable  
Bright harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

SAMUEL BUTLER, 1612-1680.

Samuel Butler, the author of the famous *Hudibras*, was born in Worcestershire, in 1612. It is generally thought that he was educated at Cambridge, although

some have denied that he enjoyed the advantages of a university education. He resided for some time with Sir Samuel Luke, a commander under Cromwell. In this situation, he acquired the materials for his *Hudibras*, by a study of those around him, and particularly of Sir Samuel himself, a caricature of whom is exhibited in the celebrated Knight Hudibras, the hero of the poem.

The name of *Hudibras* is taken from the old romances of chivalry, Sir Hugh de Bras being one of the Knights of King Arthur's Round Table.\* The poem itself is a burlesque on the extravagant ideas and rigid manners of the English Puritans of the Civil War and Commonwealth. The versification is the rhymed iambic tetrameter, a measure well adapted for continuous and easy narrative, and peculiarly fitted for the burlesque. The learning, the inexhaustible wit, the ingenious and felicitous illustrations, do not however prevent us from perceiving that the intrigue is so limited and defective as scarcely to deserve the name of plot; and that the action is inconsistent and left unfinished at the conclusion, if indeed the abrupt termination of a poem in which nothing is concluded, can be called a conclusion.

Incomplete as it is, it obtained at once an immense popularity. Yet the plethora of wit, the condensation of thought and style, which so highly characterize this production, the vulgarity of the language, soon become tiresome and oppressive; and, after perusing some thirty or forty pages, the reader would fain relin-

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\* The Knights of the Round Table, a military order supposed to have been instituted by Arthur, a renowned British chieftain, in the year 516. They are said to have been twenty-four in number, all selected from among the bravest of the nation. The Round Table, which gave them their title, was an invention of that prince to avoid disputes about the upper and lower end, and to take away all emulation as to places.

quish the task and pass to something more dignified, less sparkling or whimsical. As a work intended to ridicule the Puritans, the attraction of *Hudibras* was great, but temporary. As applicable to classes of characters which exist forever, the pungency will always be relished. Fanaticism, hypocrisy, and time-serving venality, are of all ages. The idiomatic spirit of this celebrated satirist, his proverb-like oddity and humor of expression, have caused many of his lines and similes to be completely identified with the language.

Celebrated as *Hudibras* rendered its author, it did nothing towards extricating him from indigence. The unfortunate and ill-requited laureate of the Royalists, died in 1680, not possessing sufficient property to pay his funeral expenses. A monument was indeed erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, forty years after his death; and this tardy recognition of his merit, gave occasion to one of the keenest epigrams in the English language:

“Whilst Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,  
No generous patron would a dinner give:  
See him when starved to death and turned to dust,  
Presented with a monumental bust;  
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown:  
He asked for bread, and he received a stone.”

SIR HUDIBRAS AND HIS ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

When civil dudgeon first grew high,  
And men fell out, they knew not why,  
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,  
Set folks together by the ears; . . .  
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded  
By long-eared rout, to battle sounded,  
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,  
Was beat with fist instead of a stick;

Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,  
And out he rode a-colonelling.

A wight he was, whose very sight would  
Entitle him mirror of knighthood,  
That never bowed his stubborn knee  
To anything but chivalry,  
Nor put up blow but that which laid  
Right worshipful on shoulder blade. . . .  
We grant, altho' he had much wit,  
He was very shy of using it;  
As being loth to wear it out,  
And therefore bore it not about  
Unless on holidays or so,  
As men their best apparel do.  
Besides, 'tis known he could speak Greek,  
As naturally as pigs squeak.  
That Latin was no more difficile  
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle:  
Being rich in both, he never scanted  
His bounty unto such as wanted;  
But much of either would afford  
To many that had not one word. . . .

He was in logic a great critic,  
Profoundly skilled in analytic.  
He could distinguish and divide  
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side:  
On either which he would dispute,  
Confute, change hands, and still confute.  
He'd undertake to prove, by force  
Of argument,—a man's no horse;  
He'd prove a buzzard—is no fowl,  
And that a lord may be—an owl;  
A calf—an alderman; a goose—a justice;  
And rooks—committee-men and trustees.  
He'd run in debt by disputation,  
And pay with ratiocination.  
All this by syllogism, true  
In mood and figure, he would do.

For rhetoric—he could not ope  
His mouth but out there flew a trope;  
And when he happened to break off  
In the middle of his speech or cough,



He had hard words ready to show why,  
And tell what rule he did it by;  
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,  
You'd think he talked like other folk;  
For all a rhetorician's rules  
Teach nothing but to name his tools.  
But, when he pleased to show't, his speech  
In loftiness of sound was rich;  
A Babylonish dialect,  
Which learned pedants much affect.  
It was a parti-colored dress  
Of patched and piebald languages:  
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,  
As fustian heretofore on satin:  
It had an odd promiscuous tone,  
As if he had talked three parts in one:  
Which made some think, when he did gabble,  
They had heard three laborers of Babel,  
Or Cerberus himself pronounce  
A leash of languages at once.

## HIS RELIGION.

For his religion, it was fit.  
To match his learning and his wit:  
'Twas Presbyterian true blue.  
For he was of that stubborn crew  
Of errant saints, whom all men grant  
To be the true church militant;  
Such as do build their faith upon  
The holy text of pike and gun;  
Decide all controversies by  
Infallible artillery;  
And prove their doctrine orthodox  
By apostolic blows and knocks;  
Call fire, and sword, and desolation  
A godly thorough reformation,  
Which always must be carried on,  
And still be doing, never done;  
As if religion were intended  
For nothing else but to be mended;  
A sect whose chief devotion lies  
In odd perverse antipathies;

In falling out with that or this,  
And finding somewhat still amiss;  
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,  
Than dog distraught or monkey sick;  
That with more care keep holiday  
The wrong, than others the right way;  
Compound for sins they are inclined to,  
By damning those they have no mind to.  
Still so perverse and opposite,  
As if they worshipped God for spite.

JOHN BUNYAN, 1628-1688.

John Bunyan, the famous author of *Pilgrim's Progress*, was the son of a tinker, and himself a tinker during his youth. He had no other education than what he could get at the elementary school of his native place, in Bedfordshire. According to his own account, his early life was wild and vicious; but he soon changed for the better: for he tells us, that, when nineteen years of age, he thought no man in England could please God better than himself. He joined the Baptist congregation in Bedford, and, upon the preacher's death, was appointed to succeed him. In the discharge of this office, he displayed such enthusiasm and imagination, that the civil authorities indicted him as a promoter of seditious gatherings, and subsequently cast him into Bedford jail. It was during the twelve years of his confinement that he wrote *Pilgrim's Progress*, an allegory in prose, meant to illustrate the Christian's way to heaven, that is, the Christian's way as understood by a Baptist. The allegory is pretty well sustained, and the characters are aptly drawn. The style, which is enlivened by dialogue, is idiomatic, simple, at times vulgar. Macaulay has bestowed extravagant praise on the merits of *Pilgrim's Progress* and the genius of its author. The brilliant essayist

forgets that popularity is not an absolute test of excellence; if it were, then the allegory of Bunyan must be ranked above the epic of Milton, and even the plays of Shakespeare.

It has been asserted that the work is not altogether original, but was suggested by some foreign book translated into English: time may yet bring more light on this point. Bunyan wrote other works, the principal of which are, *Holy War*, *Grace Abounding*, *Justification by Jesus Christ*, and *The Holy City*; but they are comparatively neglected.

#### JOHN DRYDEN, 1631-1700.

John Dryden, one of the great masters of English verse, styled by Dr. Johnson father of English critics, and whose masculine satire has never been excelled, was born in Northamptonshire, in 1631. He was educated partly at Westminster, and partly at Trinity College, Cambridge. His first acknowledged publication, was a poem on the death of Lord Hastings; but his most important and promising early production, was a set of heroic stanzas on the death of Cromwell.

In 1662, he became a candidate for theatrical laurels; and, within the space of thirty years, produced twenty-seven plays, the most popular of which are *The Indian Emperor* and *The Conquest of Granada*. His dramatic efforts, however, were for the most part failures; and he had but too much cause for the repentance which he expresses in regard to the licentiousness with which they are defiled. Deeply is it to be regretted, that his great talents were so instrumental in extending and prolonging the depravation of national taste. His comedy is, with scarcely an exception, false to nature,

ill-arranged, and offensive equally to taste and morality.

In 1667, appeared *Annus Mirabilis*, a poem on the memorable events of 1666,\* which may be esteemed his most elaborate work. In 1681, Dryden published the political satire of *Absalom and Achitophel*, written in the style of a scriptural narrative, in which the incidents of the rebellion of Absalom against David are admirably applied to Charles II., the Duke of Monmouth, and the intriguing Earl of Shaftesbury. It is considered the most vigorous, elastic, and finely versified satire in the English language. The attacks of a rival poet, Shadwell, drew from his pen, in 1682, another vigorous satire entitled *Mac-Flecknoe*.

In the same year was published his *Religio Laici*, a poem written to defend the Church of England against the dissenters; yet evincing a sceptical spirit with regard to revealed religion. His doubts, however, about religion were dispelled when he embraced the Roman Catholic faith. Satisfied with the prospect of an infallible guide, he exclaimed:

Good life, be now my task—my doubts are done.

The first public fruit of his conversion was a controversial poem of great force and beauty of versification, *The Hind and The Panther* (1687). The milk-white Hind is the Church of Rome; the spotted Panther is the Church of England; while the Independents, Quakers, Calvinists, and other sects, are represented by bears, hares, wolves, and other animals. The following opening lines, which Johnson styles lofty, elegant, and musical, rank among the most beautiful in our language:

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\* 'An expensive, though necessary war, a consuming pestilence, and a more consuming fire.'

A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,  
 Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged:  
 Without unspotted, innocent within,  
 She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.  
 Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds,  
 And Scythian shafts, and many-wingéd wounds,  
 Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly,  
 And doomed to death, though fated not to die.

“The wit in the *Hind and Panther*,” says Hallam, “is sharp, ready, and pleasant; the reasoning in sometimes admirably close and strong; it is the energy of Bossuet in verse.” “A more just and complete estimate of his natural and acquired powers, of the merits of his style and of its blemishes, may be formed from the *Hind and Panther*, than from any of his other writings.”\* Dryden also gave to the world versions of Juvenal and Persius, and a still weightier task, his celebrated translation of Virgil, published in 1697, which Pope hesitates not to characterize as the most noble and spirited translation he knew of in any language. The *Ode to St. Cecilia*, commonly called *Alexander's Feast*, was Dryden's next effort. It is the loftiest and most imaginative of all his compositions, and one of the noblest lyrics in the English language.

The *Fables*, published in his sixty-eighth year, are imitations of Boccaccio and Chaucer, and afford the finest specimens of Dryden's happy versification:

‘The varying verse, the full resounding line,  
 The long majestic march, and energy divine.’—Pope.

At this advanced age, his fancy was even brighter and more prolific than ever. Like a calm and brilliant sunset, it shed a lustre on the last days of the poet.

His principal prose compositions are his *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*, and his admirable *Prefaces* and *Dedica-*

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\* Macaulay.

*tions*. If there is a doubt whether he can rank with the first class of poets, there can be no question of his pre-eminence as a writer of prose. "The matchless prose of Dryden," says Lord Brougham, "is rich, various, natural, animated, pointed, lending itself to the logical as well as the narrative and picturesque; never balking, never cloying, never wearying. The vigor, freedom, variety, copiousness, that speaks an exhaustless fountain from its source: nothing can surpass Dryden." "The prose of Dryden," says Sir Walter Scott, "may rank with the best in the English language. It is no less of his own formation than his versification; it is equally spirited, and equally harmonious."

In disposition and moral character, Dryden is represented as most amiable. He declares, however, that he was not one of those whose sprightly sayings diverted company. One of his censurers makes him remark of himself,

"To writing bred, I knew not what to say."

By Congreve, who spoke from observation, he is described as 'very modest and very easily to be discountenanced, in his approaches to his equals or superiors.' "If," remarks Sir Walter Scott, "we are to judge of Dryden's sincerity in his new faith by the determined firmness with which he retained it, we must allow him to have been a martyr, or at least a confessor in the Catholic cause." His death was occasioned by an inflammation of the feet, which terminated in mortification, May, 1700. He died in the profession of the Catholic faith, with submission and resignation to the divine will. His body was interred in Westminster Abbey, next to the tomb of Chaucer.



## REASON BUT AN AID TO FAITH.

(From *Religio Laici*.)

Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars  
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,  
Is Reason to the soul : and, as on high,  
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,  
Not light us here ; so Reason's glimmering ray  
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,  
But guide us upward to a better day.  
And as those nightly tapers disappear,  
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere ;  
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight ;  
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.  
Some few whose lamps shone brighter, have been led  
From cause to cause, to nature's secret head ;  
And found that one first principle must be :  
But what, or who, that universal He ;  
Whether some soul encompassing this ball,  
Unmade, unmoved ; yet making, moving all ;  
Or various atoms' interfering dance  
Leaped into form, the noble work of chance ;  
Or this great all was from eternity ;  
Not e'en the Stagirite himself could see ;  
And Epicurus guessed as well as he :  
And blindly groped they for a future state ;  
As rashly judged of providence and fate :  
But least of all could their endeavors find  
What most concerned the good of human kind :  
For happiness was never to be found ;  
But vanished from them like enchanted ground.  
One thought Content the good to be enjoyed :  
This every little accident destroyed :  
The wiser madmen did for Virtue toil :  
A thorny, or at best a barren soil :  
In pleasure some their glutton souls would steep,  
But found their line too short, the well too deep ;  
And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.  
Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,  
Without a centre where to fix the soul :  
In this wild maze their vain endeavors end :  
How can the less the greater comprehend ?

Or finite reason reach Infinity ?  
For what could fathom God were more than He.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

*An Ode in honor of St. Cecilia's Day.*

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won  
By Philip's warlike son;  
Aloft in awful state  
The godlike hero sate  
On his imperial throne;  
His valiant peers were placed around;  
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound,—  
So should desert in arms be crowned:

The lovely Thais, by his side,  
Sate, like a blooming Eastern bride,  
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.  
Happy, happy, happy pair!  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high  
Amid the tuneful quire,  
With flying fingers touched the lyre:  
The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
And heavenly joys inspire. . . .

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;  
Fought all his battles o'er again;  
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the  
slain.

The master saw the madness rise;  
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;  
And, while he Heaven and Earth defied,  
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.  
He chose a mournful Muse,  
Soft pity to infuse:  
He sung Darius great and good,  
By too severe a fate  
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
Fallen from his high estate,  
And weltering in his blood;

Deserted at his utmost need  
By those his former bounty fed,  
On the bare earth exposed he lies,  
With not a friend to close his eyes.  
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,  
Revolving in his altered soul  
The various turns of Chance below;  
And now and then a sigh he stole,  
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled, to see  
That love was in the next degree:  
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,  
For pity melts the mind to love.  
Softly sweet in Lydian measures  
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.  
War, he sung, is toil and trouble:  
Honor but an empty bubble;  
Never ending, still beginning,  
Fighting still, and still destroying;  
If the world be worth thy winning,  
Think, O think it worth enjoying:  
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
Take the goods the gods provide thee!  
The many rend the skies with loud applause;  
So love was crowned, but Music won the cause.  
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
Gazed on the fair  
Who caused his care,  
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,  
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:  
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,  
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again:  
A louder yet and yet a louder strain.  
Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.  
Hark, hark, the horrid sound  
Has raised up his head,  
As, awaked from the dead,  
And amazed, he stares around.

Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries,  
 See the Furies arise:  
 See the snakes that they rear,  
 How they hiss in their hair,  
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!  
 Behold a ghastly band,  
 Each a torch in his hand!  
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,  
 And unburied remain  
 Inglorious on the plain:  
 Give the vengeance due  
 To the valiant crew!  
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
 How they point to the Persian abodes,  
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods!  
 The princes applaud with a furious joy;  
 And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;  
 Thais led the way,  
 To light him to his prey,  
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus, long ago,  
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,  
 While organs yet were mute,  
 Timotheus to his breathing flute  
 And sounding lyre  
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.  
 At last divine Cecilia came,  
 Inventress of the vocal frame;  
 The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store  
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
 And added length to solemn sounds,  
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
 Or both divide the crown;  
 He raised a mortal to the skies,  
 She drew an angel down.

CHRISTIAN RESIGNATION UNDER HUMAN REPROACH.

(From *The Hind and Panther*.)

Be vengeance wholly left to powers divine! . . .  
 If joys hereafter must be purchased here,  
 With loss of all that mortals hold most dear,

Then, welcome, infamy and public shame,  
 And last, a long farewell to worldly fame!  
 'Tis said with ease, but, oh, how hardly tried  
 By haughty souls to human honor tied!  
 Oh, sharp convulsive pangs of agonizing pride!  
 Down, then, thou rebel, never more to rise!  
 And what thou didst, and dost, so dearly prize,  
 That fame, that darling fame, make that thy sacrifice;—  
 'Tis nothing thou hast given; then add thy tears  
 For a long race of unrepenting years;  
 'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou hast to give;  
 Then add those may-be years thou hast to live;  
 Yet nothing still; then poor and naked come;  
 Thy Father will receive his unthrift home,  
 And thy blessed Saviour's blood discharge the mighty sum.

## HISTORY.

It may now be expected that, having written the life of a historian [Plutarch], I should take occasion to write somewhat concerning history itself. But I think to commend it is unnecessary, for the profit and pleasure of that story are so very obvious, that a quick reader will be beforehand with me, and imagine faster than I can write. Besides that the post is taken up already; and but few authors have travelled this way, but who have strewed it with rhetoric as they passed. For my own part, who must confess it to my shame that I never read anything but for pleasure, it has always been the most delightful entertainment of my life; but they who have employed the study of it, as they ought, for their instruction, for the regulation of their private manners, and the management of public affairs, must agree with me that it is the most pleasant school of wisdom. It is a familiarity with past ages, and an acquaintance with all the heroes of them; it is, if you will pardon the similitude, a prospective glass, carrying your soul to a vast distance, and taking in the farthest objects of antiquity. It informs the understanding by the memory; it helps us to judge of what will happen by showing us the like revolution of former times. For, mankind being the same in all ages, agitated by the same passions, and moved to action by the same interests, nothing can come to pass but some precedent of the like nature has already been produced; so that having the causes before our eyes, we cannot easily be deceived in the

effects, if we have judgment enough but to draw the parallel. God, it is true, with his divine providence overrules and guides all actions to the secret end he has ordained them; but, in the way of human causes, a wise man may easily discern that there is a natural connection betwixt them; and, though he cannot foresee accidents, or all things that possibly can come, he may apply examples, and by them foretell that from the like counsels will probably succeed the like events; and thereby in all concernments, and all offices of life, be instructed in the two main points on which depend our happiness—that is, what to avoid, and what to choose.

#### OTHER WRITERS.

WILLIAM HABINGTON (1605-1654), belonged to a Catholic family of good standing. He was educated at the Jesuit College of St. Omer and in Paris. At the request of Charles I. he wrote a *History of Edward IV.* He composed a play, *The Queen of Arragon*, which was acted at court, and *Observations on History.* The *Castara* of his verse is his wife, whose good qualities he celebrates in the purest accents of love, and great elegance of style; and, under the same title, he collected and published his poems. "Habington writes ever like a Christian and a gentleman, as well as like a poet." \*

SIR KENELM DIGBY (1603-1665) was one of the most remarkable men of his time. Wood styles him 'a magazine of all the arts,' and Clarendon, his contemporary, declares that he had all the advantages that nature, and art, and an excellent education, can give. He wrote many works of natural philosophy, and several others of a religious or controversial character. At the age of thirty-three, he left the Church of England to profess the Catholic faith, on which account he suffered exile and pecuniary losses. To the end of his life, he remained a type of the true Christian knight.

✓ JAMES SHIRLEY (1594-1666) closes the Shakespearian era of dramatic writers. He gave up the curacy of St. Albans to embrace the Catholic faith. Thenceforth he had to work hard for his daily bread, first as a teacher, afterwards as a writer for the stage. He wrote thirty-nine plays, of which *Gamesters* is reputed the best. In one of them is found a fine lyric, *Death's Final Conquest.* Shirley excels his contemporary dramatists in purity of thought and expression.

We quote the first stanza of *Death's Final Conquest*:

The glories of our blood and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things;  
There is no armor against fate,  
Death lays his icy hand on kings.  
Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

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\* Aubrey de Vere.



JEREMY TAYLOR (1613-1667), a Protestant Bishop, is generally considered as the most eloquent pulpit orator produced by the Anglican Establishment. He is the author of many religious works and sermons. Their characteristic defects are luxuriance of imagination, accumulation of ill-seasoned learning, excessive use and straining of rhetorical flowers. "The eloquence of Taylor is great," says Hallam, "but it is not eloquence of the highest class; it is far too Asiatic."

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT (1605-1668), called by Southey a poet of rare and indubitable genius, had more fame in his time than he has preserved. He wrote as many as twenty-five plays and many other poetical works. *Gondibert*, the best known of his productions, is an unfinished heroic poem of 6000 lines, of which Scott has said that "few poems afford more instances of vigorous conception, and even of felicity of expression." But the chief merit of Davenant, in our estimation, is the effort which he made "to rescue poetry from becoming the mere handmaid of pleasure, and to restore her to her natural rank in society, as an auxiliary of religion and virtue." In 1638, he succeeded Ben Jonson as poet-laureate; and, a few years later, became a Roman Catholic. During the Commonwealth, when imprisoned and in danger of his life, he owed his release to Milton's interference; a service which he repaid after the Restoration by successfully exerting his influence in behalf of his benefactor and brother poet.

SIR JOHN DENHAM (1615-1668), the author of *Cooper's Hill*, was born at Dublin, of a noble family. With other dissolute cavaliers, he soon squandered his fortune, which, however, he found means to repair at the Restoration. *Cooper's Hill* describes the scenery along the banks and in the vicinity of the Thames. Dryden declared that "*Cooper's Hill* is, and ever will be, the standard of good writing." Denham wrote other works, *Sophy*, a tragedy, *The Destruction of Troy*, *Cato Major*, which are all but forgotten.

ROBERT HERRICK (1591-1634) still holds a high rank among the lyric poets of England. Some of his effusions, as his odes *To Blossoms*, *To Daffodils*, and *To Meadows* are distinguished for their brilliancy and terseness. Unfortunately, the greater number are tainted with unpardonable licentiousness.

EDWARD HYDE (1608-1674), Earl of Clarendon, was alike eminent as a statesman of great ability, and a writer of uncommon merit. Educated at Oxford, and subsequently a lawyer of distinction, he began in 1640 his political career as a member of Parliament. The cause of Charles I. had never a more zealous and faithful adherent than Clarendon. He shared the wanderings, hardships, and poverty of the royal exile, Charles II. The Restoration paid him back with the highest honors in the gift of the king. But the envy of his enemies, well seconded by the haughtiness of his own disposition, forced him to a second exile, which gradually bent him to the grave.

Clarendon's writings are numerous and of great value. The most important is the *History of the Rebellion*, that is, of the civil war connected with the expulsion and restoration of the Stuarts (1640-1660). His characters are drawn with a masterly hand. His style is simple, clear, and idiomatic. But he is an out-and-out partisan, and therefore cannot be trusted entirely. His sentences are too lengthy and defiant of the rules of grammar. Clarendon wrote also an *Account of his own Life*, which is full of interest. There he tells us of the guiding rule which he adopted, of seeking the company of persons better than himself; and hence "he never was so proud, or thought

himself so good a man, as when he was the worst man in the company." The State Papers during the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II. are also from his pen, and rank among his best efforts. His other works are: *Brief View of Hobbes's Leviathan*, *History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in Ireland*.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE (1605-1682), M.D., has kept the reputation of a deep thinker. His great work is *Religio Medici*, which at once obtained distinction for its author, at home and abroad. It is a philosophical treatise, in English, on Christian faith and charity. Prejudices blinded him to the last conclusion which Christian philosophy must draw in behalf of the Roman Catholic Church, as the sole judge of faith deputed by Christ. He indeed acknowledged a leaning towards her practices and devotions: "I am, I confess, naturally inclined to that which misguided zeal terms superstition," "I could never hear the Hail Mary bell without an elevation,"—but he went no farther. Sir Thomas is an exuberant writer, whose imagination seems to be inexhaustible. His extravagant use of Latin derivatives renders him obscure, even unintelligible to readers unacquainted with Latin. It is nothing strange for him to use such words as *exolution*, *ingression*, *gustation*, *adumbration*, *advenient*, *lapidifical*, *conglaciate*, *indigitate*.

IZAACK WALTON (1593-1683) obtained and has kept up his reputation of a classical writer by his popular work, *The Complete Angler*, written in simple, interesting prose. He wrote with the same felicity of style, the *Life of Donne*, *Wotton*, *Hooker*, *George Herbert*, and *Bishop Sanderson*.

THOMAS OTWAY (1651-1685) was a dramatist of great pathetic powers, but who squandered away mind and life in dissipation. Two of his tragedies have survived on the stage, *The Orphan*, which is objectionable in point of moral purity, and *Venice Preserved*. Otway is singularly affective, but has no breadth of thought nor great beauty of diction.

EDMUND WALLER (1605-1687) had a very checkered life, as he passed alternately from the republican to the royalist, and from the royalist to the republican party. As a poet, he enjoyed the widest popularity, which continued after his death for a hundred years. His poems, which were all written for special occasions, are short, polished, refined, but full of extravagant conceits.

### SECTION THE THIRD, THE CLASSICAL AGE, 1700-1800.

The eighteenth century has been called the Classical Age, less on account of the refinement and polish of its writers than of their professed imitation of classic models. The best talents of the age busied themselves with the translation of the Greek and Latin authors. Criticism laid down rules for perfection in every branch of literature, while satire sought out and exposed every foible, every eccentricity, whether of pub-

lie society or private individuals. Not originality, but artificial correctness and brilliancy of diction, characterize this epoch. The reign of Queen Anne (1702-1714) was particularly distinguished, and, for a long time, was looked upon as superior to any other era of English literature; but this opinion has not been confirmed. "Speaking generally of that generation of authors, it may be said that, as poets, they had no force or greatness of fancy, no pathos, and no enthusiasm; and, as philosophers, no comprehensiveness, depth, or originality. They are sagacious, no doubt, neat, clear, and reasonable; but, for the most part, cold, timid, and superficial."\*

Under the first two Georges (1714-1760), we meet, with some minor poems of great excellence, as the hardly surpassed lyrics of Collins and Gray, and some original productions, as Thomson's *Seasons*; yet, a spirit of servile imitation of Pope and Addison generally prevails.

During the reign of George III. (1760-1820), Johnson for twenty years holds the dictatorial sway, while at his side, with more modest pretensions, Goldsmith writes simpler, but inimitable prose and exquisite poetry. Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon, introduce History in a more brilliant garb than she had yet assumed before the English public. At the same time, the American War, by exciting the eloquence of Chatham and Burke, awakened the nation to a sense of justice which the government seemed not to comprehend. Before the end of the century, Cowper's graphic descriptions of English life and scenery began a reaction towards naturalness, which has developed in the nineteenth century.

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\* Lord Jeffrey.

## JOSEPH ADDISON, 1672-1719.

Joseph Addison, whom Macaulay styles the greatest of English essayists, was born at Milston in Wiltshire, in 1672. At the age of fifteen, he entered the University of Oxford, and applied himself with such diligence to classical learning, that he acquired an elegant Latin style before he arrived at that age in which lads usually begin to write good English. In his twenty-second year, he addressed some verses to Dryden, which were highly praised by eminent judges. In 1699, he left England on a visit to the classic soil of Italy; and, soon after his return, published his *Travels in Italy*, a work which, Dr. Johnson says, might have been written at home. Many parts of this work exhibit Addison as a vulgar bigot. His next composition was *The Campaign*, a poem in praise of the battle of Blenheim, written at the request of Treasurer Godolphin. It is still remembered for the passage in which he compares the victorious Marlborough to an angel guiding the whirlwind. The ministry, as a token of its satisfaction, appointed him Commissioner of Appeals. From this office he was afterwards called to others more important, and ultimately (1717) became one of His Majesty's principal Secretaries of State. A new field of literature was meantime offered to Addison, in which he won a reputation that has never been surpassed. His friend, Richard Steele, had started, in 1709, the publication of *The Tatler*, which was soon after succeeded by *The Spectator* and *The Guardian*. Addison contributed 42 essays to *The Tatler*, 274 to *The Spectator*, and 53 to *The Guardian*. His essays in *The Spectator* are marked with one of the letters C. L. I. O.; those in *The Guardian*, by a hand. They may be ranged under the comic,

the serious, and the critical. His humor is peculiar; his satire easy and delicate; and he is greatly to be commended for his endeavor, as he himself says in No. 10 of *The Spectator*, 'to enliven morality with wit and to temper wit with morality.' But the two are so frequently in antagonism that it is difficult always to preserve the one without some sacrifice of the other, and few great wits even among divines have completely mastered this difficulty. His serious papers are distinguished by beauty, propriety, and elegance of style.

His tragedy of *Cato*, strictly classical in form, but stiff and cold, was represented in 1713; and, owing to party feelings, met, at the time, with extraordinary success. But it is now comparatively neglected, although abounding with noble sentiments. As a poet, Addison does not take the highest rank. One of his best pieces is his poetical *Letter to Lord Halifax* from Italy, in 1701. "Its versification," says Dr. Drake, "is remarkably sweet and polished; its vein of description usually rich and clear, and its sentiments often pathetic, and sometimes even sublime."

*The Evidences of Christianity*, a prose work, was useful at the time, as recommending the subject by elegance and perspicuity to popular notice, but since superseded by more complete treatises.

"Perhaps no English writer," says Allibone, "has been so fortunate as Addison in uniting so many discordant tastes in a unanimous verdict of approbation. Browne has been thought pedantic, Johnson inflated, Taylor conceited, and Burke exuberant; but the graceful simplicity of Addison delights alike the rude taste of the uneducated, and the classic judgment of the learned." Dr. Johnson has pronounced the well-known verdict in his favor: "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant,



but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."

In politics, earnest but not violent, he was respected by individuals of both parties. Serious and reserved in his manners, modest and even timid in society, he spoke little before strangers; but he was easy, fluent, and familiar, in the company of his friends: in his own words, "he could draw bills for a thousand pounds, though he had not a guinea in his pocket."

He had long been subject to asthma, and this, together with a dropsical affection, soon made it evident that his hour of dissolution could not be far distant. The event, which he calmly anticipated, took place in Holland House, in 1719.

#### THE VISION OF MIRZA.

(From *Spectator*, No. CLIX.)

When I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others, I met with one entitled, *The Vision of Mirza*, which I have read over with pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them, and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows:

On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and, passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hands. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever



heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men, upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures. I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and, as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept.

The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and, taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me."

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, "Cast thine eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it." "The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity." "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?" "What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now," said he, "this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is Human Life; consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number to about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that

this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches, but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. "But, tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it." "I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it." As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them, to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled, and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sank. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius, seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are

perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches." "These," said the genius, "are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest Human Life."

I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas," said I, "man was made in vain!—how is he given away to misery and mortality!—tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!" The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity, but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it." I directed my sight as I was ordered, and—whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate—I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers, and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats, but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the Gates of Death, that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who according to the degree

and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them. Every island is a paradise, accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza! habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity for him." I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I: "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant?" The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

SIR RICHARD STEELE, 1671-1729.

Sir Richard Steele, whose name is inseparably linked with that of Addison, was born in Dublin of English parents. Placed at the Charter-house, London, by the patronage of the Duke of Ormond, he there made his first acquaintance with Addison, whose talent, diligence, and success he began to admire. Far, however, from imitating the virtues of his friend, Steele contracted those habits of carelessness and improvidence which accompanied him through life. At Oxford, he did not exert himself for a degree. On leaving the University, he enlisted as private in the Horse Guards. This rash step cost him a fortune; for, a wealthy relative in Wexford, on this account, struck him out of his will. Soon the gay trooper obtained promotion, and ultimately became a captain in Lucas's Fusiliers. The wild and dissipated life to which he then abandoned himself, was

not without remorse. It was to satisfy his conscience that he wrote and published a devotional book, *The Christian Hero*, which he intended both as an expression of his reform, and a means of effecting it; but, his change of conduct having become the sport of his brother officers, he soon again returned to his old habits. We next find him a dramatist. In 1702 and the two following years, he produced three comedies,—*The Funeral*, *The Tender Husband*, and *The Lying Lover*,—which had but little success. In 1709, during the war of the Spanish succession, his employment as Gazetteer suggested to him the idea of *The Tatler*, a tri-weekly paper, containing the last items of the news, and generally followed by an essay. Addison now associated himself with his old friend. The success of *The Tatler*, prepared the way for the greater success of *The Spectator* and *The Guardian*. Steele contributed 188 papers to *The Tatler*, 240 to *The Spectator*, and 82 to *The Guardian*. The short essay was truly the element for the genius of both writers. Raciness of humor, vivacity of tone, and purity of language, characterize these papers, which treat chiefly of literature and public manners. Steele loses somewhat from comparison with his partner. His essays, though teeming with originality and freshness, lack the finish and admirable grace which mark those of Addison. Nature had done more for Steele: Addison's steady application to his art more than compensated for his lesser gifts of genius.

Steele mingled considerably in the politics of the times, became a member of Parliament, and wrote many pamphlets or articles in behalf of the Whig party. For one of these pamphlets, he was expelled from the House; but George I. rewarded his zeal by the knighthood and several lucrative appointments. His extrava-



gance and dissipation, however, kept his purse empty. On one occasion, Addison, who had lent him £1000, sold his friend's country-house at Hampton, and, after reimbursing himself, handed over the balance to Steele, who was glad to have some ready money to soothe the importunities of his creditors. The last literary work of Steele was *The Conscious Lovers*, a comedy, which was acted with great success in 1722. The remainder of his life was spent in Wales on a small estate, left him by indulgent creditors. Here he died of paralysis in 1729.

Steele was married twice. Some four hundred letters, written to his second wife, are still extant. They are full of wit and amiability, and do not hide the weaknesses of their gifted author. "Steele," says Allibone, "was one of the most amiable and improvident of men. . . . Often sinning, often repenting, always good-natured, and generally in debt, he multiplied troubles as few men will, and bore them better than most men can."

#### STORY-TELLING.

I have often thought that a story-teller is born, as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain that some men have such a peculiar cast of mind, that they see things in another light than men of grave dispositions. Men of a lively imagination and a mirthful temper, will represent things to their hearers in the same manner as they themselves were affected with them; and whereas serious spirits might perhaps have been disgusted at the sight of some odd occurrences in life, yet the very same occurrences shall please them in a well-told story, where the disagreeable parts of the images are concealed, and those only which are pleasing exhibited to the fancy. Story-telling is therefore not an art, but what we call a 'knack;' it does not so much subsist upon wit as upon humor; and I will add that it is not perfect without proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend such merry emotions of the mind. I know very well that a certain gravity of countenance sets some



stories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be surprised in the end. But this is by no means a general rule; for it is frequently convenient to aid and assist by cheerful looks and whimsical agitations. I will go yet further, and affirm that the success of a story very often depends upon the make of the body, and the formation of the features, of him who relates it. I have been of this opinion ever since I criticised upon the chin of Dick Dewlap. I very often had the weakness to repine at the prosperity of his conceits, which made him pass for a wit with the widow at the coffee-house, and the ordinary mechanics that frequent it; nor could I myself forbear laughing at them most heartily, though, upon examination, I thought most of them very flat and insipid. I found, after some time, that the merit of his wit was founded upon the shaking of a fat paunch, and the tossing-up of a pair of rosy jowls. Poor Dick had a fit of sickness, which robbed him of his fat and his fame at once; and it was full three months before he regained his reputation, which rose in proportion to his floridity. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good constitution for wit.

Those who are thus adorned with the gifts of nature, are apt to show their parts with too much ostentation. I would therefore advise all the professors of this art never to tell stories but as they seem to grow out of the subject-matter of the conversation, or as they serve to illustrate or enliven it. Stories that are very common are generally irksome, but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only hinted at and mentioned by way of allusion. Those that are altogether new, should never be ushered in without a short and pertinent character of the chief persons concerned, because, by that means, you may make the company acquainted with them; and it is a certain rule, that slight and trivial accounts of those who are familiar to us, administer more mirth, than the brightest points of wit in unknown characters. A little circumstance in the complexion or dress of the man you are talking of, sets his image before the hearer, if it be chosen aptly for the story. Thus, I remember Tom Lizard, after having made his sisters merry with an account of a formal old man's way of complimenting, owned very frankly that his story would not have been worth one farthing, if he had made the hat of him whom he represented one inch narrower. Besides the marking distinct characters and selecting pertinent circumstances, it is

likewise necessary to leave off in time, and end smartly; so that there is a kind of drama in the forming of a story; and the manner of conducting and pointing it is the same as in an epigram. It is a miserable thing, after one hath raised the expectation of the company by humorous characters and a pretty conceit, to pursue the matter too far. There is no retreating; and how poor it is for a story-teller to end his relation by saying, "That's all!"

As the choosing of pertinent circumstances is the life of a story, and that wherein humor principally consists, so the collectors of impertinent particulars are the very bane and opiates of conversation. Old men are great transgressors this way. Poor Ned Poppy—he's gone!—was a very honest man, but was so excessively tedious over his pipe, that he was not to be endured. He knew so exactly what they had for dinner, when such a thing happened, in what ditch his bay horse had his sprain at that time, and how his man John—no, it was William—started a hare in the common field, that he never got to the end of his tale.

But of all evils in story-telling, the humor of telling tales one after another in great numbers, is the least supportable. Sir Harry Pandolf and his son gave my Lady Lizard great offence in this particular. Sir Harry hath what they call a string of stories, which he tells over every Christmas. When our family visits there, we are constantly, after supper, entertained with the Glastonbury Thorn. When we have wondered at that a little, "Ay, but father," saith the son, "let us have the Spirit in the Wood." After that hath been laughed at, "Ay, but father," cries the booby again, "tell us how you served the robber." "Alack-a-day," saith Sir Harry, with a smile, and rubbing his forehead, "I have almost forgot that, but it is a pleasant conceit to be sure." Accordingly he tells that and twenty more in the same independent order, and without the least variation, at this day, as he hath done to my knowledge ever since the Revolution. . . .

I likewise have a poor opinion of those who have got a trick of keeping a steady countenance, that cock their hats and look glum when a pleasant thing is said, and ask, "Well, and what then?" Men of wit and parts should treat one another with benevolence; and I will lay it down as a maxim, that if you seem to have a good opinion of another man's wit, he will allow you to have judgment.

HOLY GHOST

APOSTOLICAL SCHOOL

FORN WALLS, &c.

## LETTER OF STEELE TO HIS WIFE.

HAMPTON COURT, March 16, 1717.

DEAR PRUE: If you have written anything to me which I should have received last night, I beg your pardon that I cannot answer it till the next post. The House of Commons will be very busy the next week; and I had many things, public and private, for which I wanted four-and-twenty hours' retirement, and therefore came to visit your son. I came out of town yesterday, being Friday, and shall return to-morrow. Your son, at the present writing, is mighty well employed, tumbling on the floor of the room, and sweeping the sand with a feather. He grows a most delightful child, and very full of play and spirit. He is also a very great scholar: he can read his primer, and I have brought down my Virgil. He makes most shrewd remarks upon the pictures. We are very intimate friends and playfellows. He begins to be very ragged, and I hope I shall be pardoned, if I equip him with new clothes and frock, or what Mrs. Evans and I shall think for his service.

I am, dear Prue, ever yours,

RICHARD STEELE.

## DANIEL DEFOE, 1659 or 60-1731.

Daniel Defoe, a writer of great ingenuity and fertility of invention, considered by some as the founder of the English novel, was born in London in 1661. His father's name was simply Foe. He was educated for the ministry in a dissenting sect; but embraced a mercantile career. We find him successively hosier, tile-maker, woollen merchant, and political pamphleteer. In 1702, the publication of *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, a piece of irony, which the government understood in its literal meaning, occasioned his imprisonment in Newgate for two years. Whilst in jail, he published a periodical called *The Review*, which is supposed to have given Steele the hint for his Tatler. When fifty-five years of age, he published his first prose fiction, *Robinson Crusoe*, which met with extraordinary success.

This was soon followed by a number of other lives and adventures, among which may be mentioned *The Dumb Philosopher*, *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, *Captain Singleton*, *Duncan Campbell*, *Colonel Jack*, and the *Journal of the Plague in 1665*. He wrote in all two hundred and ten books and pamphlets.

His *Robinson Crusoe* is not only the first, in the order of time, of that class of works in our language; but to this day remains unrivalled in many important particulars. Johnson has said of it, "Nobody ever laid it down, without wishing it were longer." Defoe had a perfect mastery of the art of invention, an almost unbounded power in creating incidents and situations. His minute and circumstantial details, combined with their entire naturalness, cheat the reader into a belief of the reality and truth of what he reads. In this power of feigning reality, or, as Sir Walter Scott terms it, of "forging the handwriting of nature," he has never been surpassed. Nor is the author's idiomatic style the smallest of his merits.

Defoe is not what we would call a very moral writer. He seems to delight in describing vicious characters and lawless adventurers. Macaulay, who had, it is true, a peculiar dislike of him, says that "some of his tracts are worse than immoral; quite beastly." As in most Protestant writers, so in Defoe, the hatred and utter ignorance of Catholic doctrine and practices, are sure to find their way on every occasion and without occasion.

After repeated struggles with want and disease, this voluminous writer closed a long and agitated existence in 1731. "I have, some time ago," says he of himself, "summed up the scenes of my life in this distich:

No man has tasted differing fortunes more;  
And thirteen times I have been rich and poor."

## THE PLAGUE AT BLACKWALL.

(From the *Journal of the Plague.*)

Much about the same time, I walked out into the fields towards Bow, for I had a great mind to see how things were managed in the river, and among the ships; and, as I had some concern in shipping, I had a notion that it had been one of the best ways of securing one's self from the infection, to have retired into a ship; and, musing how to satisfy my curiosity in that point, I turned away over the fields, from Bow to Bromley, and down to Blackwall, to the stairs that are there for landing, or taking water.

Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank or sea-wall, as they call it, by himself. I walked awhile also about, seeing the houses all shut up; at last I fell into some talk, at a distance, with this poor man. First, I asked him how people did thereabouts? Alas! sir, says he, almost desolate; all dead or sick: here are very few families in this part, or in that village, pointing at Poplar, where half of them are not dead already, and the rest sick. Then pointing to one house, there they are all dead, said he, and the house stands open; nobody dares go into that. A poor thief, says he, ventured in to steal something, but he paid dear for his theft, for he was carried to the church-yard too, last night. Then he pointed to several other houses. There, says he, they are all dead, the man, and his wife, and five children. There, says he, they are shut up; you see a watchman at the door, and so of other houses. Why, said I, what do you do here all alone? Why, says he, I am a poor desolate man; it hath pleased God I am not yet visited, though my family is, and one of my children dead. How do you mean then, said I, that you are not visited? Why, says he, that is my house, pointing to a very little, low, boarded house, and there my wife and two poor children live, said he, if they may be said to live; for my wife and one of my children are visited, but I do not come at them. And with that word I saw the tears run very plentifully down his face; and so they did down mine too, I assure you.

But, said I, why do you not come at them? How can you abandon your own flesh and blood? Oh, sir, says he, the Lord forbid; I do not abandon them; I work for them as much as I am able; and, blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want. And with that I observed he lifted up his eyes to heaven, with a countenance that presently told me I had happened on a man



that was no hypocrite, but a serious, religious, good man; and his ejaculation was an expression of thankfulness, that, in such a condition as he was in, he should be able to say his family did not want. Well, said I, honest man, that is a great mercy, as things go now with the poor. But how do you live then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all? Why, sir, says he, I am a waterman, and there is my boat, says he, and the boat serves me for a house; I work in it in the day, and I sleep in it in the night, and what I get I lay it down upon that stone, says he, showing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from his house; and then, says he, I halloo and call to them till I make them hear, and they come and fetch it.

Well, friend, said I, but how can you get money as a waterman? Does anybody go by water these times? Yes, sir, says he, in the way I am employed, there does. Do you see there, says he, five ships lie at anchor? pointing down the river a good way below the town; and do you see, says he, eight or ten ships lie at the chain there, and at anchor yonder? pointing above the town. All those ships have families on board, of their merchants and owners, and such like, who have locked themselves up, and live on board, close shut in, for fear of the infection; and I tend on them to fetch things for them, carry letters, and do what is absolutely necessary, that they may not be obliged to come on shore; and every night I fasten my boat on board one of the ship's boats, and there I sleep by myself; and blessed be God I am preserved hitherto. . . . Here he stopt, and wept very much.

Well, honest friend, said I, thou hast a sure comforter, if thou hast brought thyself to be resigned to the will of God; he is dealing with us all in judgment.

Oh, sir, says he, it is infinite mercy if any of us are spared; and who am I, to repine?

#### ROBINSON CRUSOE DISCOVERS THE FOOTPRINT.

It happened one day about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand: I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition; I listened, I looked around me, I could hear nothing, nor see anything; I went up to a rising ground to look farther; I went up the shore and down the shore, but it was all one, I



could see no other impression but that one: I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot, toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came thither I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused, and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man; nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes an affrighted imagination represented things to me in; how many wild ideas were formed every moment in my fancy, and what strange, unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts by the way.

When I came to my castle, for so I think I called it ever after this, I fled into it like one pursued; whether I went over by the ladder, at first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I called a door, I cannot remember; for never frightened hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

How strange a checker-work of Providence is the life of man! And by what secret differing springs are the affections hurried about, as differing circumstances permit! To-day we love what to-morrow we hate; to-day we seek what to-morrow we shun; to-day we desire what to-morrow we fear; nay, even tremble at the apprehensions of. This was exemplified in me at this time in the most lively manner imaginable; for I, whose only affliction was, that I seemed banished from human society, that I was alone, circumscribed by the boundless ocean, cut off from mankind, and condemned to what I call a silent life; that I was as one whom Heaven thought not worthy to be numbered among the living, or to appear among the rest of his creatures; that to have seen one of my own species would have seemed to me a raising me from death to life, and the greatest blessing that Heaven itself, next to the supreme blessing of salvation, could bestow; I say, that I should now tremble at the very apprehensions of seeing a man, and was ready to sink into the ground, at but the shadow, or silent appearance of a man's having set his foot on the island! . . .

However, as I went down thus two or three days, and having seen nothing, I began to be a little bolder, and to think

there was really nothing in it but my own imagination. But I could not persuade myself fully of this, till I should go down to the shore again, and see this print of a foot, and measure it by my own, and see if there was any similitude or fitness, that I might be assured it was my own foot. But when I came to the place first, it appeared evidently to me, that when I laid up my boat, I could not possibly be on shore anywhere thereabouts. Secondly, when I came to measure the mark with my own foot, I found my foot not so large by a great deal. Both these things filled my head with new imaginations, and gave me the vapors again to the highest degree; so that I shook with cold, like one in an ague; and I went home again, filled with the belief, that some man or men had been on shore there; or, in short, that the island was inhabited, and I might be surprised before I was aware; and what course to take for my security, I knew not. Oh! what ridiculous resolutions men take, when possessed with fear! It deprives them of the use of those means which reason offers for their relief.

#### ALEXANDER POPE, 1688-1744.

The chief representative name in the literature of Queen Anne's time, is that of Alexander Pope. He was born in London of Roman Catholic parents, in 1688. His early education, on account of his feeble frame and delicate constitution, was chiefly domestic; and he was placed, at the age of eight years, under the care of a Catholic priest, from whom he learned the rudiments of Latin and Greek. At a very early period, he manifested the greatest fondness for poetry. Whilst at the school at Hyde Park Corner, he formed a play taken from Ogilby's Homer, intermixed with verses of his own; and had it acted by his schoolfellows. About his twelfth year, he was taken home and privately instructed by another priest who lived in the neighborhood. To this period is assigned his *Ode on Solitude*. He himself says:

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,  
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.

Subsequently he appears to have been the director of his own studies, and to have continued them perseveringly with little assistance from others. At the age of sixteen, he wrote his *Pastorals*, remarkable for their correct and musical versification, and more remarkable still for the *Discourse on Pastoral Poetry* which introduces them. In 1711, appeared his *Essay on Criticism*, in which we find to an eminent degree combined sound principles of taste, terseness of expression, beauty of illustration, and poetical harmony. Two years later, he published *The Rape of the Lock*, the most imaginative of his works, the best specimen extant of mock-heroic or miniature epic poetry. The object of the poem was to reconcile two families estranged by the theft of a lady's lock. At the same period, when he was twenty-five years of age, he issued proposals for the *Translation of the Iliad*, a work which was accomplished in five years, and whose great and signal merits justly elicited the warmest eulogiums from the literary world. "But in the most general applause," says Dr. Johnson, "discordant voices will always be heard. It has been objected that Pope's version of Homer is not Homeric. In estimating this translation, consideration must be had of the nature of our language, the form of our metre, and, above all, of the change which two thousand years have made in the modes of life, and the habits of thought. It will be found, in the progress of learning, that in all nations the first writers are simple, and that every age improves its elegance. One refinement always makes way for another; and what was expedient to Virgil, was necessary to Pope. Pope wrote for his own age and his own nation." In spite of adverse criticism, the fact remains that, of all English translations of Homer, the most extensively read and quoted is that of Alexander Pope.

Among the poet's later works were his *Satires* and *Epistles* in imitation of Horace. In the *Dunciad*, or epic of dunces, the tribe of more or less obscure writers that had assailed the sensitive poet are put one by one in the pillory of public scorn, and doomed there to unenviable immortality. In the opinion of Ruskin, "the *Dunciad* is the most absolutely chiselled and monumental work exacted in our country." The *Essay on Man* (1733), the most lofty of his poems, pretends to vindicate the ways of Providence in the government of this world, but it makes God the author of moral evil, and takes away human responsibility; yet it contains many striking passages, which, for their mingled felicity of diction and energetic brevity, will always have a place in the memory of every English scholar. In the *Essay*, and some others of Pope's writings, many think that they perceive the overshadowing and malignant influence of the friendship of Lord Bolingbroke, one of the leading deistical writers of the eighteenth century. The most noted of his poems not already mentioned, are *Messiah*, *Windsor Forest*, *Moral Essays*, and *Miscellanies*. The *Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard*, and the tale of *January and May*, adapted from Chaucer, are directly offensive to morals. Pope's *Letters*, and *Preface* to his edition of Shakespeare, are models of English prose.

The rank of Pope as a poet has been a subject of much dispute. In sublimity, imagination, and pathos, he cannot enter into comparison with Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton; and, when compared with Dryden, the mind hesitates in the allotment of superiority. Without contest, he is the most brilliant and accomplished of what are called *artificial* poets. Shakespeare alone excepted, no other English poet has supplied us with so many lines for apt and happy quotation. Pope was

an ethical and satiric poet; but ethical and satirical poetry was what his age needed, and in that order of poetry he is a classic. His place in English poetry is in fact assured. Taking up the work that Dryden had begun, he saved poetry from the swamps in which it was sinking from a too conservative attachment to an obsolete idea of nature and to effete modes of composition.\*

His private character was not without faults; but they have been generally exposed with too much severity. The most unfavorable of his critics must admit that 'he was a most dutiful and affectionate son, a kind master, a sincere friend, and generally speaking a benevolent man.† Dr. Johnson says of the first-mentioned beautiful trait in his character: "The filial piety of Pope was in the highest degree amiable and exemplary. His parents had the happiness of living till he was at the summit of poetical reputation, at ease in his fortune, and without a rival in his fame; and found no diminution of his respect or tenderness." What is more touching than the following testimony of his devoted care?

Me, let the tender office long engage,  
To rock the cradle of reposing age;  
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,  
Make languor smile, and soothe the bed of death;  
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,  
And keep at least one parent from the sky.

Pope's life was 'one long disease.' During his last five years, he was afflicted with asthma and other disorders, which his physicians were unable to relieve. A short time before his death, he complained of his inability to think, yet said, "I am so certain of the soul

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\* W. J. Courthope, in *Dubl. Rev.*, Jan., 1894.

† *Rev. William Lisle Bowle.*

being immortal, that I seem to feel it within me, as it were by intuition." If he had been but too neglectful of the duties of his religion in his life-time, such was his fervor in the last hour, that he exerted all his strength to throw himself out of bed, in order to receive the last sacraments kneeling on the floor. He calmly expired in May, 1744.

## ODE ON SOLITUDE.

Happy the man whose wish and care  
A few paternal acres bound,  
Content to breathe his native air  
In his own ground:

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,  
Whose flocks supply him with attire—  
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,  
In winter, fire.

Blessed who can unconcernedly find  
Hours, days, and years glide soft away,  
In health of body, peace of mind;  
Quiet by day—

Sound sleep by night; study and ease  
Together mixed; sweet recreation;  
And innocence which most does please  
With meditation.

Thus let me live unseen, unknown—  
Thus unlamented let me die;  
Steal from the world, and not a stone  
Tell where I lie.

## PRIDE.

(From *Essay on Criticism*, Part II.)

Of all the causes which conspire to blind  
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,  
What the weak head with strongest bias rules.  
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.



Whatever Nature has in worth denied,  
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride!  
For as in bodies, thus in souls we find  
What wants in blood and spirits, swelled with wind:  
Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,  
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.  
If once right reason drives that cloud away,  
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.  
Trust not yourself; but, your defects to know,  
Make use of every friend—and every foe.  
A little learning is a dangerous thing!  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:  
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
And drinking largely sobers us again.  
Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,  
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts,  
While, from the bounded level of our mind,  
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;  
But more advanced, behold with strange surprise  
New distant scenes of endless science rise:  
So pleased, at first, the towering Alps we try,  
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;  
The eternal snows appear already past,  
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:  
But, those attained, we tremble to survey  
The growing labors of the lengthen'd way;  
The increasing prospect tries our wandering eyes,  
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.

(From *Essay on Criticism*, Part III.)

Learn then what moral critics ought to show,  
For 'tis but half a judge's task to know.  
'Tis not enough taste, judgment, learning join,  
In all you speak, let truth and candor shine;  
That not alone what to your sense is due  
All may allow, but seek your friendship too.  
Be always silent when you doubt your sense,  
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence.  
Some positive persisting fools we know,  
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;  
But you with pleasure own your errors past,  
And make each day a critic on the last.

'Tis not enough, your counsel still be true,  
 Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do.  
 Men must be taught as if you taught them not,  
 And things unknown proposed as things forgot.  
 Without good breeding, truth is disapproved;  
 That only makes superior sense beloved.  
 Be niggards of advice on no pretence,  
 For the worst avarice is that of sense.  
 With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,  
 Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.  
 Fear not the anger of the wise to raise:  
 Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.

THE DUTY OF MAN TO BE CONTENT WITH THE RANK WHICH  
 HE HOLDS IN CREATION.

(From *Essay on Man*, Ep. I.)

. . . . . On superior powers  
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours;  
 Or in the full creation leave a void,  
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed:  
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,  
 Tenth, or ten-thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

What if the foot, ordained the dust to tread,  
 Or hand to toil, aspired to be the head?  
 What if the head, the eye, or ear repined  
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?  
 Just as absurd for any part to claim  
 To be another in this general frame:  
 Just as absurd to mourn the tasks, or pains,  
 The great directing Mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;  
 That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,  
 Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame,  
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,  
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;  
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent,  
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent;  
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,  
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;  
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,  
 As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:

To him no high, no low, no great, no small;  
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all!  
 Cease then, nor order imperfection name;  
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.  
 Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree  
 Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.  
 Submit—in this or any other sphere,  
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear;  
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,  
 Or in the natal or the mortal hour.  
 All nature is but art unknown to thee;  
 All chance direction, which thou canst not see;  
 All discord, harmony not understood;  
 All partial evil, universal good:  
 And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,  
 One truth is clear, *Whatever is, is right.*

## SATIRIC SKETCH OF ADDISON.

(From the Prologue to the *Satires*.)

Peace to all such!\* but were there one whose fires  
 True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;  
 Blessed with each talent, and each art to please,  
 And born to write; converse, and live with ease;  
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,  
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,  
 View him with scornful yet with jealous eyes,  
 And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;  
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;  
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,  
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;  
 Alike reserved to blame or to commend,  
 A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;  
 Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,  
 And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;  
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,  
 And sit attentive to his own applause;  
 While wits and templars every sentence raise,  
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise—  
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?  
 Who would not weep, if Atticus † were he?

\* *I. e.* to inferior writers.

† Addison.

## DETACHED PASSAGES.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none  
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

*Essay on Criticism*, line 10.

True wit is nature to advantage dressed,  
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed. *Ib.* 297.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,  
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found. *Ib.* 310.

Envy will Merit, as its shade, pursue;  
But, like a shadow, prove the substance true. *Ib.* 467.

Good nature and good sense must ever join;  
To err is human, to forgive, Divine. *Ib.* 524.

O death, all eloquent! You only prove  
What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.  
*Eloisa to Abelard.*

For virtue only makes our bliss below;  
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.  
*Essay on Man*, iv. 397.

'Tis education forms the common mind,  
And as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.  
*Moral Essays*, ep. i. 150.

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,  
Will never mark the marble with his name. *Ib.* iii. 286.

## JONATHAN SWIFT, 1667-1745.

Jonathan Swift, more commonly known as Dean Swift, whom Voltaire styles the English Rabelais, was born in Dublin, in 1667. In his academical studies, he was either not diligent, or not happy. At Trinity College, it was only through *special favor* that he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. To repair the humiliation, he resolved to study eight hours a day, and he continued his industry for seven years.

In 1704 was published anonymously his celebrated

*Tale of a Tub*, the wildest and coarsest of polemical works. It was designed, as a burlesque and satire, to throw ridicule upon the Catholics, Lutherans, and Presbyterians, and to gain influence for the High Church party ; but it plainly shows 'that Swift, though a clergyman, was a cynic and materialist, and utterly scouted all religion in his secret heart.' \* The *Battle of the Books*, appended to the *Tale of a Tub*, is a burlesque comparison between ancient and modern authors, in which he exercises his satire against Dryden and Bentley.

In 1713, he was rewarded with the Deanery of St. Patrick's in Dublin, for his political services to the Queen's ministry. Swift was at first disliked in Ireland ; but his celebrated *Letters* under the name of M. B. Drapier, in which he ably exposed the job of Wood's patent for supplying Ireland with a copper coinage, and other writings, gave him unbounded popularity. It was about this time that he composed his famous *Gulliver's Travels*, the most original of his productions. It appeared in 1726, exhibiting a singular union of misanthropy, satire, irony, ingenuity, and humor, not unfrequently deviating into unpardonable grossness and revolting obscenity. It is really a political pamphlet, and contains many satirical allusions to the great contending parties of the state ; though most of the readers feel only the fascination of the story.

In the latter part of his life, he published another burlesque on the frivolities of fashionable life, entitled *Polite Conversation*. His most important political tracts were *The Conduct of the Allies*, *The Public Spirit of the Whigs*, and the *History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne*. As a writer, his style offers a good

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\* Thomas Arnold, Manual of Eng. Lit.

example of the easy familiarity that the language affords; but, admirable as it is for its pureness, clearness, and simplicity, it exhibits none of the glow of genius.

“His poetical works,” says Dr. Johnson, “are often humorous, almost always light; and have the qualities which recommend such compositions, easiness and gayety. The diction is correct, the numbers smooth, and the rhymes exact. There seldom occurs a hard-labored expression, or a redundant epithet; all his verses exemplify his own definition of a good style, ‘proper words in proper places.’” “Half of the bad writing of the age,” says Angus, “is owing to the fact that men have not possessed themselves of what they wish to say; and the other half, to their desire to say it finely and eloquently. Both these evils Swift avoids.”

In 1736, he had an attack of deafness and giddiness. The fate, which owing to his constitutional infirmities he had always feared, at length reached him. Indeed, madness or predisposition to madness seemed to be a part and parcel of the man, and possibly an element of his genius. The faculties of his mind decayed before his body, and the gradual decay settled into absolute idiocy, early in 1742. When he determined to bequeath his fortune to build a hospital for lunatics and idiots, he must have been sad at heart, although he gayly wrote that he did so merely

To show by one satiric touch,  
No nation wanted it so much.

#### VERSES ON HIS OWN DEATH.

The time is not remote when I  
Must by the course of nature die.



When, I foresee, my special friends  
 Will try to find their private ends:  
 And, though 'tis hardly understood,  
 Which way my death can do them good,  
 Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:  
 See, how the dean begins to break!  
 Poor gentleman! he droops apace!  
 You plainly find it in his face,  
 That old vertigo in his head  
 Will never leave him, till he's dead.  
 Besides, his memory decays:  
 He recollects not what he says;  
 He cannot call his friends to mind;  
 Forgets the place where last he dined,  
 Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;  
 He told them fifty times before.  
 How does he fancy we can sit  
 To hear his out-of-fashion wit?

. . . . .  
 Behold the fatal day arrive!  
 How is the dean? he's just alive.  
 Now the departing prayer is read;  
 He hardly breathes. The dean is dead.  
 Before the passing-bell begun,  
 The news through half the town has run.  
 Oh! may we all for death prepare!  
 What has he left? and who's his heir?  
 I know no more than what the news is,  
 'Tis all bequeathed to public uses.  
 To public uses! there's a whim!  
 What had the public done for him?  
 Mere envy, avarice, and pride:  
 He gave it all—but first he died.  
 And had the dean in all the nation  
 No worthy friend, no poor relation?  
 So ready to do strangers good,  
 Forgetting his own flesh and blood!

Here shift the scene, to represent  
 How those I love my death lament.  
 Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay  
 A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear  
 To bite his pen, and drop a tear.  
 The rest will give a shrug, and cry,  
 "I'm sorry—but we all must die!"

Indifference clad in wisdom's guise,  
 All fortitude of mind supplies;  
 For how can stony bowels melt  
 In those who never pity felt?  
 When we are lashed, they kiss the rod,  
 Resigning to the will of God.

Suppose me dead; and then suppose  
 A club assembled at the Rose,  
 Where, from discourse of this or that  
 I grow the subject of their chat.

. . . . .  
 "Alas, poor dean! his only scope  
 Was to be held a misanthrope.  
 This into general odium drew him,  
 Which, if he liked, much good may't do him.  
 His zeal was not to lash our crimes,  
 But discontent against the times:  
 For, had we made him timely offers,  
 To raise his post, or fill his coffers,  
 Perhaps he might have truckled down,  
 Like other brethren of his gown.  
 For party he would scarce have bled:  
 I say no more—because he's dead.

. . . . .  
 He gave the little wealth he had  
 To build a house for fools and mad;  
 To show, by one satiric touch,  
 No nation wanted it so much.  
 That kingdom he has left his debtor;  
 I wish it soon may have a better,  
 And, since you dread no further lashes,  
 Methinks you may forgive his ashes."

#### GULLIVER IS CARRIED UP THE COUNTRY OF LILLIPUT.

These people (the Lilliputians) are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics, by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a re-

owned patron of learning. This prince has several machines fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men-of-war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long, and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which, it seems, set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of pack-thread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords, by many pulleys fastened on the poles; and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told; for, while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopped awhile, to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep; they climbed up into the engine, and, advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently; whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my waking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of the day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sunrise we continued our march, and arrived within two

hundred yards of the city-gates about noon. The emperor, and all his court, came out to meet us; but his great officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

JAMES THOMSON, 1700–1748.

James Thomson, author of *The Seasons*, was born in Scotland in 1700. After completing his academic course at the University of Edinburgh, he went to London, taking with him his unfinished manuscript poem of *Winter*. It was published in 1726, and in the two succeeding years was followed by its beautiful companions, *Summer* and *Spring*, *Autumn* not appearing until 1730. The four works, which together compose a complete cycle of the various appearances of an English year, have kept a hold of the public mind, and deserve their popularity. In his imitation of nature and in originality of expression, Thomson is considered superior to all the descriptive poets, except Cowper; and, although he is occasionally deficient in simplicity and chasteness, he has exhibited in a thousand instances a peculiar felicity in the use of appropriate words, which paint almost to the eye

‘What oft was thought, but ne’er so well expressed.’

Dr. Johnson has sketched with a masterly hand his poetical characteristics: “He is entitled,” says this eminent critic, “to praise of the highest kind—his mode of thinking and of expressing his thoughts is original. His numbers, his powers, his diction, are of his own growth, without transcription, without imitation. He thinks in a peculiar train, and he thinks always as a man of genius. He looks round on nature and on life with the eye which nature bestows only on a poet—the eye that distinguishes in everything pre-

sented to its view whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained—and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast and attend to the minute.” “It has been customary,” says Angus, “to compare Thomson and Cowper, and the comparison is not without interest. They agree in their admiration of nature, and largely in their tenderness of feeling, in humaneness of taste and emotion. Cowper has less enthusiasm. Few passages of his are equal in power to some of Thomson’s, the Hymn of the Seasons, for example, and the description of the Earthquake of Carthage; but, in the harmony of his later verse, in ease, variety, and grace of style, Cowper is immeasurably superior.”

After the publication of *The Seasons*, Thomson employed himself in the composition of various tragedies and a poem on *Liberty*. But they are not equal to his other performances, and they are now but little read. One of these tragedies, *Sophonisba*, was killed by the echo of a faulty line:

O Sophonisba! Sophonisba, O!

to which a London wag replied:

O Jemmy Thomson! Jemmy Thomson, O!

In 1748, was published the most brilliant work of his genius, his *Castle of Indolence*, an allegorical poem in the style and manner of Spenser. There is a peculiar charm in its descriptions, in the inexhaustible yet gentle flow of lulling images of calmness and repose. The poem is divided into two cantos, one of 78, the other of 79 stanzas. The poet did not long survive its publication. A violent cold carried him off in August, 1748, at the age of forty-eight.

Thomson’s private character had its lights and shad-

ows. He possessed great kindness of heart and urbanity of manners, and was a stranger to those enmities and jealousies which too often disturb the happiness of literary men. He is said, however, to have been indolent in his habits. Personal exertion was the last thing he would make use of, either to promote his own interest or to serve others.

The noblest and most affecting tribute to his memory, is from the pen of Collins, the celebrated poet, whose beautiful elegy commences as follows :

“ In yonder \* grave a Druid lies,  
Where slowly winds the stealing wave;  
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,  
To deck its poet's sylvan grave.  
Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,  
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest;  
And oft suspend the dripping oar,  
To bid his gentle spirit rest!”

#### WINTER.

Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,  
At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes  
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day  
With a continual flow. The cherished fields  
Put on their winter robe of purest white:  
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts  
Along the mazy current. Low the woods  
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun,  
Faint from the west, emits his evening ray,  
Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,  
Is one wide dazzling waste that buries wide  
The works of man. Drooping, the laborer-ox  
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands  
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,  
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around  
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon  
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,

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\* The scene is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond, where Thomson was buried.



The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,  
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,  
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves  
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man  
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first  
Against the window beats; then brisk alights  
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,  
Eyes all the smiling family askance,  
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:  
Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs  
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds  
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,  
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset  
By death in various forms,—dark snares, and dogs,  
And more unpitying men,—the garden seeks,  
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kine  
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,  
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,  
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

## THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,  
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,  
A most enchanting wizard did abide,  
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.  
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;  
And there a season atween June and May,  
Half-pranked with spring, with summer half-imbrowned,  
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,  
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

Was naught around but images of rest;  
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;  
And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest,  
From poppies breathed; and beds of pleasant green  
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.  
Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets played,  
And hurled everywhere their waters sheen;  
That as they bickered through the sunny glade,  
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills  
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,

And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,  
 And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:  
 And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,  
 Or stock-doves 'plain amid the forest deep,  
 That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;  
 And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;  
 Yet all these sounds yblent \* inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale above,  
 A sable, silent, solemn forest stood,  
 Where naught but shadowy forms was seen to move,  
 As Idlesse fancied in her dreaming mood:  
 And up the hills, on either side, a wood  
 Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,  
 Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;  
 And where this valley winded out below,  
 The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,  
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;  
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,  
 Forever flushing round a summer sky:  
 There eke the soft delights, that witchingly  
 Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,  
 And the calm pleasures, always hovered nigh;  
 But whate'er smacked of noyance or unrest  
 Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

#### RULE BRITANNIA!

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,  
 Arose from out the azure main,  
 This was the charter of the land,  
 And guardian angels sung this strain,  
 "Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;  
 Britons never will be slaves."

The nations, not so blest as thee,  
 Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall;  
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,  
 The dread and envy of them all.

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\* United.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke;  
 As the loud blast that tears the skies,  
 Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;  
 All their attempts to bend thee down  
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,  
 But work their woe, and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign;  
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine;  
 All thine shall be the subject main;  
 And every shore it circles, thine.

The Muses still with freedom found,  
 Shall to thy happy coast repair:  
 Blest isle! with matchless beauty crowned,  
 And manly hearts to guard the fair:  
 "Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,  
 Britons never will be slaves."

#### THE CARE OF THE YOUNG.

(From *Spring*.)

Then infant reason grows apace, and calls  
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care.  
 Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,  
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,  
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,  
 To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix  
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

WILLIAM COLLINS, 1720-1756.

William Collins holds a foremost rank among the lyrical poets of England, although, on account of the small number and brevity of his poems, he is classed among the minor poets. His history is short and melancholy. He was born at Chichester, in 1720. His father, who was by trade a hatter, had sufficient means to send his son to Winchester School, and afterwards to Queen's College, Oxford.

Whilst at the University, he commenced his career of author by publishing, in 1742, his *Oriental Eclogues*, and his poetical *Epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer*. On leaving the University, where he was noted for 'ability and indolence,' he proceeded to London, a literary adventurer, 'with many projects in his head,' if we are to believe Dr. Johnson, 'and little money in his pocket.' Whilst in London, he contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine*; published proposals for a history of the revival of literature which was never written. He composed and brought out his *Odes, Descriptive and Allegorical*, in order to procure the means of present subsistence; but their sale did not pay for the expense of printing them. Even the best, as *The Passions, Fear, Liberty, Dirge in Cymbeline*, were not duly appreciated until their author was beyond the reach of praise or censure. Disappointment and poverty broke his sensitive spirit, and overclouded the last five or six years of his life. "With the usual weakness of men so diseased, he eagerly snatched that temporary relief with which the table and the bottle flatter and seduce. But his health continually declined, and he grew more and more burdensome to himself." \* After a temporary confinement in a lunatic asylum, he retired to Chichester, where he remained till his death under the care of one of his sisters.

The odes of Collins are among the best in the language. The *Ode to Evening* consists of but thirteen short quatrains without rhyme; but in its fifty-two lines we have the whole spirit and essence of the subject. The *Ode on the Passions* is exquisitely felicitous in conception, whilst the striking personifications with which it abounds, are worked out in the true lyrical spirit.

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\* Dr. Johnson.

## ODE ON THE PASSIONS.

When Music, heavenly maid! was young,  
While yet in early Greece she sung,  
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,  
Thronged around her magic cell;  
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
Possessed beyond the muse's painting,  
By turns they felt the glowing mind,  
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;  
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,  
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,  
From the supporting myrtles round,  
They snatched her instruments of sound;  
And as they oft had heard apart  
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
Each, for madness ruled the hour,  
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,  
Amid the chords bewildered laid;  
And back recoiled, he knew not why,  
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire,  
In lightnings owned his secret stings;  
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,  
And swept with hurried hands the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair,  
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled;  
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;  
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,  
What was thy delighted measure?  
Still it whispered promised pleasure,  
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.  
Still would her touch the strain prolong;  
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,  
She called on Echo still through all the song;  
And where her sweetest theme she chose,  
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;  
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair:

And longer had she sung, but with a frown  
 Revenge impatient rose;  
 He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,  
 And, with a withering look,  
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,  
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;  
 And ever and anon he beat  
 The doubling drum with furious heat;  
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,  
 Dejected Pity at his side  
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,  
 Yet still he kept his wild-unaltered mien,  
 While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed,  
 Sad proof of thy distressful state;  
 Of differing themes the veering song was mixed,  
 And now it courted Love, now raving called on Hate.  
 With eyes upraised, as one inspired,  
 Pale Melancholy sat retired,  
 And from her wild-sequestered seat,  
 In notes by distance made more sweet,  
 Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul;  
 And dashing soft from rocks around,  
 Bubbling runnels joined the sound:  
 Through glades and glooms one mingled measure stole:  
 Or, o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,  
 Round a holy calm diffusing,  
 Love of peace and lonely musing,  
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh! how altered was its sprightly tone,  
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,  
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,  
 Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,  
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,  
 The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known;  
 The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,  
 Satyr and sylvan boys, were seen  
 Peeping from forth their alleys green;  
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,  
 And Sport leaped up and seized his beechen spear.



Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:

He, with viny crown advancing,  
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;  
But soon he saw the brisk, awakening viol,  
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.

They would have thought, who heard the strain,  
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,

Amidst the festal sounding shades,  
To some unwearied minstrel dancing:

While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,  
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round,  
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound:

And he, amidst his frolic play,  
As if he would the charming air repay,  
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,  
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,  
Why, goddess, why to us denied,  
Layest thou thy ancient lyre aside?  
As in that loved Athenian bower,  
You learn an all-commanding power,  
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared,  
Can well recall what then it heard.  
Where is thy native simple heart,  
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?  
Arise, as in that elder time,  
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!  
Thy wonders in that godlike age  
Fill thy recording sister's page;  
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,  
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,  
Had more of strength, diviner rage,  
Than all which charms this laggard age;  
Even all at once together found  
Cecilia's mingled world of sound.  
Oh! bid your vain endeavors cease,  
Revive the just designs of Greece;  
Return in all thy simple state;  
Confirm the tales her sons relate.

## ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,  
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,  
Like thy own solemn springs,  
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun  
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,  
With brede ethereal wove,  
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,  
With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing,  
Or where the beetle winds  
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises, midst the twilight path,  
Against the pilgrim, borne in heedless hum:  
Now teach me, maid composed,  
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,  
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,  
As, musing slow, I hail  
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding-star, arising, shows  
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp  
The fragrant hours, and elves  
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,  
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still,  
The pensive pleasures sweet  
Prepare thy shadowy car;

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,  
Or find some ruin midst its dreary dells,  
Whose walls more awful nod  
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,  
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,  
That from the mountain's side,  
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires,  
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all  
Thy dewy fingers draw  
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,  
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve,  
While Summer loves to sport  
Beneath thy lingering light:

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,  
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,  
Affrights thy shrinking train,  
And rudely rends thy robes:

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,  
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,  
Thy gentlest influence own,  
And love thy favorite name!

#### EDWARD YOUNG, 1681-1765.

Edward Young, author of *Night Thoughts*, was born in 1681, at Upham, in Hampshire, where his father was rector. He was educated at Winchester School, and afterwards obtained a fellowship at Oxford. In the course of his studies, he showed great subtlety of mind in abstruse questions. Tindal, his examiner, used to say of him: "The other boys I can always answer, because I know whence they have their arguments, which I have read a hundred times; but that fellow Young is always pestering me with something of his own." His first attempt at verse was an *Epistle* to Lord Lansdowne. After writing several minor pieces, he produced, in 1721, his tragedy *The Revenge*. It still keeps the stage, and its hero, Zanga, stands pre-eminent for theatrical interest among the personages of modern tragedy. He was the author of two other plays, *Busiris* and *The Brothers*. As a dramatic

writer, with much poetic conception and strong feeling, he is exaggerated and bombastic. He published, between the years 1725 and 1728, seven epistles, or satires, entitled the *Love of Fame*. As they touch only on the surface of life, and abound more in flashes of wit and in caricature than in grave exposure of vice and folly, their power is exhausted by a single perusal.

When upwards of fifty, he entered the church, wrote a panegyric on the king, and was made one of his majesty's chaplains. Swift, in his *Rhapsody on Poetry*, speaks of the Court

Whence Gay was banished in disgrace,  
Where Pope will never show his face,  
Where *Young* must torture his invention  
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.

To the sorrows and disappointments which embittered his domestic life, is to be attributed the poem on which rests his fame. This work, the *Night Thoughts*, is a series of solemn reflections on life, death, and immortality, divided into nine Books or Nights, each of which is independent of the rest, and pursues some train of thought in harmony with the poet's supposed feelings at the time of composition. Sublime images and striking passages are not wanting to the poem, but the bulk of it is declamatory, the style artificial, highly-wrought, and not pure. Few writers of acknowledged merit are so wanting in taste. "Many fine things in *Night Thoughts*," says Johnson, "though you cannot find twenty lines together without some extravagance." Perhaps the best compliment ever paid to that poem is the fact that Edmund Burke committed many portions of it to memory.

"Young has been eulogized as a Christian philosopher, but his character had in it no trace of self-denial

or nobleness."\* In his youth, he was not free from the vice of dissipation; and, in the maturity of his life, he stooped from the dignity of his sacred profession by his servile adulation of the court, and his anxious seeking of preferment and applause.

## NIGHT.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,  
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth  
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.  
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!  
Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds;  
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse  
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;  
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.

## THE REVOLUTION OF THE SEASONS.

Look nature through, 'tis revolution all;  
All change, no death; day follows night, and night  
The dying day; stars rise and set, and set and rise:  
Earth takes the example. See, the Summer gay,  
With her green chaplet and ambrosial flowers,  
Droops into pallid Autumn: Winter gray,  
Horrid with frost and turbulent with storms,  
Blows Autumn and his golden fruits away,  
Then melts into the Spring: soft Spring, with breath  
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,  
Recalls the first. All, to reflowerish, fades:  
As in a wheel, all sinks to reascend:  
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

## MAN.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,  
How complicate, how wonderful is man!  
How passing wonder He who made him such!  
Who centred in our name such strange extremes,  
From different natures marvellously mixed,  
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!

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\* Thomas Arnold, Man. Eng. Lit.

Distinguished link in being's endless chain!  
 Midway from nothing to the Deity!  
 A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!  
 Though sullied and dishonored, still divine!  
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute!  
 An heir of glory! a frail child of dust:  
 Helpless immortal! insect infinite!  
 A worm! a god! I tremble at myself,  
 And in myself am lost. At home, a stranger,  
 Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,  
 And wondering at her own. How reason reels!  
 Oh what a miracle to man is man!  
 Triumphantly distressed! what joy! what dread!  
 Alternately transported and alarmed!  
 What can preserve my life! or what destroy!  
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;  
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.

#### THOUGHTS ON TIME.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time  
 But from its loss: to give it then a tongue  
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,  
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,  
 It is the knell of my departed hours.  
 Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.  
 It is the signal that demands despatch:  
 How much is to be done? My hopes and fears  
 Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge  
 Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss.  
 A dread eternity! how surely mine!  
 And can eternity belong to me,  
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?  
 Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor;  
 Part with it as with money, sparing; pay  
 No moment, but in purchase of its worth;  
 And what it's worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.  
 Part with it as with life, reluctant; big  
 With holy hope of nobler time to come;  
 Time higher-aimed, still nearer the great mark  
 Of men and angels, virtue more divine.



## THOMAS GRAY, 1716-1771.

Thomas Gray, author of the *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard*, was born at Cornhill, London, in 1716. It was to the exertions of his mother that he was indebted for the opportunities of a liberal education, first at Eton School, and afterwards at Cambridge. Having accepted an invitation from a fellow-student, Horace Walpole, son of the prime minister, to accompany him in a tour through France and Italy, he described the incidents of his journey in a series of letters, which, for their elegance and classic style, are considered as models of epistolary composition. Johnson, in his life of Gray, gives them the following commendation: "He that reads his epistolary narration, wishes that to travel and to tell his travels had been more of his employment; but it is by studying at home, that we must obtain the ability of travelling with intelligence and improvement."

His first public appearance as a poet was made in 1747, when he published his *Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College*. "It is more mechanical and commonplace than his *Elegy*; but it touches on certain strings about the heart, that vibrate in unison with it, to our latest breath. No one ever passes by Windsor's 'stately heights,' or sees the distant spires of Eton College, without thinking of Gray."\*

Four years afterwards, his *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* was written, and immediately became popular. The natural and touching strain of thought, expressed with consummate taste, and in a charming metre, has imparted to this poem such a union of impressiveness and grace as to render it a masterpiece of elegiac com-

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\* Hazlitt's Lectures on the English Poets.

position. "Had Gray written often thus," says Dr. Johnson, "it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him." What, for instance, can exceed the exquisite beauty and finish of these well-known lines:

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

His other works consist principally of his lyrical odes. The most admired are *On Spring*, *To Adversity*, *The Progress of Poetry*, and *The Bard*. The last two appeared together in 1757. Although arrayed in real elegance of taste, they are censured by some on account of the artificial and unnatural character and over-elaboration of their style. Lord Byron has said that the corner-stone of his glory is his unrivalled *Elegy*; and that, without it, his odes would not be sufficient for his fame.

Gray was a ripe scholar; his Latin poems are among the finest specimens of that kind of composition in our literature. Metaphysics, morals, and politics, made a principal part of his study; voyages and travels of all sorts, were his favorite amusements. There is no character, however, without some imperfection; and the greatest defect in him was an affectation in delicacy, or rather effeminacy. "He loved to assume the character of the fine gentleman—a mean and odious ambition in any one, but scarcely to be forgiven in a man of genius. He would shrug his shoulders and distort his voice into fastidious tones, and take upon himself the airs of what folly is pleased to call high company."\*

In 1768, he obtained the professorship of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. It was in

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\* Sir E. Bridges, *Traits in the literary character of Gray the poet*.

1771, whilst at dinner in the College, that he was seized with the illness of which he died in a few days. According to his desire, he was buried by the side of his mother at Stoke.

## ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as wandering near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knee the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!  
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;

Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Awaits alike the inevitable hour:—  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page  
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;  
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone,  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined,

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind:

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife  
Their sober wishes ever learned to stray;  
Along the cool sequestered vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply:  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;  
If, chance, by lonely Contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech  
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,

His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;  
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,  
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,  
Along the heath and near his favorite tree;  
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

The next, with dirges due, in sad array  
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne!  
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

### *Epitaph.*

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth  
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:  
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,  
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:  
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,  
He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)  
The bosom of his father and his God.

### LETTERS OF JUNIUS, 1769-1772.

The *Letters of Junius* are a series of satirical letters which originally appeared in the London Advertiser, from January, 1769, to January, 1772. They were directed against the Tory ministry of the time. The writer's classical style, the sharpness of his criticisms, the force and clearness of his arguments, the extent of



his information, his firm attachment to the purest principles of the British constitution, and the impenetrable secrecy which under the pseudonym of Junius shrouded his authorship, obtained for these letters an unparalleled popularity, which still clings to them. The paternity of these letters has been ascribed to several writers, amongst others, to Edmund Burke, Lord Sherburn, Lord George Sackville, the Marquess of Lansdowne, and Sir Philip Francis, but no absolute proof has ever been given to the public in favor of any. Persistent efforts have been made in behalf of Sir Philip Francis, and the circumstantial evidence was such that Macaulay thought it sufficient "to support a verdict in a civil, nay, in a criminal, proceeding." But the mystery is as hidden to-day as it ever was.\* Sir Philip Francis (b. in Dublin in 1740, d. in 1818) took an active part in the politics of his time, and was one of the leading prosecutors of Warren Hastings.

(From the *Dedication to the English Nation.*)

I dedicate to you a collection of letters, written by one of yourselves, for the common benefit of us all. They would never have grown to this size, without your continued encouragement and applause. To me they originally owe nothing, but a healthy, sanguine constitution. Under your care they have thriven. To you they are indebted for whatever strength or beauty they possess. When kings and ministers are forgotten, when the force and direction of personal satire is no longer understood, and when measures are only felt in their remotest consequences, this book will, I believe, be found to contain principles worthy to be transmitted to posterity. When you leave the unimpaired, hereditary freehold to your children, you do but half your duty. Both liberty and property are precarious, unless the possessors have sense and spirit enough to defend them. This is not the language of vanity. If I am a vain man, my gratification lies within a narrow circle. I am the sole depository of my own secret, and it shall perish with me.

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\* See an article on this subject in *The Athenæum*, March 17, 1894.

(From his *Letter to the King*.)

Sir: It is the misfortune of your life, and originally the cause of every reproach and distress which has attended your government, that you should never have been acquainted with the language of truth, until you heard it in the complaints of your people. It is not, however, too late to correct the error of your education. We are still inclined to make an indulgent allowance for the pernicious lessons you received in your youth, and to form the most sanguine hopes from the natural benevolence of your disposition. We are far from thinking you capable of a direct, deliberate purpose to invade those original rights of your subjects, on which all their civil and political liberties depend. Had it been possible for us to entertain a suspicion so dishonorable to your character, we should long since have adopted a style of remonstrance very distant from the humility of complaint. The doctrine inculcated by our laws, 'that the king can do no wrong,' is admitted without reluctance. We separate the amiable, good-natured prince, from the folly and treachery of his servants, and the private virtues of the man, from the vices of his government. Were it not for this just distinction, I know not whether your majesty's condition, or that of the English nation, would deserve most to be lamented. I would prepare your mind for a favorable reception of truth, by removing every painful offensive idea of personal reproach. Your subjects, sir, wish for nothing but that, as they are reasonable and affectionate enough to separate your person from your government, so you, in your turn, should distinguish between the conduct which becomes the permanent dignity of a king, and that which serves only to promote the temporary interest and miserable ambition of a minister.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, 1728-1774.

Oliver Goldsmith, the gifted poet and prose writer, was born in the County of Longford, Ireland. His father was the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, supposed to be described in the characters of the Man in Black in the *Citizen of the World*, the preacher in *The Deserted Village*, and Dr. Primrose in *The Vicar of Wakefield*. At the age of eighteen, Oliver was entered at Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar. Instead of applying dili-

gently to his studies, he spent a part of his time in writing street-ballads and stealing out at night to hear them sung. After four years, he left the University with a very low B.A. He now made successive attempts to become a clergyman, a tutor, and a lawyer, but his levity and waywardness doomed him in each case to disappointment. His next experiment was to study medicine. For that purpose he removed to Edinburgh, and subsequently to Leyden University, but he made no effort to obtain a degree. From the latter place, he started on a continental pedestrian tour, being provided, it is said, 'with a guinea in his pocket, one shirt to his back, and a flute in his hand;' and he actually travelled on foot through Flanders, part of France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. After one year of wandering, lonely and in poverty, yet buoyed up by dreams of hope and fame, he reached London, early in 1756. Many a hard struggle for a livelihood had he to encounter, until his versatile talents and ready pen attracted the notice of the London booksellers. He wrote articles for the Monthly Review, the British Magazine, the Critical Review, the Lady's Magazine, and the Bee. In 1762, appeared his well-known work, *The Citizen of the World*, originally contributed to the Public Ledger in the form of letters supposed to be written by a Chinese philosopher resident in England. It is in reality a pungent exposition of the peculiarities of English manners and customs. The first of his two memorable poems, *The Traveller*, was published in 1764. It is a meditative and descriptive work, embodying the impressions of human life and society which he had felt in his travels and in his early struggles. It contains little that is very new or striking in the ideas or the imagery; but it is exquisitely versified, and in beauty of expression

has never been surpassed. *The Deserted Village* (1770) greatly enhanced his poetic fame. "His chaste pathos," to use the words of T. Campbell, "makes him an insinuating moralist, and throws a charm of Claude-like \* softness over his descriptions of homely objects that would seem only fit to be the subjects of Dutch painting. But his quiet enthusiasm leads the affections to humble things without a vulgar association; and he inspires us with a fondness to trace the simplest recollections of Auburn, till we count the furniture of its ale-house and listen to the 'varnished clock that clicked behind the door.'" Goldsmith is also the author of two most amusing comedies, *The Good-natured Man*, and *She Stoops to Conquer*, and of a much-admired domestic novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield*. In 1763, he published a *History of England*, in letters from a nobleman to his son. Its popularity induced the author to compile a more extended history of England, and to prepare abridgments of Grecian and Roman history. These works have absolutely no authority as history; they were written merely as book-seller's task-work, and yet from the purity of the style and the grace of composition they have had a most extensive sale. His *History of Animated Nature* is for the most part a condensation of Buffon's *Histoire Naturelle*.

The general characteristics of this distinguished and favorite author are thus described by Dr. Johnson: "A man of such variety of powers and such felicity of performance, that he always seemed to do best that which he was doing; a man who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and general without confusion; whose language was copious without exuber-

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\* Claude (1600-1682) was a Dutch painter of landscape, distinguished for the richness and beauty of his coloring.

ance, exact without constraint, and easy without weakness." No writer of his time possessed more genuine humor, or was capable of more poignancy in marking the foibles of individuals. "Though his mind," says Macaulay, "was scantily stored with materials, he used what materials he had in such a way as to produce a wonderful effect. There have been many greater writers; but perhaps no writer was ever more uniformly agreeable. His style was always pure and easy, and on proper occasions pointed and energetic. His narratives were always amusing; his descriptions always picturesque; his humor rich and joyous, yet not without an occasional tinge of amiable sadness."

The faults of Goldsmith, though they must not escape censure, will always cause regret. He was vain, sensual, and frivolous. His manners were eccentric, even to absurdity. His improvidence, his fondness for games of chance, and his want of high moral and religious tone, are deeply to be deplored; but that genuine and ever-flowing benevolence of heart, which few have surpassed, calls for our admiration and esteem. He was subject to depression of spirits; and, in 1774, continual vexation of mind, arising perhaps from his involved circumstances, brought on a nervous fever of which he died in the forty-sixth year of his age. His remains were interred in the Temple burying-ground; but the spot was not marked by any inscription, and is now forgotten. A subscription was afterwards collected for the purpose of erecting a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey. On the poet's tomb, a suitable Latin inscription, written by Dr. Johnson, contains this truthful and eloquent eulogium:

Qui nullum fere dicendi genus

Non tetigit,

*Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.*



## VILLAGE PREACHER.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;  
Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;  
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,  
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;  
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,  
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant train;  
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.  
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;  
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;  
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by the fire and talked the night away;  
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.  
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side;  
But, in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;  
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,  
To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,  
The reverend champion stood. At his control  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.



At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorned the venerable place;  
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway;  
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.  
The service past, around the pious man,  
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;  
Even children followed with endearing wile,  
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile;  
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,  
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;  
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.  
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

## VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,  
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,  
There in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,  
The village master taught his little school;  
A man severe he was, and stern to view;  
I knew him well, and every truant knew.  
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning's face;  
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;  
Full well the busy whisper circling round,  
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned:  
Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault;  
The village all declared how much he knew;  
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;  
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage;  
And even the story ran that he could gauge;  
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,  
For even though vanquished, he could argue still;  
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,  
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;  
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame the very spot  
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.

#### THE VANITY OF POPULAR FAME.

(From *The Bee*, No. VI.)

A Chinese, who had long studied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thousand words, and could read a great part of every book that came in his way, once took it into his head to travel into Europe, and observe the customs of a people whom he thought not very much inferior even to his own countrymen, in the art of refining upon every pleasure. Upon his arrival at Amsterdam, his passion for letters naturally led him to a bookseller's shop, and, as he could speak a little Dutch, he civilly asked the bookseller for the works of the immortal Xixofou. The bookseller assured him he had never heard of the book mentioned before. "What! have you never heard of that immortal poet?" returned the other much surprised; "that light of the eyes, that favorite of kings, that rose of perfection! I suppose you know nothing of the immortal Fipsihihi, second cousin to the moon?" "Nothing at all, indeed, sir," returned the other. "Alas!" cries our traveller, "to what purpose, then, has one of these fasted to death, and the other offered himself up as a sacrifice to the Tartar enemy, to gain a renown which has never travelled beyond the precincts of China?"

There is scarce a village in Europe, and not one university, that is not thus furnished with its little great men.

#### DAVID HUME, 1711-1776.

David Hume, the distinguished Scotch historian, was born in Edinburgh, in 1711. He was destined by his family for the law; but his passion for literature was so strong, that he could not confine himself to professional studies; and, as he observes in his memoirs, while his family fancied him to be poring over Voet and Vinnius, he was devouring Cicero and Virgil. Many years which he spent on the Continent, and chiefly in France, gave him special opportunities for observation,

but unfortunately developed in him a tendency to scepticism and infidelity.

His first work, *A Treatise on Human Nature*, was unsuccessful; but, not discouraged at this, he published, five years later, in 1741, his *Essays, Moral and Political*, and, in 1748, *Philosophical Essays concerning the Human Understanding*. In these philosophical works, Hume is one of the most dangerous of infidel writers. His subtle metaphysics tend to undermine religion. He boldly aims to spread the cloud of scepticism over the existence of God, free-will, and the immortality of the soul; and tries to justify suicide. According to him, virtue consists only in the general approbation; and, emboldened by his discovery, he gives the name of virtue to eloquence, taste, and even force. "In fact, the works of Hume and Gibbon," says Count de Maistre, "are neither more nor less than, in general, a conspiracy against Christianity and Christian piety." \*

In 1752 appeared his *Political Discourses*. They are ranked amongst the best models we have of the reasoning that belongs to subjects of this nature.

The first volume of his *History of Great Britain*, containing the reigns of James I. and Charles I., was published in 1754, with so little success that forty-five copies only were sold in a twelvemonth; but, in proportion as the succeeding volumes appeared, the public admiration increased, and the *History* soon attained a high rank as a literary performance. This success encouraged him to complete his work from the earliest period, a task which he accomplished in two additional volumes, in 1761. The *History*, as a whole, is of no high authority. From first to last, it is evidently the work of an essayist and 'philosopher,' who regarded

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\* *Lettres d'un gentilhomme Russe sur l'Inquisition Espagnole*, Lettre V.

truth as subordinate to effect, and looked to his own ends, personal and philosophical. To apologize for the misconduct of the Stuarts, to write down the British Constitution, as well as the Christian religion, or at least so much of both as were not then admired by the higher order of the state, were among the objects he sought to attain. "His misrepresentations are now so glaring," says the North American Review, "that the very party he intended to aid, has been obliged to turn against him in self-defence."\* "If we were obliged," says Allibone, "to compress into the limits of a single sentence, the characteristics of Hume's *History of England*, we suppose that the following could be considered an impartial statement: Beauty of style, carelessness of facts, and intolerance of spirit. Hume was too fastidious to be inelegant, too indolent to be accurate, too bigoted to be impartial." But Hume will always be read in spite of his carelessness, and in spite of his errors. Nine readers seek amusement where one seeks instruction.

The literary distinction which Hume had acquired, procured for him honors and public appointments. In 1769, he retired from public life, and, after living seven years in lettered ease, he died in 1776, in Edinburgh, his native city. His death has been represented by his friends as tranquil and calm, and he himself, describing his illness only four months before, says: "Notwithstanding the great decline of my person, I have never suffered a moment's abatement of my spirits." But, if the testimony of Franklin, who was present during his last moments, is to be admitted, nothing could give stronger evidence of the existence of a God, of the eternity of torments, of the worm of conscience, and of the blackest despair, than the very countenance of this unhappy man. Franklin endeavored to speak of God.

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\* Vol. 29.

Hume requested him to say no more ; he had grown old in, and so long propagated, his wretched principles that it was now too late. Franklin said something relative to the mercy of God and His readiness to receive the returning criminal—but in vain ; even the mention of mercy startled the unhappy man, and made him appear to feel unutterable woe.\*

UNJUST PERSECUTION OF THE JESUITS IN ENGLAND UNDER  
CHARLES II.

(From *The History of England*, Vol. IV., Chap. LXVIII.)

The King was willing to try every means which gave a prospect of more compliance in his subjects ; and in case of failure, the blame, he hoped, would lie on those whose obstinacy forced him to extremities.

But even during the recess of Parliament, there was no interruption in the prosecution of the Catholics accused of the plot ; the King found himself obliged to give way to this popular fury. Whitebread, provincial of the Jesuits, Fenwic, Gavan, Turner, and Harcourt, all of them of the same order, were first brought to their trial. Besides Oates and Bedloe, Dugdall, a new witness, appeared against the prisoners. This man had been steward to Lord Aston, and, though poor, possessed a character somewhat more reputable than the other two ; but his account of the intended massacres and assassinations was equally monstrous and incredible. He even asserted that two hundred thousand papists in England were ready to take arms. The prisoners proved by sixteen witnesses, from St. Omer's students, and most of them young men of family, that Oates was in that seminary at the time when he swore that he was in London ; but, as they were Catholics, and disciples of the Jesuits, their testimony with the judges and jury were totally disregarded. Even the reception which they met with in court was full of outrage and mockery. One of them saying that Oates always continued at St. Omer's, if he could believe his senses : " You papists," said the Chief Justice, " are taught not to believe your senses." It must be confessed that Oates, in opposition to the students of St. Omer's, found means to bring evidence

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\* Gandolphy's *Defence of the Ancient Faith*.



of his having been at that time in London; but this evidence, though it had, at that time, the appearance of some solidity, was afterwards discovered, when Oates himself was tried for perjury, to be altogether deceitful. In order further to discredit that witness, the Jesuits proved by undoubted testimony that he had perjured himself in Father Ireland's trial, whom they showed to have been in Staffordshire at the very time when Oates swore that he was committing treason in London. But all these pleas availed them nothing, against the general prejudices. They received sentence of death; some were executed, persisting to their last breath in the most solemn, earnest, and deliberate, though disregarded, protestation of their innocence.

#### CHARACTER OF ALFRED THE GREAT.

The merit of this prince, both in private and public life, may, with advantage, be set in opposition to that of any monarch or citizen, which the annals of any age or any nation can present to us. He seems, indeed, to be the complete model of that perfect character, which, under the denomination of a sage or wise man, the philosophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination, than in hopes of ever seeing it reduced to practice; so happily were all his virtues tempered together; so justly were they blended; and so powerfully did each prevent the other from exceeding its proper bounds.

He knew how to conciliate the most enterprising spirit with the coolest moderation; the most obstinate perseverance, with the easiest flexibility; the most severe justice, with the greatest lenity; the greatest rigor in command, with the greatest affability of deportment; the highest capacity and inclination for science, with the most shining talents for action.

Nature also, as if desirous that so bright a production of her skill should be set in the fairest light, had bestowed on him all bodily accomplishments: vigor of limbs, dignity of shape and air, and a pleasant, engaging, and open countenance. By living in that barbarous age, he was deprived of historians worthy to transmit his fame to posterity; and we wish to see him delineated in more lively colors, and with more particular strokes, that we might at least perceive some of those small



specks and blemishes, from which, as a man, it was impossible he should be entirely exempted.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1709-1784:

One of the most remarkable among the distinguished English writers of the eighteenth century, was Dr. Samuel Johnson. He was a man of multifarious knowledge, sagacity, and moral intrepidity. With great virtues, he possessed strong prejudices; and, though some of the higher qualities of genius eluded his grasp and observation, the withering scorn and invective with which he assailed all affected sentimentalism, immorality, and licentiousness, obtained for him great ascendancy, and introduced a more healthful atmosphere into the crowded walks of English literature. Johnson was born at Lichfield, in 1709. Compelled by poverty to leave his education at Oxford in complete, he consented to act as usher in a grammar school; and, after unsuccessfully attempting to conduct a school of his own, travelled to London, in 1737, in company with his friend and former pupil, David Garrick. He now entered upon a new career of author by profession, contributing essays, reviews, and other articles, to the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Toilsome and slow was his ascent to comfort and to fame. The twenty years of his literary dictatorship were preceded by twenty-seven of drudgery work. In 1738 appeared his admirable satire entitled *London*, a revival of the third satire of Juvenal, in which the topics of the Roman poet are applied with surprising freedom, animation, and felicity of language to English manners, and the corruptions of modern London society. The satire was followed by his *Life of Savage*; and, in 1749, another admired imitation of Juvenal's tenth satire was published, entitled *The Vanity of Human Wishes*. In

the same year, his tragedy of *Irene*, written before he came to London, was produced at the Drury Lane Theatre. As it was destitute of simplicity and pathos, it was performed with but moderate applause, and has never since been revived. His *Prologue on the Opening of the Drury Lane Theatre* is one of the finest in our language. Between the years 1750 and 1752, Johnson was engaged in the compilation of a journal—or series of periodical essays—entitled *The Rambler*, written after the manner of *The Spectator*, but not so popular, on account of its too uniformly didactic and declamatory style. The same remarks will apply to *The Idler*, a publication on a similar plan, issued a few years later. The edition of Shakespeare, which he published in 1768, contains little that is valuable in the way of annotation; but has a powerful and masterly *Preface*. The work for which Johnson is principally celebrated, and on which he had labored assiduously during seven years, is his *Dictionary of the English Language*, published in 1755. It ranks among our standard works, and is a noble monument of individual learning, energy, and perseverance. The classical quotations which illustrate and exemplify the different significations of words, not only are complete and interesting in themselves, but moreover contain striking passages of poetry, pithy remarks, or historical facts. However, the want of philological research, and other defects rendered apparent by more recent investigations, have somewhat lessened its original reputation. In 1759, appeared the Oriental tale entitled *Rasselas*, which he wrote in the nights of one week, to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. As a representation of Eastern manners, it has no claim to our admiration; but, as a series of moral essays on a variety of subjects, it merits more than a single perusal. Johnson is re-

ported to have said, that if he had seen the *Candide* of Voltaire, he should not have written *Rasselas*, as the two works go over the same ground. They both picture a world full of misery and sin. But Voltaire uses the fact to excite a sneer at religion and Providence; Johnson, on the contrary, as an argument for our faith in a coming immortality.

His *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland* was published in 1775. It makes no pretensions to scientific discovery; but it is an entertaining and finely written work. Scotland owes to his complaints of the absence of trees some of her finest forests.

Johnson's last literary undertaking, and his best prose work, is his *Lives of the Poets*. It did not appear until 1781, but it shows all the vigor of thought that distinguishes his earlier writings, with much more freedom of style and richness of illustration than any of them. With an occasional exhibition of political bias and strong prejudices, these *Lives* form a valuable addition to English biography and criticism. The work itself, however, was a bookseller's speculation, and the choice of lives was determined by the likelihood of popularity. Mere rhymesters have found a place in his gallery, and some of the greatest names in our literature have been omitted.

The great influence which Johnson exercised, was due partly to his character, and partly to his mental power and his style. His manly appearance, his stern integrity, his love of argument and of society, his repartee and browbeating, all helped to make him a man of mark in his time. But his mind is scarcely to be seen in its full light, if we do not add to the productions of his pen the record of his colloquial wit and eloquence, and the complete portraiture, both inward

and outward, preserved in the pages of his biographer Boswell.

In the capacity of author, it cannot be said that the world is indebted to him for many new truths; but he has given novel, and often forcible and elegant expression to some old ones. No writer delivers moral maxims and dictatorial sentences with greater force, or lays down definitions with more grave precision. His critical acumen, setting aside personal and political prejudices, was likewise very great; but he is utterly averse to the easy and familiar, both in style and sentiment. His style formed an era in English composition. Its balanced pomp and antithetical clauses had with many an irresistible charm. The admiration for its exuberance of words of Latin etymology, and its sonorous rotundity of phrase, after having betrayed some writers into an injurious imitation, has at length subsided; whilst the limited influence which the old doctor still exerts is not undeserved. The following just comparison has been drawn between him and the author of *The Spectator*: “Addison lends grace and ornament to truth; Johnson gives it force and energy. Addison makes virtue amiable; Johnson represents it as an awful duty. Addison insinuates himself with an air of modesty; Johnson commands like a dictator, but a dictator in his splendid robes, not laboring at the plough. Johnson is always profound, and of course gives the fatigue of thinking. Addison charms while he instructs; and writing, as he always does, a pure, elegant and idiomatic style, he may be pronounced the safer model for imitation.”

As a man, Johnson possessed some admirable traits of character. His purse and his house were ever open to the indigent. His heart was tender to those who wanted relief, and his soul susceptible of gratitude and

every kind impression. His veracity, in the most trivial as in the most solemn occasions, was strict even to severity. He scorned to embellish a story with fictitious circumstances; for "what is not a representation of reality," he used to say, "is not worthy of our attention." He had a roughness in his manner which subdued the bold and terrified the meek—but it was only in his manner; for no man was loved more than Johnson by those that knew him.

From the period when *The Lives of the Poets* were published, in 1781, his constitution began to decline, and a paralytic stroke, which affected his speech, was followed by an attack of dropsy. He had for many years been haunted by a morbid fear of death; but when at length the dreaded moment approached, the dark cloud passed away from his mind. "His temper," to use the language of Macaulay, "became unusually patient and gentle; he ceased to think with terror of death and of that which lies beyond death, and he spoke much of the mercy of God and of the propitiation of Christ." In this serene frame of mind he died on the 13th of December, 1784.

He was laid a week later in Westminster Abbey, among the eminent men of whom he had been the historian, Cowley and Denham, Dryden and Congreve,\* Gay, Prior,† and Addison.

#### THE EXCELLENCE OF SHAKESPEARE.

. . . . Shakespeare is above writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature—that holds up to his readers a

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\* William Congreve, a distinguished dramatist (1670-1729), has left five plays, of which one, *The Mourning Bride*, is a tragedy. Their licentiousness has banished them from the stage. Congreve was the intimate friend of Dryden, and was appointed his literary executor.

† Prior, Matthew (1664-1721), obtained some celebrity by his poetical works, especially his short, fugitive pieces.



faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate upon but small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions; they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets, a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakespeare, it is commonly a species.

It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakespeare with practical axioms and domestic wisdom. It was said of Euripides that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakespeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence; yet his real power is not shown in the splendor of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable and the tenor of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed, like the pedant in Hierocles, who when he offered his house for sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen. . . .

#### PARALLEL BETWEEN POPE AND DRYDEN.

Pope professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried liberality; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration, if he be compared with his master. . . .

In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation; those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either, for both excelled



likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe and levelled by the roller.

Of genius—that power which constitutes a poet; that quality without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates—the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred that of this poetical vigor Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that if he has brighter paragraphs he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden therefore are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

#### LETTER TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

*To the Right Hon., the Earl of Chesterfield: My Lord:*—I have been lately informed by the proprietors of the *World*, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honor which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your

Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish, that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*; that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending. But I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my Lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward room, or was repulsed from your door; during which time, I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The Shepherd in Virgil grew acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind: but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received; or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed, though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long awakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation.

My Lord, your Lordship's most humble,  
And most obedient servant,

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

## PROLOGUE ON THE OPENING OF DRURY LANE THEATRE.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes,  
First reared the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose;  
Each change of many-colored life he drew,  
Exhausted worlds and then imagined new. . . .  
Then Jonson came, instructed from the school  
To please on method and invent by rule; . . .  
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays  
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise: . . .  
The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,  
Nor wished for Jonson's art, or Shakespeare's flame:  
Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ:  
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit. . . .  
The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,  
For we that live to please must please to live.

## WILLIAM ROBERTSON, 1721-1793.

William Robertson, the contemporary and friend of Hume, was born at Borthwick, Scotland. Distinguished for his eloquence as a Presbyterian preacher, he rose to be principal of the University of Edinburgh. However, he cannot be said to have acquired great fame until the appearance, in 1759, of his *History of Scotland during the Reigns of Mary and James VI.* The success of this work, which reached its fourteenth edition during the author's life, encouraged him to publish, in 1769, his *History of the Reign of Charles V.*, and, eight years afterwards, *The History of America.* His latest work appeared in 1791, under the title of a *Historical Disquisition concerning the Knowledge which the Ancients had of India.* Robertson is admired for his distinctness of narrative, for skilful and luminous arrangement, and an elevated tone of feeling; but his statements cannot be relied on, either because he failed to obtain the best authorities, or because his false principles in religion distorted his

sight. The motives which he assigns to many historical characters are often wide of the mark. The glaring errors of doctrine and of fact which abound in the *Reign of Charles the Fifth* caused the French translation of 1771 to be condemned by the Congregation of the Index. "Robertson's style," says F. Schlegel, "is most attractive; his language select, and, though ornate, yet lucid and unaffected. His weak side is that which has regard to research and import, certainly the most important of all historical qualities. It is now universally admitted, even in England, that he is unreliable, superficial, and often full of errors."

#### CHARACTER OF CARDINAL XIMENES.

(From the *Reign of Charles V.*)

The singular character of this man, and the extraordinary qualities which marked him out for that office at such a juncture, merit a particular description. He was descended of an honorable, not of a wealthy family; and the circumstances of his parents, as well as his own inclinations, having determined him to enter the Church, he early obtained benefices of great value, and which placed him in the way of the highest preferment. All these, however, he renounced at once; and, after undergoing a very severe novitiate, assumed the habit of St. Francis in a monastery of Observantine friars, one of the most rigid orders in the *Romish* \* church. There he soon became eminent for his uncommon austerity of manners, and for those excesses of *superstitious* devotion which are the *proper characteristics of the monastic life*. But, notwithstanding these *extravagances*, to which *weak and enthusiastic minds alone are usually prone*, his understanding, naturally penetrating and decisive, retained its full vigor, and acquired him such great authority in his own order, as raised him to be their provincial. His reputation for sanctity soon procured him the office of Father-Confessor to Queen Isabella, which he accepted with the utmost reluctance. He preserved in a court the same austerity of manners which had distinguished him in the cloister. He continued to make all his journeys on foot; he subsisted only upon alms; his acts of mortification

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\* The italics are from the editor.

were as severe as ever, and his penances as rigorous. Isabella, pleased with her choice, conferred on him, not long after, the archbishopric of Toledo, which, next to the papacy, is the richest dignity in the Church of Rome. This honor he declined with the firmness which nothing but the authoritative injunction of the pope was able to overcome. Nor did this height of promotion change his manners. Though obliged to display in public that magnificence which became his station, he himself retained his monastic severity. Under his pontifical robes, he constantly wore the coarse frock of St. Francis, the rents of which he used to patch with his own hands. He at no time used linen; but was commonly clad in hair-cloth. He slept always in his habit, most frequently on the ground, or on boards; rarely in a bed. He did not taste any of the delicacies which appeared at his table, but satisfied himself with that simple diet which the rule of his order prescribed. Notwithstanding these peculiarities, so opposite to the manners of the world, he possessed a thorough knowledge of its affairs; and no sooner was he called by his station, and by the high opinion which Ferdinand and Isabella entertained of him, to take a principal share in the administration, than he displayed talents for business which rendered the fame of his wisdom equal to that of his sanctity. His political conduct, remarkable for the boldness and originality of all his plans, flowed from his real character, and partook both of its virtues and its defects. His extensive genius suggested to him schemes vast and magnificent. Conscious of the integrity of his intentions, he pursued these with unremitting and undaunted firmness. Accustomed from his early youth to mortify his own passions, he showed little indulgence to those of other men. Taught by his system of religion to check even his most innocent desires, he was the enemy of everything to which he could affix the name of elegance or pleasure. Though free from any suspicion of cruelty, he discovered in all his commerce with the world a severe inflexibility of mind, and austerity of character, peculiar to the monastic profession, and which can hardly be conceived in a country where that is unknown.

#### EDWARD GIBBON, 1737-1794.

Edward Gibbon, the learned author of the *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, was born



at Putney, near London, in 1737. Admitted at Westminster School, in 1749, he was three years later matriculated as a gentleman-commoner\* of Magdalen College, Oxford. At the early age of sixteen, he was led by the perusal of the works of Bossuet and Parsons to abjure Protestantism, and embrace the Roman Catholic faith. His father, anxious to counteract the religious convictions of his son, sent him to reside with a Calvinistic minister in Switzerland, named Pavillard, who ultimately prevailed upon his pupil to return to Protestantism. In this second change, he became a 'philosopher,' as the term was then used to designate an infidel. "All religions," he tells us, "were considered by the Roman people equally true, by the magistrate equally useful, by the philosophers equally false," and this seems to have been his own creed: his infidelity takes the form of philosophical contempt. After an absence of nearly five years, he returned to England; and in 1761 appeared his *Essai sur l'étude de la littérature*, commended by foreign critics, but scarcely noticed at home. He sat in Parliament for eight years (1774-1782), a silent supporter of Lord North's administration. For his obsequiousness, he was made a member of the Board of Trade, with a yearly allowance of \$3500.

From the year 1768, Gibbon had devoted himself with zealous industry to the preparation of his great work: 'the labor of six quartos and twenty years;' and, in 1776, he gave the first volume to the world. But, though the historian was warmly commended, the assailant of Christianity did not escape strong and merited rebuke. Gibbon's original purpose was to review

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\* Most of the colleges in Oxford and Cambridge have, besides their dependent members, that is, those who are supported from the college funds, independent members, who live at their own expense: they are called, according to their rank and the sum they pay for board, noblemen, gentlemen commoners, fellow-commoners, and commoners.



the state and revolutions of the Roman city, from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. But the plan was greatly extended, and now his history commences with the reign of Trajan, (A.D. 98,) and ends with the fall of the Eastern Empire in 1453: three supplemental chapters being devoted to his original theme.

What first in this work strikes the intelligent reader, is the learning displayed, and the skill that employs it. The author paints scenery and manners with all the animation of an eye-witness. With religion alone he is never identified. He does not distinctly avow his disbelief, but he attacks the Christian faith in the way which Byron has so justly described:

‘Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer.’

Possessing neither depth nor nobleness of feeling, the writer elicits no generous emotion, while faults and omissions cast doubt on his honesty. When he rails at religion, the attempt to be witty is elaborate and awkward. Julian the Apostate is his idol. Let a Christian bishop or a religious king appear, and immediately he hints at enthusiasm, superstition, or roguery. His sneers and cavils leave their trail upon the purest virtue and the most exalted heroism. He endeavors to show that the Christian religion was established and spread without divine agency. In a word, these volumes of Gibbon are very dangerous to the faith, very offensive to the tastes, of a Christian soul.

The style of Gibbon, though greatly admired, is always elaborate and pompous, often monotonous, and not free from a mixture of Gallic idioms.

His death, which occurred in 1794, was occasioned by a sickness which he had endured for twenty-three years. Only a few hours before his death, he said that he thought himself good for ten, twelve, or perhaps

twenty years. His miscellaneous works, with *Memoirs* of his life and writings composed by himself, were published in 1799, by his friend Lord Sheffield.

#### ZINGIS.

From the spacious highlands between China, Siberia, and the Caspian Sea, the tide of emigration and war has repeatedly been poured. These ancient seats of the Huns and Turks were occupied in the twelfth century by many pastoral tribes, of the same descent and similar manners, which were united and led to conquest by the formidable Zingis. In his ascent to greatness, that barbarian (whose private appellation was Temugin) had trampled on the necks of his equals. His father had reigned over thirteen hordes, which comprised about thirty or forty thousand families: above two-thirds refused to pay tithes or obedience to his infant son; and, at the age of thirteen, Temugin fought a battle against his rebellious subjects. The future conqueror of Asia was reduced to fly and to obey; but he rose superior to his fortune, and, in his fortieth year, he had established his fame and dominion over the circumjacent tribes. In a state of society, in which policy is rude and valor universal, the ascendant of one man must be founded on his power and resolution to punish his enemies and recompense his friends. His first military league was ratified by the simple rites of sacrificing a horse, and tasting of a running stream: Temugin pledged himself to divide with his followers the sweets and the bitters of life; and when he had shared among them his horses and apparel, he was rich in their gratitude and his own hopes. After his first victory, he placed seventy caldrons on the fire, and seventy of the most guilty rebels were cast headlong into the boiling water. The sphere of his attraction was continually enlarged by the ruin of the proud and the submission of the prudent, and the boldest chieftains might tremble, when they beheld, enchased in silver, the skull of the khan of the Keraites.

#### TIMOUR.

The fame of Timour has pervaded the East and West: his posterity is still invested with the Imperial *title*; and the admiration of his subjects, who revered him almost as a deity, may be justified in some degree by the praise or confession of

his bitterest enemies. Although he was lame of a hand and foot, his form and stature were not unworthy of his rank; and his vigorous health, so essential to himself and to the world, was corroborated by temperance and exercise. In his familiar discourse he was grave and modest, and if he was ignorant of the Arabic language, he spoke with fluency and elegance the Persian and Turkish idioms. It was his delight to converse with the learned on topics of history and science; and the amusement of his leisure hours was the game of chess, which he improved or corrupted with new refinements. In his religion, he was a zealous, though not perhaps an orthodox, Mussulman; but his sound understanding may tempt us to believe, that a superstitious reverence for omens and prophecies, for saints and astrologers, was only affected as an instrument of policy. In the government of a vast empire, he stood alone and absolute, without a rebel to oppose his power, a favorite to seduce his affections, or a minister to mislead his judgment. It was his firmest maxim, that whatever might be the consequence, the word of the prince should never be disputed or recalled; but his foes have maliciously observed, that the commands of anger and destruction were more strictly executed than those of beneficence and favor. His sons and grandsons, of whom Timour left six-and-thirty at his decease, were his first and most submissive subjects; and whenever they deviated from their duty, they were corrected, according to the laws of Zingis, with the bastinado, and afterwards restored to honor and command. To maintain the harmony of authority and obedience, to chastise the proud, to protect the weak, to reward the deserving, to banish vice and idleness from his dominions, to secure the traveller and merchant, to restrain the depredations of the soldier, to cherish the labors of the husbandman, to encourage industry and learning, and, by an equal and moderate assessment, to increase the revenue without increasing the taxes, are indeed the duties of a prince; but, in the discharge of these duties, he finds an ample and immediate recompense. Timour might boast, that, at his accession to the throne, Asia was the prey of anarchy and rapine, whilst under his prosperous monarchy a child, fearless and unhurt, might carry a purse of gold from the East to the West. Such was his confidence of merit, that from this reformation he derived an excuse for his victories, and a title to universal dominion.

## ROBERT BURNS, 1759-1796.

Robert Burns, the most pathetic writer of any that Scotland has produced, was the son of a Presbyterian farmer. He received the best education the parish school could afford, and further improved his mind by giving to the Spectator, Pope, and Allan Ramsay, all the moments he could spare from the plough. To escape the ills of poverty and melancholy, the unfortunate poet had resolved on trying his fortune in Jamaica, when the popularity which clung at once around his name at the publication of his poems in 1786, altered his purpose. For two years, he was lionized by the most brilliant wits of the Scotch capital, who could not wonder enough at the readiness and freshness of his conversation. He spent the rest of his life in his native Ayr and at Dumfries, supported by the scanty revenue of seventy pounds which he derived from the office of exciseman in his own district. This office threw in his way a temptation to intemperance which he was not able to resist. He became literally a slave to drunkenness, until disease, poverty, disappointment, and self-reproach, brought him to an untimely grave.

The poetical powers of Burns were of the highest order; but, for want of culture, leisure, and a high standard of morality, they failed to attain the culminating point of which they seemed to be capable. The profane love which inspires many of his songs, renders them unfit for perusal. He is at his best when he sings of his dear Scotia, 'loved at home, revered abroad,' and her 'hardy sons of toil.' Most of his poems are in the Lowland dialect; but, when occasion demands, he knows how to dress beautiful thoughts in the purest English garb. About one hundred and fifty letters of Burns have been published with his poems.

## EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

*May, 1786.*

## I.

I lang hae thought, my youthfu' Friend,  
A something to have sent you,  
Tho' it should serve nae other end  
Than just a kind memento;  
But how the subject theme may gang,  
Let time and chance determine;  
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,  
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

## II.

Ye'll try the world fu' soon, my lad,  
And, Andrew dear, believe me,  
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,  
And muckle they may grieve ye:  
For care and trouble set your thought,  
E'en when your end's attained;  
An a' your views may come to nought,  
Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

## III.

I'll no say men are villains a'—  
The real, hardened, wicked;  
Wha hae nae check but human law  
Are to a few restricted:  
But och! mankind are unco weak,  
An' little to be trusted:  
If self the wavering balance shake,  
It's rarely right adjusted.

## IV.

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,  
Their fate we should na censure.  
For still th' important end of life  
They equally may answer;  
A man may hae an honest heart,  
Tho' poortith hourly stare him;  
A man may tak a neebor's part,  
Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

## V.

Aye free, aff han', your story tell,  
When wi' a bosom crony;

But still keep something to yoursel'  
 Ye scarcely tell to ony.  
 Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can  
 Frae critical dissection;  
 But keek thro' ev'ry other man,  
 Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection.

## VI.

The sacred lowe o' weel placed love,  
 Luxuriantly indulge it;  
 But never tempt th' illicit rove,  
 Tho' naething should divulge it:  
 I waive the quantum o' the sin,  
 The hazard of concealing;  
 But, och! it hardens a' within,  
 And petrifies the feeling!

## VII.

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,  
 Assiduous wait upon her:  
 And gather gear by ev'ry wile  
 That's justified by honor;  
 Not for to hide it in a hedge,  
 Nor for a train-attendant;  
 But for the glorious privilege  
 Of being independent.

## VIII.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip,  
 To haud the wretch in order;  
 But where ye feel your honor grip,  
 Let that aye be your border;  
 Its slightest touches, instant pause—  
 Debar a' side pretences;  
 And resolutely keep its laws,  
 Uncaring consequences.

## IX.

The great Creator to revere,  
 Must sure become the creature:  
 But still the preaching cant forbear,  
 And e'en the rigid feature:



Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,  
 Be complaisance extended;  
 An' atheist's laugh's a poor exchange  
 For Deity offended.

## X.

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,  
 Religion may be blinded;  
 Or, if she gie a random sting,  
 It may be little minded;  
 But when on life we're tempest driven,  
 A conscience but a canker—  
 A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,  
 Is sure a noble anchor!

## XI.

Adieu, dear, amiable youth!  
 Your heart can ne'er be wanting:  
 May prudence, fortitude, and truth,  
 Erect your brow undaunting!  
 In ploughman phrase, "God send you speed,"  
 Still daily to grow wiser;  
 And may you better reck the rede,  
 Than ever did th' adviser!

## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
 When we were first acquent,  
 Your locks were like the raven,  
 Your bonnie brow was brent:  
 But now your brow is beld, John,  
 Your locks are like the snaw;  
 But blessings on your frosty pow,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
 We clamb the hill thegither;  
 And mony a canty day, John,  
 We've had wi' ane anither.  
 Now we maun totter down, John,  
 But hand in hand we'll go:  
 And sleep thegither at the foot,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

## EDMUND BURKE, 1730-1797.

Edmund Burke, one of the greatest philosophic statesmen and orators of modern times, was born in Dublin, in 1730. His father, Richard Burke, originally a Catholic, became an apostate in order to retain the office of notary. The young Burke began his education with a Quaker. He studied afterwards at Trinity College, Dublin, and was also for some time at the English Catholic College of St. Omer. As a boy, he was distinguished for that devoted application to the acquisition of knowledge, and remarkable powers of comprehension and retention, which accompanied him through life. "When we were at play," remarked his brother Richard, "he was always at work."

His first publication was anonymous, entitled *A Vindication of Natural Society, by a late Noble writer*. It was at the same time a wonderful imitation of Lord Bolingbroke's style and arguments, and an indirect refutation of that infidel lord's attack against revealed religion. The writer concluded from the abuses pervading the state of society that man should rather return to the wild state of nature. The reader was expected to find this conclusion absurd; and, applying the same logic to religion, he would find it absurd also to reject Christianity, on account of the abuses that have crept among Christians. The imitation of the arguments and of the style of the infidel Bolingbroke was so perfect that the public was absolutely deceived, not doubting that the *Vindication* was a posthumous work of that late writer which he had not dared make known in his lifetime. In 1757, Burke published his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, which, by the elegance of its language and the spirit of philosophical investigation displayed in it, placed him at once in the very first

class of writers on taste and criticism. He endeavors to show that terror is the principal source of the sublime, and that the domain of beauty is grace, delicacy, and affection. There are in this essay many paradoxical ideas, but in no other work of the kind can we find distinctions so nice, observations more just, or a style more elegant.

It would carry us beyond the limits of our compilation, to give an outline of Burke's parliamentary and political career. His life is the history of the times. In the prolonged contest between England and our own country, he devoted himself to the defence of the colonies. His advocacy of the freedom of the press, of Catholic emancipation, of economical reform, and of the abolition of the slave trade; and his great efforts on the impeachment of Warren Hastings, will forever identify his name with whatever is great, elevated, and just in statesmanship and legislation.

His speeches and pamphlets on the French Revolution, and especially his incomparable work, entitled *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, are perhaps as wonderful for their sagacity, their penetration, their intensity of predictive power,

‘The vision and the faculty divine,’

as they are admirable for the splendid eloquence of their expression. The distinguished F. Schlegel is enthusiastic in his praise: “This man,” says he, “has been to his own country, and to all Europe—in a particular manner to Germany—a new light of political wisdom and moral experience. He corrected his age, when it was at the height of its revolutionary frenzy; and, without maintaining any system of philosophy, he seems to have seen farther into the true nature of society, and to have more clearly comprehended the effect

of religion in connecting individual security with national welfare, than any philosopher or any system of philosophy of any succeeding age."

In 1785, he conceived the plan of the *Annual Register*, or Review of the civil, political, and literary transactions of the times, a periodical which has continued with success to the present day.

His last production, the *Letters on a Regicide Peace*, published a few months before his death, is distinguished by the same fervent eloquence, profound wisdom, and far-seeing sagacity that characterized his earlier productions on the French Revolution. His writings are, indeed, the only political writings of a past age that continue to be read with interest in the present; and they are now perhaps more studied, and better appreciated, both for oratorical and philosophical worth, than when first produced. His eloquence extended to all the details of every subject. His diction was as rich and varied as the matter; but the length of his speeches, their copiousness, abundance of ornament, and wide field of speculation, produced impatience in men of business absorbed in the particular subject of debate.

Burke was ever the bold, uncompromising champion of justice, mercy, and truth. Impartial in his judgment, unswayed by every political doctrine, he as zealously denounced that arbitrary power which oppressed the American colonies, as he rebuked that hurricane of fierce democracy which swept the throne and the altar from France, and involved the court and commonalty in general ruin.

His domestic comfort was irretrievably impaired, and his life probably shortened by the death of his son, in 1794. He thus adverts to his loss in his celebrated *Letter to a noble Lord*: "I live in an inverted order.

They who ought to have succeeded me, have gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity, are in the place of ancestors. The storm has gone over me; and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane hath scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honors: I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth! There, and prostrate there, I must unfeignedly recognize the divine justice, and in some degree submit to it." The three years during which he survived this bereavement, were principally employed in schemes and acts of benevolence and charity. He founded a school for the children of French Emigrants. Its permanent support formed one of his latest cares. He calmly expired at his country seat of Beaconsfield in July, 1797, retaining the perfect possession of his faculties to the last.

#### QUALIFICATIONS FOR GOVERNMENT.

(From *Reflections on the Revolution in France.*)

There is no qualification for government but virtue and wisdom, actual or presumptive.

Wherever they are actually found, they have, in whatever state, condition, profession, or trade, the passport of Heaven to human place and honor.

Woe to the country which would madly and impiously reject the service of the talents and virtues, civil, military, or religious, that are given to grace and to serve it; and would condemn to obscurity everything formed to diffuse lustre and glory around a state! Woe to that country, too, that, passing into the opposite extreme, considers a low education, a mean, contracted view of things, a sordid, mercenary occupation, as 'a preferable title to command! Everything ought to be open, but not indifferently, to every man. No rotation; no appointment by lot; no mode of election operating in the spirit of sortition or rotation, can be generally good in a government conversant in extensive objects, because they have no tendency, direct or indirect, to select the man with a view to the duty, or to accommodate the one to the other. I do not hesitate to say,

that the road to eminence and power, from obscure condition, ought not to be made too easy, nor a thing too much of course. If rare merit be the rarest of all rare things, it ought to pass through some sort of probation.

The temple of honor ought to be seated on an eminence. If it be opened through virtue, let it be remembered, too, that virtue is never tried but by some difficulty and some struggle.

#### MARIE ANTOINETTE.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. O! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her, in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor, and of cavaliers! I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards, to avenge even a look that threatened her with assault.

But the age of chivalry is gone; that of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded: and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more, shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom! The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

#### WILLIAM COWPER, 1731–1800.

William Cowper, the poet of ordinary life and domestic emotions, was born in Hertfordshire, England, of



an aristocratic family. He was one of the first among the English poets that ventured to describe those familiar thoughts and feelings, which are imagined by the word *home*, a word for which so many cultivated languages have no equivalent. After his mother's death, when he was hardly over six years of age, he was sent to a certain Dr. Titman's school. There the timid, sensitive child was, for two years, subjected to many acts of cruelty at the hand of a senior scholar. He was afterwards removed to Westminster School, where, for seven years he enjoyed a comparatively pleasant time. His subsequent life was singularly unhappy, the greater part of it being clouded with insanity, brought on perhaps by a morbid timidity, and fostered by religious melancholy. Having imbibed the Calvinistic doctrine of election and reprobation in its most appalling rigor, he was led to a dismal state of apprehension; and it is said that the temporary derangement of his faculties was caused by his dread of the eternal judgment. His poetical genius was not exhibited until an unusually advanced age. He was fifty before he obtained any reputation as a writer. In 1781, he was induced to prepare a volume of *Poems* for the press. The principal topics are the Progress of Error, Truth, Expostulation, Hope, Charity, Retirement, and Conversation,—all of which are treated with originality and vigor of style. But the volume did not attract any great degree of popular attention. It is to the influence and suggestion of Lady Austen that we are indebted for the exquisitely humorous ballad of *John Gilpin*, and the author's masterpiece, *The Task*, published in 1785. This poem starts from a mock-heroic introduction giving a ludicrous account of the rise and origin of the sofa, and easily glides into exquisite descriptions of rural scenery and inimitable pictures of home-born and domestic happi-

ness. In the same year, was published his *Tirocinium*, a poem on the subject of education, intended to censure the want of discipline and the inattention to morals which prevailed in public schools. Whatever may be thought of the discussions against public education, the poem abounds with striking observations. His *Translation* of Homer appeared in 1791. This work possesses much exactness as to the sense, and is certainly more literal than that of Pope; but Pope's translation has remained up to this day the most popular of all similar attempts in English. Prof. Craik tries to account for Cowper's failure by saying that he strained "to imitate a style not only unlike his own, but unfortunately quite as unlike that of his original: for these versions of the most natural of all poetry, the Homeric, are strangely enough attempted in the manner of the most artificial of all poets, Milton." Disappointed at the reception of this laborious work, he meditated a revision of it, and also a new didactic poem entitled *The Four Ages*. But although he occasionally wrote a few verses, and revised his *Odyssey* amidst his glimmerings of reason, those and all other undertakings finally gave way to a relapse of his malady. His disorder continued with little intermission to the close of life, which, sad to relate, ended in a state of absolute despair, towards the beginning of the year 1800. His prose works are confined almost exclusively to his letters, which now occupy the very first rank in epistolary literature.

Angus thus sums up the characteristics of his poetry: "The qualities which gave Cowper a high place in our poesy, it is not difficult to define. For humor and quiet satire, for appreciation of natural beauty and domestic life, for strong good sense and devout piety, for public spirit and occasional sublimity, for

gentle and noble sentiment, for fine descriptive powers employed with skill on outward scenes and on character, for ease and colloquial freedom of style, and for the strength and harmony of his later versification especially, he has rarely been equalled, and for these qualities combined he has never been surpassed. . . . He is practically the founder of the modern school of poets—an honor he owes chiefly to his reality and naturalness. It is this excellence which gives attractiveness to all he has written. Pope's poems are at least as finished as the best of Cowper's, and more finished than most of his earlier pieces. Young is often as apparently religious, sometimes as merry, and certainly as witty. Thomson's pictures of nature have greater variety and more ideal beauty than Cowper's. But Pope's poetry is art, Cowper's nature. Young's religion and mirth seem to belong to two different men. From every line Cowper has written, the very man beams forth, always natural, consistent, and unaffected; . . the poet lives and moves in every scene."

## BOADICEA.

## An Ode.

When the British warrior queen,  
Bleeding from the Roman rods,  
Sought with an indignant mien  
Counsels of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak  
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,  
Every burning word he spoke  
Full of rage and full of grief:

"Princess, if our aged eyes  
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,  
'Tis because resentment ties  
All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish—write that word—  
In the blood that she has spilt—

Perish, hopeless and abhorred,  
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome, for empire far renowned,  
Tramples on a thousand states;  
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—  
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

Other Romans shall arise,  
Heedless of a soldier's name;  
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize;  
Harmony, the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs  
From the forests of our land,  
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,  
Shall a wider world command.

Regions Cæsar never knew  
Thy posterity shall sway;  
Where his eagles never flew,  
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,  
Pregnant with celestial fire,  
Bending as he swept the cords  
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,  
Felt them in her bosom glow;  
Rushed to battle, fought and died;  
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,  
Heaven awards the vengeance due;  
Empire is on us bestowed,  
Shame and ruin wait for you.

#### OTHER WRITERS.

GILBERT BURNETT (1643-1715) was the son of Scotch Presbyterian parents. He became minister, and, later on, bishop in the Anglican Establishment. He took an active part in the politics of his time, and was very efficient in bringing about the accession of William and Mary to the throne of England. He wrote many works of history, of which the two most important are *The History of the Reformation of the Church of England*, and the *History of his own Times*. He is an extreme partisan. His slanders of the Catholic Church are so glaring that even some of his Protestant contemporaries, Wharton,

for instance, exposed his errors. Of the *History of his own Times*, Dr. Johnson has said : " I do not believe that Burnett intentionally lied ; but he was so much prejudiced that he took no pains to find out the truth." Macaulay, as a good Whig, defends the accuracy of his brother Whig.

ROBERT SOUTH (1633-1716) was a favorite preacher at the court of Charles II. A zealous Royalist and Episcopalian, he visited republicans and dissenters with a satire always vigorous, if not always befitting in a minister of the Gospel.

REV. THOMAS PARNELL (1679-1718), an intimate friend of Swift and Pope, was a native of Ireland. He wrote many poems, some of which, as *Night-piece on Death*, *Hymn to Contentment*, *The Hermit*, were much admired in the last century. *The Hermit*, however, is the only one that still enjoys popular favor. The plan is not original, but may be traced to the Koran.

JOHN GAY (1688-1732) holds a distinguished rank in literature for his interesting *Fables*. Another work of Gay, *The Beggar's Opera*, the leading personages of which are thieves and robbers, has justly been condemned for its licentiousness.

RICHARD BENTLEY (1662-1742), Master of Trinity College, and Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, was one of the greatest classical scholars and critics that England ever produced. His chief work is his *Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris*, and the *Fables of Æsop*, in which he attempts to prove that the Æsopian Fables were not Æsop's, and that the Epistles of Phalaris were a modern forgery. Almost single-handed, Bentley withstood the efforts of a crowd of opponents, Atterbury, Hon. Charles Boyle, Conyers Middleton, Pope, Swift, and Oxford men generally. Bentley's editions of Horace and Terence did not diminish his reputation, but he failed ludicrously in his proposed emendations of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Bentley had also formed the design, which he did not carry out, of amending the Greek text of the New Testament through the Latin Vulgate.

HENRY FIELDING (1707-1754), an English lawyer of family, but reckless, dissipated, and extravagant, shares with Richardson the highest rank among the novel-writers of the last century. He first wrote for the stage as a means of support, and produced a large number of plays which had no success at the time, and are now forgotten. When Richardson's *Pamela* appeared, Fielding wrote his *Joseph Andrews* to mock at the lessons of virtue which the former had meant to impress upon the public. The great success of *Joseph Andrews* paved the way for *Tom Jones*, which is considered his masterpiece. He wrote other novels, as *Jonathan Wild* and *Amelia*, and many political pamphlets in defence of the Hanoverian dynasty. The pages of Fielding are so marred by the coarseness of the pictures and the indelicacy of the language, that they are not fit reading for virtuous people.

ALLAN RAMSAY (1685-1758), a Scotch poet of great merit, wrote *The Gentle Shepherd*, a pastoral drama, of which the principal fault is to be written in the Scottish dialect. It is of this poem that Boswell spoke to Johnson as the best pastoral ever written, and, as he offered to teach the gruff Doctor to understand it, he elicited this characteristic answer : " No, sir, I won't learn it. You shall retain your superiority by my not knowing it."

WILLIAM SHENSTONE (1714-1763) is the author of the *Pastoral Ballad*, looked upon by many as the best specimen in English of this kind of poetry.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON (1689-1767) is one of the great novelists of the eighteenth century. His first novel, *Pamela, or, Virtue Rewarded*, was published



in 1740, and at once enjoyed an immense popularity; but its successors, *Clarissa Harlowe*, or, *The History of a Young Lady*, and *Sir Charles Grandison*, are in reality his masterpieces. Although Richardson is credited to have aimed at promoting good morals, and Pope, in his infatuation, declared that *Pamela* would do more good than twenty sermons, it cannot be denied that his novels are licentious. Besides, he is too sentimental, his descriptions are too lengthy, his style too common.

LAURENCE STERNE (1713-1768) was born at Clonmel, in Ireland, but was educated in England. He still lives in literature by his two novels, *Tristram Shandy*, and his *Sentimental Journey*, in which the want of plot is supplied by the humor of the characters. Slandorous representations of the Catholic Church and indecent hints betray the wolf in sheep's clothing, and 'the profligate hidden in the parson's gown.'

MARK AKENSIDE (1721-1770) is well remembered for his didactic poem, *The Pleasures of Imagination*.

THOMAS CHATTERTON (1752-1770) was that wonderful boy of Bristol who passed off on the public his own poems, sermons, and other writings, for manuscripts of the fifteenth century. At seventeen, he tried his fortune in London, but there became a prey to all evils,—infidelity, intemperance, poverty, disappointment,—to which he sadly put the climax by committing suicide, at the age of nineteen.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT (1721-1771) was a sour-tempered Scotchman, who, after unsuccessful attempts in the dramatic, surgical, and medical art, at last became an author by profession. Great was the success of his first novel, *Roderick Random*, and greater still was that of the next two, *Peregrine Pickle* and *Humphrey Clinker*; unfortunately, they are disfigured by gross licentiousness. His pen continued to be busy with a translation of *Don Quixote*, the editing of the *Critical Review*, and a *Complete History of England* brought down to the year 1768, but of inferior merit.

ALBAN BUTLER (1700-1773) is a name familiar to all Catholic readers. He was descended from a family once highly connected and wealthy, but, at the time of his birth, reduced to slender circumstances. At Douay College, where he spent many years as pupil and teacher, he was unrelenting in his application to study, and thus laid the basis of that vast erudition on almost every subject, which marked him out as one of the most learned men of his time. His love of literary pursuits did not, however, infringe upon his religious duties and devotional exercises. About the year 1746, Rev. Alban Butler was sent on the English mission, and soon after became chaplain and tutor to the young Duke of Norfolk. After the expulsion of the Jesuits from France, he was appointed President of the English College at St. Omer, and filled that position till his death in 1773.

Among the minor works written by Alban Butler, we may mention his *Travels through France and Italy*, *The Life of Mary of the Cross*, three volumes of *Sermons or Pious Discourses*, and *Feasts and Fasts*, left incomplete. But the great monument of his learning, the result of thirty years' labor, is his *Lives of the Saints*. This is a comprehensive account of the principal saints of all climes and ages. The narrative is interspersed with learned, judicious, edifying remarks, and accompanied with notes relating to many subjects of historical interest. To use the words of the learned Bishop Doyle, "it presents to the reader a mass of general information, digested and arranged with an ability and a candor never surpassed." The



author draws his materials from original sources, and, far from being too credulous, is rather strict in his admission of miracles. The cold and narrow criticism of the eighteenth century, which tried to do away with so many miracles in the lives of the saints, may be traced even in so religious a writer as Butler. He has the merit of simplicity and terseness of style ; but, in his efforts to be short, he loses some of the charm which in the lives of great men, and especially of saints, clings to the abundance of detail. The *Lives of the Saints* will transmit the name of Alban Butler to many future generations of English-speaking Catholics.

RICHARD CHALLONER (1691-1781), vicar-apostolic of the London District, was converted to the Catholic faith when yet very young. At the age of thirteen, he was sent to Douay, where, after his ordination, his superior merits caused him to be retained nearly twenty years. As a missionary, and afterward as a bishop, he was an admirable example of devotedness to duty, and yet he could find time to write works of great usefulness. In 1737, he published the *Catholic Christian Instructed* in answer to Dr. Conyers Middleton's *Conformity between Popery and Paganism*. The reply of the latter consisted in a prosecution of Challoner, which obliged him to take refuge on the Continent. Challoner composed many other writings in defence of Catholic truth. His *Meditations for Every Day in the Year*, and his *Think Well On't*, are household books of devotion, which have elicited the admiration of every candid Protestant. In history, we are indebted to Dr. Challoner for the valuable *Memoirs of Missionary Priests and other Catholics that have Suffered Death in England on Religious Accounts, from the Year 1577 to 1684*. He gives us an account of 180 martyrs who suffered during the reign of Elizabeth alone. These *Memoirs* are a monument to the accuracy, research, and moderation of their author. The style, suited to this kind of narrative, is simple and concise.

Another important work of Dr. Challoner is his revision of the Rheims-Douay Bible, in which he substituted modern for antiquated terms. His revision is generally used by Catholics, but the admirers of the old Anglo-Saxon would willingly return to the earlier version.

The last sixteen years of the good bishop's life were years of trial and affliction. The active prosecutions of informers, especially of one Payne, resulted in heavy fines, the closing of many chapels, the scattering of priests and people. To crown these evils, the clamor of intolerance and fanaticism brought about the famous Gordon Riots of 1780. The sight of ruined chapels seems to have been the death-blow of the venerable bishop.

HORACE WALPOLE (1717-1797), the third son of Robert Walpole, the celebrated statesman, deserves to be mentioned for his *Letters* and *Memoirs* of his own time. His style is racy and sparkling.

## SECTION THE FOURTH, THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Intellectual activity, a spirit of honest research, a passion for liberty, a certain eagerness to fathom all mysteries, or throw off what human reason cannot comprehend, are prominent characteristics of the nineteenth

century, which we must expect to find expressed in its literature. Impatient of the artificial restraints to which it had been subjected for more than a hundred years, poetry sought inspiration in the freedom of nature. Just then shone in the literary firmament of England a galaxy of poets inferior only to the greatest—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton. The first to inaugurate this brilliant era were Wordsworth and Coleridge in the *Lyrical Ballads*. Soon Scott followed with his chivalric romances. Then Byron, despite his waywardness, depicted in passionate accents the grandeurs of nature and of art. The ethereal music of Shelley, the classic beauty of Keats, the patriotic melodies of Moore, the lyric strains of Campbell, joined in the new concert of inspired nature. It seems, however, as if the poetical efforts had been nearly exhausted by this brilliant beginning, since one other name only, that of Tennyson, has been admitted by common consent to have shed on the remaining three-quarters of the century a glory that can compare with its beginning. It must be added that much of the nineteenth century poetry conceals under its attractive form most pernicious errors, false sentiments, dangerous theories, open or covert attacks against the Church of Christ. It should be noted also that the excellence achieved is limited to lyrical, descriptive, and narrative poetry, the highest kind of epic not having been attained, nor any eminence in the drama. The few poets who drew their inspiration from the purest sources of Christianity, like Aubrey de Vere and Coventry Patmore, did not reach a perfection of poetical style equal to their ideal.

If from poetry we pass to prose, history appears at first as a field of great achievements. Lingard brought before the public mind an interesting, authentic, and impartial account of British affairs during seventeen centuries. With him, Carlyle, Macaulay, and Green, each in his own

way, were the most conspicuous. At the very beginning of the century, the long essay was introduced by the *Edinburgh Review*, principally for the sake of literary criticism, but soon it was used as a mode to treat all questions—the religious, moral, political, no less than the literary. The impetus thus given by Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, and especially Macaulay, was such that reviews sprang up in every quarter, and became of paramount importance in the world of letters. Different from this was a desultory kind of essay, almost identified with the name of Charles Lamb, in which humor is the principal factor, and the subjects as manifold as the caprice of the writer. Fiction was not much behind the essay in its early wooing of the century. Maria Edgeworth with her Irish characters, and Jane Austin with her characters and incidents of ordinary life, were first in the field, but it was Scott, ‘the Wizard of the North,’ that was destined to give the vogue to the novel, a vogue that has passed through a myriad forms, and after a hundred years still holds the public. Many names during the nineteenth century entranced the reader’s ears, but those of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and Stevenson seem to be uppermost in fame and merit. In science and literature, Darwin, Tyndall, Spencer, and Huxley, men of profound scientific attainments, too often made the fascinating beauty of their style subservient to the spreading of many false and infidel theories. In art-literature, Ruskin attained an eminence only to be compared with that of Newman in the field of theology. Thus our language, moulded by Shakespeare and his contemporaries, polished and refined by Pope and Addison, reached in the nineteenth century its zenith of excellence. “There never was a time when men wrote so much and so well, and that without being of very great account themselves. . . . What our writers lack is that individuality, that earnestness, most personal yet uncon-

scious of self, which is the greatest charm of an author." \* The great cardinal who wrote these lines was himself the master of a style which is considered by many critics as the purest, clearest, and most personal that can be claimed for any English writer. Next to the peerless name of Newman, we may join those of Ruskin, Stevenson, Macaulay, Thackeray, who shine eminent in the constellation of the great writers of English prose.

Unfortunately, both our prose and poetry have been invaded by an anti-Christian spirit, which gives to every new theory the name of progress. Nature is worshipped by some and humanity by others; revelation is treated as a myth; God is the unknowable; there is no objective truth. Uncertainty, skepticism, sentimentality, have taken hold of the human mind. For us Catholics, when we see the inextricable maze of error in which others are entangled, we ought to revere and love the more our infallible guide. Catholic literature, distinctly as such, made considerable advance in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, but the Catholics were still liable to the penal laws which had trodden them down during two hundred and fifty years, and had made them outcasts in the eyes of their fellow-citizens. Even after the Catholic Emancipation (1829), "the old habits of a proscribed sect clung to them. . . . Their shackles had been removed, but not the numbness and cramp which they had produced." † "Time was needed for them to emerge from the habits of thought which had become hereditary." ‡ The masterly writings of Lingard, the European influence of Wiseman, the foundation of the *Dublin Review* § and the *London*

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\* Card. Newman's *Idea of a University*, p. 327 and fol.

† Card. Wiseman. *Life of Card. Wiseman* by W. Ward, vol. i., p. 216.

‡ Ibid.

§ The *Dublin Review* was founded, in 1836, by Michael J. Quin, with the co-operation of Cardinal Wiseman and Daniel O'Connell. The Cardinal was, up to his death, the presiding spirit and an active contributor of the *Review*.

Tablet,\* the Oxford movement, with its numerous conversions of well-equipped Anglicans, contributed to form a school of writers who became the natural exponents of rational and revealed truth. It was a blessing, indeed, that the great leader of English thought and incomparable English style not only made his submission to the old church, but had occasion, later on, to give to the world an unparalleled vindication of her and of himself.

### JOHN KEATS, 1795-1821.

John Keats was a premature genius, who, though prevented by death from reaching the fulness of his powers, yet has impressed his influence on English poetry. His circumstances did not allow him the advantages of a University; and the knowledge of the classics which he obtained at school was very meagre, little Latin and no Greek. On leaving school, he was apprenticed to a surgeon; but the delights he took in Chaucer and Spenser, revealed to him his more congenial vocation for poetry. A first volume of poems was hardly noticed by the public. In 1817, he wrote *Endymion, a Poetical Romance*, the largest of his works. The extreme violence with which it was attacked by Gifford in the London Quarterly Review, deeply wounded the keen sensibility of the poet. His other poems are *Lamia*, a strange tale of Grecian mythology; *Isabella*, founded on a tale from Boccaccio; *The Eve of*

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With peculiar solicitude he bequeathed his trust to Cardinal Manning. For sixteen years, 1863-1879, Dr. Ward worthily occupied the editorial chair, especially contributing articles of a controversial and philosophical kind. The London Tablet, the most eminent Catholic weekly published in English, was started in 1840.

\* "Between the years 1840 and 1852, ninety-two members of the University of Oxford and forty-three of the University of Cambridge, entered the Catholic Church. Of the former, sixty-three were clergymen, and of the latter, nineteen." Alzog's Church History, vol. iii., p. 375.



*St. Agnes*, a romantic story, as improbable in the incidents as beautiful in diction; *Hyperion*, which, though a mere fragment, is considered as the most polished of his writings; and his *Miscellaneous Poems*. Among these last are his odes, sonnets, and grateful lines to his old preceptor.

“The chief characteristic of Keats’s poetry is the intensity with which it expresses the sense of beauty. . . . There is about his later works a classical repose and a handling at once light and strong.” \* His verse, untrammelled by the rules of the couplet, moves along in a variety of harmonious and majestic cadences.

It is a wonder that Keats, with his little knowledge of Greek mythology, showed a preference for Greek themes, and entered so thoroughly into the spirit of the Greek masters. But he was, by instinct and sympathy, a Greek. Nature, for him, was not, as it is for a Christian, an image, faint and partly effaced, of its Almighty Creator; but it was an idol before which, like the Greeks of old, he knelt and adored.

Keats had entered his twenty-sixth year, when literary disappointment, and grief for unrequited love, combined with hereditary consumption to bring him to an untimely grave.

#### TO AUTUMN.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!

Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;

Conspiring with him how to load and bless

With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;

To bend with apples the mossed cottage-tree,

And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;

To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells

With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,

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\* Aubrey de Vere.



And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
 Until they think warm days will never cease,  
 For summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?  
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;  
 Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,  
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
 Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers ;  
 And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep  
 Steady thy laden head across a brook ;  
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
 Thou watchest the last oozyings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?  
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—  
 While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;  
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
 Among the river salallows, borne aloft  
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;  
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;  
 Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft  
 The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft,  
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, 1792–1823.

Percy Bysshe Shelley, the oldest son of a baronet, was a poet of rare genius, but of a genius shooting wild and utterly missing the great aims of human life. While yet a schoolboy, he wrote two romances, and, at eighteen, was expelled from Oxford for his *Defence of Atheism*. A few months afterwards, he published *Queen Mab*, in which he scouts at the popular idea of God, and makes Necessity, or the Spirit of Nature, his own god. His *Revolt of Islam* is a considerable poem, in the Spenserian stanza, picturing the struggle of an agitated people against the institutions which it pre-

viously held sacred. *Prometheus Unbound*, a lyrical drama in four acts, well expresses the spirit of its author, defiant of all authority; while *Alastor, or, the Spirit of Solitude*, reveals a soul restlessly pursuing a happiness which is ever beyond its grasp. The tragedy of *The Cenci* rehearses crimes so repulsive and sickening that it has never been represented on the stage. All the larger works of Shelley exhibit him as a wild declaimer against the inequality of conditions among men, and a utopian advocate of equal distribution of labor and reward: happily they have never found many readers. *Adonais* is a lament in fifty-five Spenserian stanzas over the untimely death of Keats. Among his shorter poems, *The Sensitive Plant*, *The Skylark*, and *The Cloud*, are lyrics unequalled for imaginative beauty of thought and language. "Shelley's versification is exquisitely free, varied, and musical, and his diction natural, yet richly poetical, and only obscured by the intensity and the subtlety of his imagination."\* He is the most ethereal of our poets, and yet beyond nature he saw nothing, not even the God of nature, much less the God of revelation—a sad example of human reason relying upon itself alone. Shelley spent the last four years of his life in Italy. He had not quite reached his thirty-first birthday, when, in 1823, he was drowned by the capsizing of his boat in the Gulf of Spezzia.

#### THE CLOUD.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,  
From the seas and the streams;  
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid  
In their noonday dreams.  
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken  
The sweet buds every one,

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\* Eng. Lit. by R. M. Johnston and W. H. Browne.

When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,  
As she dances about the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
And whiten the green plains under,  
And then again I dissolve in rain,  
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
And their great pines groan aghast;  
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,  
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.  
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,  
Lightning, my pilot, sits;  
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,  
It struggles and howls at fits;  
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,  
This pilot is guiding me,  
Lured by the love of the genii that move  
In the depths of the purple sea;  
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,  
Over the lakes and the plains,  
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,  
The spirit he loves remains;  
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,  
Whilst he is dissolving in rain.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,  
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;  
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,  
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.  
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,  
Over a torrent sea,  
Sunbeam-proof I hang like a roof,  
The mountains its columns be.  
The triumphal arch through which I march  
With hurricane, fire, and snow,  
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,  
Is the million-colored bow;  
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,  
While the moist earth was laughing below.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,  
And his burning plumes outspread,

Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,  
When the morning-star shines dead;  
As on the jag of a mountain crag,  
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,  
An eagle alit one moment may sit  
In the light of its golden wings.  
And when sunset may breathe from the lit sea beneath,  
Its ardors of rest and love,  
And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
From the depth of heaven above,  
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,  
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbéd maiden, with white fire laden,  
Whom mortals call the moon,  
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,  
By the midnight breezes strewn;  
And whenever the beat of her unseen feet,  
Which only the angels hear,  
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,  
The stars peep behind her and peer;  
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,  
Like a swarm of golden bees,  
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,  
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,  
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,  
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I am the daughter of earth and water,  
And the nursling of the sky;  
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;  
I change, but I cannot die.  
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,  
The pavilion of heaven is bare,  
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,  
Build up the blue dome of air,  
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
And out of the caverns of rain,  
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,  
I arise and unbuild it again.

## GEORGE GORDON BYRON, 1788-1824.

George Gordon Byron, a poet of elevated genius, was born in London in 1788. At the age of seventeen, he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, where his impatience under restraint and faults against discipline drew upon him much unavoidable rebuke ; and where he wasted the hours which, if properly employed, would have secured him a solid foundation of learning, instead of habits of reckless profligacy. He quitted college after two years, and took up his residence at the family seat of Newstead Abbey.\* Whilst at his homestead, he prepared for publication his earliest production under the title of *Hours of Idleness*, a collection of fugitive poems, original and translated, in no way remarkable ; and chiefly remembered on account of the castigation it received from the Edinburgh Review, and his own pungent retort entitled *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. The first two cantos of *Childe Harold* were published in the spring of 1812. This poem, in whose numbers the Spenserian stanza is felicitously revived, was received at once with the utmost enthusiasm. "I awoke," says the author, "one morning, and found myself famous." In May of the next year, appeared his *Giaour* ; in November, *The Bride of Abydos* ; and three months afterwards, *The Corsair*. These narrative poems, with the exception of *The Corsair*, are written in the irregular-rhymed metres which Scott brought into fashion. They have rarely any pretensions to ingenuity of plot, or connected development of incident. They have no variety of character, and are rather delineations of

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\* Newstead Abbey, originally an Augustinian monastery, founded by Henry II., and granted by Henry VIII. to John Byron, at the time of the spoliation of the monasteries. Of the abbey church, only one end remains.

moments of intense passion in Oriental life. During his residence in the neighborhood of Geneva, he produced the third canto of *Childe Harold*, and the *Prisoner of Chillon*, a painful story told with inimitable tenderness. The short poem of *Beppo* appeared in 1818. His dramas, most of which are declamatory and undramatic, some of them, as *Cain* and *Manfred*, exhibiting a mocking sceptical spirit, were written whilst he resided at Ravenna. Byron's genius was singularly deficient in scenic power, principally from his want of variety in all his attempts at creating character.

At length appeared the concluding canto of *Childe Harold*. His first design had been to imitate in this poem, not only the stanza, but also the quaint and antiquated air of *The Fairie Queene*. The very title, *Childe*, which, in old legendary language, signifies knight, is a proof of this. However, he soon abandoned this forced masquerade of diction. Harold, the hero of the poem, is an exhausted, disappointed libertine, who recklessly wanders over the earth; but who is sometimes capable of being roused for a moment, by contempt or admiration, by the base or the beautiful, by patriotism or by despair. The pictures of nature, of man, of society, which crowd the four cantos, are not surpassed in English or any other literature. The poem begins and ends with the ocean, to whose majestic undulations and changing aspects of gloom and sunshine, of calm and tempest, of melancholy grandeur and immeasurable depth, it bears no faint similitude.

The extraordinary poem that closed his literary career, *Don Juan*, is the most complete embodiment of all the discordant elements of this poet's wayward life. The primary characteristic of *Don Juan* is a rapid and



incessant alternation of the severest satire and the most comic impressions, with images the most solemn and pathetic. There can be but one opinion of the intensity of the wit and the absence of humor ; but the wit is of the cold and caustic character of Beaumarchais and Voltaire. The poem is fatally marred by a coarseness of narrative which no art can redeem, and a grossness of obscenity which has entailed a lasting stigma on the poet's memory.

The genius of Lord Byron is one of the most remarkable in our literature for originality, versatility, and energy. This last is his most striking quality ; "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" are the common staple of his poetry. He is everywhere impressive ; and his poems abound in sentiments of great dignity and tenderness, as well as in passages of rare sublimity and beauty. But what renders his writings in the highest degree pernicious, is, in the judgment of Lord Jeffrey, their tendency to destroy all belief in the reality of virtue, and to make all enthusiasm and consistency of affection ridiculous. The following opinion of the character of Byron's poetry is from the pen of Lord Macaulay : "Never had any writer so vast a command of the whole eloquence of scorn, misanthropy, and despair. His principal heroes are men who have arrived by different roads at the same goal of despair ; who are sick of life ; who are at war with society ; who are supported in their anguish only by an unquenchable pride, resembling that of Prometheus on the rock, or of Satan in the burning marl ; who can master their agonies by the force of their will, and who, at the last, defy the whole power of earth and heaven. He always described himself as a man of the same kind with his favorite creations ; as a man whose heart had been withered, whose capacity for happiness was gone,

and could not be restored ; but whose invincible spirit dared the worst that could befall him here or hereafter."

In 1823, Byron hired an English vessel, and sailed for Cephalonia, in order to aid in the deliverance of Greece from the Mahometan thralldom. But being foiled in his plans, he became the victim of disappointment and chagrin. His constitution gave way, he was attacked by fits of epilepsy, and, in April, 1824, he breathed his last. His body was brought to England, and interred near his own seat of Newstead Abbey, where a plain marble slab merely records his name, title, date of death, and age.

#### APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;  
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
 Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan—  
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields  
 Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise  
 And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields  
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,  
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,  
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,  
 And howling, to his gods, where haply lies  
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,  
 And dashest him again to earth : there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake

And monarchs tremble in their capitals;  
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make  
 Their clay creator the vain title take  
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war:  
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,  
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar  
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—  
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?  
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,  
 And many a tyrant since; their shores obey  
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay  
 Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou;  
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play.  
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:  
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,  
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
 Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime—  
 The image of Eternity—the throne  
 Of the Invisible: even from out thy slime  
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone  
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy  
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy  
 I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me  
 Were a delight; and if the freshening sea  
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear;  
 For I was as it were a child of thee,  
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

#### ST. PETER'S CHURCH AT ROME.

But lo! the dome!—the vast and wondrous dome,  
 To which Diana's marvel was a cell—  
 Christ's mighty shrine, above his martyr's tomb!

I have beheld the Ephesian miracle—  
Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell  
The hyena and the jackal in their shade;  
I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell  
Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have surveyed  
Its sanctuary, the while th' usurping Moslem prayed.

But thou of temples old, or altars new,  
Standest alone, with nothing like to thee:  
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true,  
Since Sion's desolation, when that He  
Forsook his former city, what could be  
Of earthly structures, in his honor piled,  
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,  
Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty, are all aisled  
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;  
And why? it is not lessened: but thy mind,  
Expanded by the genius of the spot,  
Has grown colossal, and can only find  
A fit abode, wherein appear enshrined  
Thy hopes of immortality; and thou  
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,  
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now  
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow.

Thou movest, but increasing with the advance,  
Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,  
Deceived by its gigantic elegance:  
Vastness which grows—but grows to harmonize—  
All musical in its immensities;  
Rich marbles—richer painting—shrines where flame  
The lamps of gold—and haughty dome, which vies  
In air with earth's chief structure, though their frame  
Sits on the firm-set ground, and this the clouds must claim.

Thou seest not all; but piecemeal thou must break,  
To separate contemplation, the great whole;  
And as the ocean many bays will make,  
That ask the eye—so here condense thy soul  
To more immediate objects, and control  
Thy thoughts, until thy mind hath got by heart

Its eloquent proportions, and unroll  
In mighty graduations, part by part,  
The glory which at once upon thee did not dart.

Not by his fault—but thine: our outward sense  
Is but of gradual grasp—and, as it is,  
That what we have of feeling most intense  
Outstrips our faint expression; even so this  
Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice  
Fools our fond gaze, and, greatest of the great,  
Defies, at first, our nature's littleness;  
Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate  
Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

Then pause and be enlightened, there is more  
In such a survey than the sating gaze  
Of wonder pleased, or awe, which would adore  
The worship of the place, or the mere praise  
Of art, and its great masters, who could raise  
What former time, nor skill nor thought could plan;  
The fountain of sublimity displays  
Its depth, and thence may draw the mind of man  
Its golden sands, and learn what great conceptions can.

#### WALTER SCOTT, 1771–1832.

Sir Walter Scott, born in Edinburgh in 1771, is universally considered as the greatest writer of imagination of this century. His poetry is characterized by F. Schlegel as the poetry of Reminiscence, as Byron's is styled the poetry of Despair. It is hard to say whether his genius was most conspicuous in describing the varieties of nature, or delineating the passions of the heart: he was at once pictorial and dramatic. To this he owes his great success, his world-wide reputation. At the High School of Edinburgh and in the University, he gained no great reputation for scholarship, being averse to Greek, addicted to athletic sports, and fond of miscellaneous reading. According to his own account, he had a distinguished character as a

tale-teller. "The chief employment of my holidays," he says in the general introduction to his novels, "was to escape with a chosen friend who had the same taste with myself, and alternately to recite to each other such wild adventures as we were able to devise." At the age of fifteen, the breaking of a blood-vessel brought on an illness, which he beguiled by a constant reading of old romances, a circumstance which developed the chivalrous tendency of his character, and awakened his sympathies for the Middle Ages.

In 1802 appeared his first publication of any note, *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, which displayed much curious and abstruse learning, and gained the author no mean reputation as an historical and traditionary poet. His first original work of considerable extent was *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*—a tale of sorcery and chivalric adventure, supposed to be related by a wandering minstrel, the last of a profession once so honored. It is the first of those works which were to exercise such influence on our later literature. In 1808, appeared his *Marmion*, a poem somewhat similar in its scenery and treatment with the *Lay*, and concluding with the fatal field of Flodden. *The Lady of the Lake*, 1810—the *Vision of Don Roderic*, 1811—*Rokeby*, 1812, with some other works of less merit, ended his brilliant poetical career. The comparative merits of his three great poems, are now easily settled. The interest of the *Lay* depends chiefly upon the style; that of *Marmion*, upon the descriptions; that of the *Lady of the Lake*, upon the incidents. "The muse of Scott," says F. Schlegel, "lives only in the reminiscences of the old songs of Scotland; his verse is, as it were, a mosaic compound of detached fragments of Romantic legend and early chivalry, adapted to Scottish customs, and knit together with wondrous skill and care."

HOLY GHOST

APOSTOLIC SCHOOL

CORNWELL'S PA



During the period in which his principal poems appeared, Scott was also employed in editing *The Works of Dryden*, to which he prefixed a *Life* of the author; *Lord Somers's Tracts*; *The Works of Jonathan Swift*, and several other less voluminous writers. In 1814, he turned his thoughts more particularly to prose, and gave to the world, under the title of *Waverley*, the first of that wonderful series of novels, which created a new era in the history of prose fiction. The subsequent novels came out in the following order: in 1815, *Guy Mannering*; in 1816, *The Antiquary*, and *Tales of my Landlord*, consisting of *The Black Dwarf* and *Old Mortality*; in 1818, *Rob Roy*, and a second series of *Tales of my Landlord*, consisting of *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*; in 1819, the third series of *Tales of my Landlord*, consisting of *The Bride of Lammermoor* and *The Legend of Montrose*; in 1820, *Ivanhoe*, *The Monastery*, and *The Abbot*; in 1821, *Kenilworth*; in 1822, *The Pirate*, and *The Fortunes of Nigel*; in 1823, *Quentin Durward*, and *Peveril of the Peak*; in 1824, *St. Ronan's Well*, and *Redgauntlet*; in 1825 *Tales of the Crusaders*; in 1826, *Woodstock*; in 1827, *Chronicles of the Canongate*, First Series; in 1828, *Chronicles of the Canongate*, Second Series; in 1829, *Anne of Geierstein*; and in 1831, a fourth series of *Tales of my Landlord*. These works, rapidly as they were produced, not only were the fruits of his unaided genius, but the original manuscripts were entirely written with his own hand, excepting those of 1818 and 1819, when illness obliged him to use an amanuensis. The characteristics which placed Scott in the front rank of writers of fiction, are beauty and richness of conception, vigor of execution, a nice discrimination of character, a bold coloring of historic scenes, and a boundless acquired knowledge. The immense variety of characters to be found in these

novels, has caused them to be compared with the dramas of Shakespeare.

“We cannot say that Scott is licentious, but he is offensive and unjust to Catholics. He misrepresents their belief, perverts their intentions, and caricatures their practices. His saints are madmen, his monks half fool and half beast, his lay Catholics scoundrels or pretended heretics. . . . More than once he speaks of what he calls ‘a hunting Mass,’ purposely abbreviated for the convenience of hasty worshippers, being totally ignorant that no ecclesiastic has power to suppress a single word of the Missal.”\*

In 1820, George IV. conferred the title of baronet upon the gifted author. At the same time the fortune raised by his publications enabled Sir Walter to carry out the long-cherished object of his desires, to possess a baronial estate. The farm of Clarty-Hole on the Tweed became the famous Abbotsford, where Scott did the honors for all Scotland to numberless visitors of distinction. Everybody knows how all this sudden fortune crashed as suddenly, and how the indefatigable writer, unwilling to let his creditors lose anything, set about paying, by mere literary work, a sum of £117,000. He succeeded, indeed, but at the expense of his life.

In 1827, appeared his *Life of Napoleon*, a work of partial views, and executed with too little care and research to add to the brilliant reputation of the author. The first, second, and third series of *Tales of a Grandfather*, illustrative of events in Scottish history, *Letters on Demonology*, and *The History of Scotland*, close the long list of the works of this prolific writer.

In 1831, a second stroke of paralysis rendered it necessary for his family to divert him from the incessant

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\* T. W. M. Marshall, in London Tablet.

literary labor which his mind, though shattered by disease, still continued to perform. After visiting Malta, Naples, and ultimately Rome, he returned home to die. Helpless, unconscious, and patient, he lingered on some little time, at Abbotsford; and, at length, breathed his last in the presence of all his children, in September, 1832.

## HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

*Ave Maria!* maiden mild!

Listen to a maiden's prayer!

Thou canst hear though from the wild,

Thou canst save amid despair.

Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,

Though banished, outcast, and reviled—

Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer!

Mother, hear a suppliant child!

*Ave Maria!*

*Ave Maria!* undefiled!

The flinty couch we now must share,

Shall seem with down of eider piled,

If thy protection hover there.

The murky cavern's heavy air

Shall breathe of balm, if thou hast smiled;

Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;

Mother, list a suppliant child!

*Ave Maria!*

*Ave Maria!* Stainless styled!

Foul demons of the earth and air,

From this their wonted haunt exiled,

Shall flee before thy presence fair.

We bow us to our lot of care,

Beneath thy guidance reconciled;

Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,

And for a father hear a child!

*Ave Maria!*

## KNIGHTHOOD IN THE LISTS.

(From *Ivanhoe*.)

At length, as the music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken

the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armor, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armor was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold; and the device on his shield was a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, with the single word "Disinherited." He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and, as he passed through the lists, he gracefully saluted the prince and the ladies, by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won the favor of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield, touch the Hospitaller's shield; *he* has the least sure seat; *he* is your cheapest bargain." \*

The champion moving onward amid the well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and, to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, until it rang again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more so than the redoubted knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of his pavilion.

"Have you confessed yourself, brother," said the Templar, Guilbert, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?" "I am fitter to meet death than *thou* art," answered the Disinherited Knight; for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the book of the tourney. "Then take your place in the lists," said De Bois-Guilbert, "and look your last upon the sun; for this night thou shalt sleep in Paradise." "Gramercy † for thy courtesy," replied the

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\* The challenge to combat was given by touching the shield of the knight whom the challenger wished to encounter. The challenge to a contest with headless or blunt lances was given by touching the shield gently with the reversed spear, while a *blow* with the *point* denoted a challenge to mortal combat.

† Many thanks.

Disinherited Knight, "and to requite it, I advise thee to take a fresh horse, and a new lance, for, by my honor, you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary, in the expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

However incensed at his adversary for the precaution which he recommended, the Templar did not neglect his advice; for his honor was too nearly concerned to permit his neglecting any means which might insure victory over his presumptuous opponent. He changed his horse for a proved and fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters he had sustained. Lastly, he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his squires.

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disinherited Knight, yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the centre of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment, that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backward upon its haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by the use of the bridle and spur; and having glared on each other for an instant, with eyes that seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors, each retired to the extremity of the lists and received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest taken in the encounter. But no sooner had the knights resumed their station, than the clamor of applause was hushed

into a silence so deep and so dead, that it seemed the multitude were afraid to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath, the trumpets again sounded the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and met in the centre of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune as before.

In this second encounter, the Templar aimed at the centre of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fairly and forcibly, that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, the champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance towards Bois-Guilbert's shield; but changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which, if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Templar on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. Yet even at this disadvantage, Bois-Guilbert sustained his high reputation; and had not the girths of his saddle burst he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man, rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed, was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and stung with madness, both at his disgrace and the acclamations by which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword, and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprung from his steed, and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them, that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter, but that to the Disinherited Knight the meed of victory was fairly and honorably awarded.

#### ON NOVELS, AND NOVEL-READING.

The Novel is a fictitious history of surprising and entertaining events in common life. It differs from the romance, the interest of which turns upon marvellous and uncommon incidents. The chief merit of the



novel consists in drawing characters at the same time distinct in themselves, and representative of whole classes of people, and narrating with interest well-chosen incidents. In this new field of literature Defoe led the way. His *Robinson Crusoe*, his first prose fiction, met with extraordinary success. The excellence of Defoe's novels is a wonderful naturalness in the invention and relation of incidents. Richardson, the originator of the novel of high life, is noted for pathos and passion. Fielding is unrivalled for humor, satire, freshness, and skill, in the exhibition of genuine human nature without romance. The charm of Smollett's writings consists in their broad humor and comic incidents. Sterne has shown incomparable humor in his *Tristram Shandy* and his *Sentimental Journey*, though he borrowed much from Rabelais. But the moral tendency of most of these novels is bad, and they contain passages without number of needless offensive coarseness. Johnson's *Rasselas* is a noble example of natural morality, and Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* one of the most charming narratives in the language. It was reserved to Walter Scott to give to the novel an unbounded popularity. Whilst but one new novel was published every fortnight in 1825, one or more now appear every day. The novel, with Scott, was not intended to set forth the peculiar opinions of its author, as the case has since been with most of his followers. Besides, the false philosophy of the day, scouting the idea of a revelation, or exchanging religion for humanity, has gradually become the marked feature of some most successful novels. That Church alone which teaches the supernatural end of life and the means to attain it, can secure the novel-writer against the most fatal errors. The efforts made by Cardinals Wiseman, Newman, and

others, to counteract bad novels by religious tales is worthy of imitation. "It may be granted that we have no clear right to any religious element in a novel; but we have a right to demand that life be not distorted, morals left without explanation or incentive, and the great issues of our existence made dependent upon a blind fate."\*

For the effect produced by novel-reading on the character, mental faculties, and literary taste, we quote the following sound appreciation of Rees' Cyclopædia.

"From a view of some of the best authors in the highest class of novel writers, it will be abundantly evident that the perusal of these works, is more calculated and apt to be prejudicial than advantageous, unless the mind is previously fortified with sound principles, and the passions and feelings are completely under the mastery of the judgment. Even then their claim must rest rather on the interest which they excite, than on the instruction which they afford. Whoever draws his opinions of the world, of the manners, characters, and pursuits of mankind from novels, will enter on real life to great disadvantage; the personages of novels, especially of those which teem from the modern press, either bear no resemblance to mankind, or that resemblance consists in such a narrow peculiarity of feature, as renders it rather an individual than a general picture. But the strongest and most undoubted objection to novels, arises from the effects which the perusal of them produces on the mental faculties and the literary taste: during it, the mind is nearly passive; a lounging, desultory habit of reading is acquired, so that when works

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\* Cathol. World, March, 1879, p. 847.

are to be perused which require close and regular attention, and a judgment constantly on the alert to follow and comprehend the author's observations and arguments, the mind is unequal to the task. The literary taste will suffer equally if the reading is not confined to a very few select novels. Unless, therefore, the habits of close, active, and vigorous attention are of a very powerful and predominating nature, and the taste has been modelled to correctness and purity by long and regular discipline, novels ought to be avoided."\*

To these remarks we may add the opinion of Mr. William D. Howells, himself a distinguished novelist: "It may be safely assumed that most of the novel-reading, which people fancy is an intellectual pastime, is the emptiest dissipation, hardly more related to thought or the wholesome exercise of the mental faculties than opium-eating; in either case the brain is drugged, and left weaker and crazier by the debauch. If this may be called the negative result of the fiction-habit, the positive injury that most novels work is by no means so easily to be measured in the case of young men whose character they help so much to form or *deform*, and the women of all ages whom they keep so much in ignorance of the world they misrepresent."†

#### GEORGE CRABBE, 1754-1832.

George Crabbe, whom Byron styles 'nature's sternest painter, yet the best,' was born in 1754, at Aldborough, a coast town in Suffolk, and 'cradled among the sons of the ocean,' a daily witness of the rude manners and unbridled passions of fishermen, poachers, and smugglers. After receiving an education superior to what could have been expected in his circumstances,

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\* Rees' Cycl., Article, Novels.

† Harper's Monthly, 1887.

he made an unsuccessful attempt to establish himself as a country apothecary; and, finding himself on the brink of ruin, he resolved to abandon his profession, and seek his fortune as a literary adventurer. He arrived in London in 1780, 'with a box of clothes, a case of surgical instruments, and three pounds in his pocket.' His little stock of money being soon spent, he was driven to the necessity of soliciting temporary assistance, and was fortunate enough to attract the notice of the celebrated Edmund Burke. With the sympathy and encouragement of this great man, he brought out his first successful poem, *The Library*, and, three years later, *The Village*, a work revised and praised by both Burke and Johnson, and which at once stamped him as one of the most energetic and inventive poets of his age. If in his poems he has been accused, not without a show of justice, of dwelling too exclusively on what is odious and repulsive, and giving too gloomy and discouraging a view of human society, this fault is more than redeemed by the admirable instinct with which he has penetrated into the heart of man, and shown that its strength and weakness, its wisdom and folly, its majesty and degradation, are alike in all ranks and classes. Crabbe's powers of minute descriptive painting, and skill in setting vividly before us a scene or a character which, at first sight, we would consider hopelessly unattractive, were never equalled in literature. In the depicting of the fen, the marsh, the workhouse, and the jail, as well as in his description of moral sufferings, he is no less striking than peculiar. We have there not only poetry, but the reality of history. We would like more ideality, more humor, and deeper sympathy. "Crabbe, as is well known, was one of Newman's favourite authors, and nowhere can be

found such generous and discriminating appreciations of human character as in Crabbe's poems."\*

The following is a list of his works not already mentioned: *The Parish Register*, said to be the most successful of his productions; *The Borough*; *Tales in Verse*; lastly, *The Tales of the Hall*. All these poems are written in the rhymed couplet of Pope.

Crabbe, at the suggestion of Burke, became an Anglican clergyman in his twenty-eighth year, and through the influence of his great friend obtained comfortable livings. Honored and loved, he died in a good old age at Trowbridge, where he had spent the last eighteen years of his life.

#### THE ENGLISH PARISH WORKHOUSE.

There is yon house that holds the parish poor,  
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;  
There, where the putrid vapors flagging play,  
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;  
There children dwell who know no parent's care:  
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there:  
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,  
Forsaken wives and mothers never wed,  
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,  
And crippled age with more than childhood-fears;  
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!  
The moping idiot and the madman gay.  
Here too the sick their final doom receive,  
Here brought amid the scenes of grief to grieve,  
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,  
Mixed with the clamors of the crowd below;  
Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,  
And the cold charities of man to man:  
Whose laws indeed for ruined age, provide,  
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;  
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,  
And pride embitters what it can't deny. . . .

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\* Rev. T. Mozley's *Reminiscences*, vol. i., p. 211.

Such is that room which one rude beam divides,  
 And naked rafters form the sloping sides;  
 Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,  
 And lath and mud are all that lie between;  
 Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patched, gives way  
 To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:  
 Here on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,  
 The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;  
 For him no hand the cordial cup applies,  
 Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;  
 No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,  
 Or promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

## HISTORY.

Next History ranks; there full in front she lies,  
 And every nation her dread tale supplies:  
 Yet History has her doubts, and every age  
 With sceptic queries marks the passing page;  
 Records of old nor later date are clear,  
 Too distant those, and these are placed too near;  
 There, time conceals the objects from our view,  
 Here, our own passions and a writer's too:  
 Yet, in these volumes, see how states arose,  
 Guarded by virtue from surrounding foes!  
 Their virtue lost, and of their triumph vain,  
 Lo! how they sunk to slavery again!  
 Sate with power, of fame and wealth possessed,  
 A nation grows too glorious to be blest;  
 Conspicuous made, she stands the mark of all,  
 And foes join foes to triumph in her fall.

S. TAYLOR COLERIDGE, 1772-1834.

S. Taylor Coleridge, a profound thinker and a poet of rich imagination, was born in the South of England, and received the principal part of his education at Christ's Hospital, where he became head scholar. He describes himself as being, from eight to fourteen, 'a playless day-dreamer, a *helluo librorum*;' and in this instance 'the child was father of the man:' for such



was Coleridge to the end of his life. He had no ambition; and, had not his master, Bowyer, interfered, he would have apprenticed himself to a shoemaker who lived near the school. He wanted concentration and steadiness of purpose to avail himself sufficiently of his intellectual riches. In magnificent alternations of hope and despair, and in discoursing on poetry and philosophy, sometimes committing a golden thought to the blank leaf of a book, or to a private letter, but generally content with oral communication, the poet's time glided past. He began life as a Unitarian and Republican; but, ultimately, became an adherent to the doctrines of the Anglican Church, and an enthusiastic defender of monarchical institutions. Of the poems by which Coleridge is best known, the most generally read is *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, a wild, mystical narrative, possessing a melody strange and unearthly, and an air of antiquity in admirable harmony with the spectral character of the events. It appeared in the *Lyrical Ballads*, published in 1798 by Wordsworth and Coleridge. He translated the second and third parts of Schiller's *Wallenstein* with the exactness of a scholar, and the kindred inspiration of a poet. His *Ode to Mont Blanc* is one of the sublimest productions of the kind in the English language. The poem *Christabel* is a wild mysterious story which he published, in 1816, in its unfinished condition. Like his odes, like every verse that Coleridge wrote, it is exquisitely harmonious. In his *Lectures* on Shakespeare, he did more to give an idea of the breadth and grasp of the genius of that poet than any other Englishman of his time. His other prose writings are large contributions to the *Morning Post*; *The Friend*, a literary periodical, which extended only to twenty-seven numbers; the *Biographia Literaria*; and *Aids to Reflection*. He planned several great

works which were never committed to paper. Indeed an excessive use of opium, added to a native want of energy, produced an indolent habit and lack of application, which were fatal to the prosecution of any extensive project. He lived for some time at Keswick, in Cumberland, near the Lakes, in which region Wordsworth and Southey resided, and hence the appellation of Lake poets given to the three distinguished friends. As a conversationist, Coleridge enjoyed a remarkable reputation. He loved to keep the field entirely to himself; and, hour after hour, if the auditors could spare time, would he pour forth 'things new and old,' illustrated by a boundless range of scientific knowledge, brilliancy, and exquisite nicety of illustration, deep and ready reasoning, immensity of bookish lore, dramatic story, joke and pun.

Of Coleridge's poetry in its most matured form and in its best specimens, the most distinguishing characteristics are vividness of imagination and subtlety of thought, combined with beauty and expressiveness of diction, and exquisite melody of verse. Some of his minor poems, for the richness of their coloring combined with the most perfect finish, can be compared only to the flowers which spring up into loveliness at the touch of nature. The words, the rhyme, the whole flow of the music, seem to be not so much the mere expression or sign of the thought as its blossoming or irradiation.

After a wandering life, Coleridge settled, in 1816, with Mr. Gilman, a London surgeon, with whom he resided until his death.

EPITAPH OF COLERIDGE, COMPOSED BY HIMSELF.

Stop, Christian passer-by! Stop, child of God!  
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod

A poet lies, or that which once seemed he;  
O lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C. !  
That he who many a year with toil of breath  
Found death in life; may here find life in death!  
Mercy, for praise—to be forgiven, for Fame--  
He asked, and hoped through Christ. Do thou the same.

## A CALM.

(From *The Ancient Mariner*.)

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,  
The furrow followed free;  
We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down  
'Twas sad as sad could be;  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,  
The bloody sun, at noon,  
Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere,  
And all the boards did shrink;  
Water, water everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink.

About, about, in reel and rout  
The death-fires danced at night:  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

## BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

(From *Christabel*.)

Alas! they had been friends in youth;  
 But whispering tongues can poison truth;  
 And constancy lives in realms above;

And life is thorny; and youth is vain;  
 And to be wroth with one we love,

Doth work like madness in the brain.  
 And thus it chanced, as I divine,  
 With Roland and Sir Leoline.

Each spake words of high disdain  
 And insult to his heart's best brother:

They parted—ne'er to meet again!  
 But never either found another  
 To free the hollow heart from paining—

They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;  
 A dreary sea now flows between,

But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
 The marks of that which once hath been.

## THE LADY-FIEND BEWITCHING CHRISTABEL.

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,  
 And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,  
 Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye;  
 And with somewhat of malice, and more of dread,  
 At Christabel she looked askance!—

One moment—and the sight was fled!  
 But Christabel in dizzy trance,  
 Stumbling on the unsteady ground—  
 Shuddered aloud with a hissing sound;

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The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone,  
 She nothing sees—no sight but one!  
 The maid, devoid of guile and sin,  
 I know not now, in fearful wise  
 So deeply had she drunken in  
 That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,  
 That all her features were resigned  
 To this sole image in her mind:

And passively did imitate  
That look of dull and treacherous hate,  
And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,  
Still picturing that look askance,  
With forced unconscious sympathy  
Full before her father's view—  
As far as such a look could be  
In eyes so innocent and blue!  
And when the trance was o'er, the maid  
Paused awhile and inly prayed,  
Then falling at her father's feet,  
'By my mother's soul do I entreat  
That thou this woman send away!'  
She said; and more she could not say,  
For what she knew she could not tell,  
O'er-mastered by the mighty spell.

CHARLES LAMB, 1775-1834.

Charles Lamb, the author of *Elia*, was a native of London. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, where he was the companion of Coleridge. Leaving school, he was engaged for a short time in the South Sea House, then obtained a permanent situation in the accountant's office of the East India Company. After thirty-three years' service he was allowed to retire in 1825 on a yearly pension of £450. In 1796 occurred that domestic misfortune which served to reveal the deep generosity of his soul and affected all his writings with a tinge of sadness. His sister Mary, in a fit of insanity, stabbed her mother to the heart. By a judicial verdict she was entrusted for safe-keeping to the care of her brother, who, indeed, broke his own future prospects in order to devote himself to his charge. "I am wedded," he wrote to Coleridge, "to the fortunes of my sister and my poor old father." His sister survived him thirteen years, and was allowed during all that time to enjoy the pension of her brother.

Lamb published some poems which never achieved much

success. He wrote some dramatic pieces (*John Woodvil; The Witch; Mr. H——, a Farce; and The Pawnbroker's Daughter*), but they were partial failures. He composed *Rosamund Gray and Old Blind Margaret*, a pathetic story, and a few shorter narratives. In connection with his sister, he was the author of *Tales Founded on the Plays of Shakespeare*. But it is to his essays that he owes his fame. These appeared under the title of *Essays of Elia*, followed up by the *Last Essays of Elia* and other *Essays and Sketches*. They have placed their author in the first rank of humorists, by the side of Steele and Addison. He is too fond of subtle hints and obscure allusions ever to be a very popular writer, but he will remain a favorite with high-cultured readers. His *Letters*, published in 1837 by his friend and executor Sir Thomas N. Talfourd, are models of courtesy, kindness, and good English.

#### POOR RELATIONS.

(From *Last Essays of Elia*.)

A poor relation is the most irrelevant thing in nature,—a piece of impertinent correspondency,—an odious approximation,—a haunting conscience,—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noontide of your prosperity,—an unwelcome remembrancer,—a perpetually recurring mortification,—a drain on your purse,—a more intolerable dun upon your pride,—a drawback upon success,—a rebuke to your rising,—a stain in your blood,—a blot on your scutcheon,—a rent in your garment,—a death's-head at your banquet,—Agathocles' pot,—a Mordecai in your gate,—a Lazarus at your door,—a lion in your path,—a frog in your chamber,—a fly in your ointment,—a mote in your eye,—a triumph to your enemy,—an apology to your friends,—the one thing not needful,—the hail in harvest,—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet. He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you, "That is Mr. ——." A rap between familiarity and respect; that demands, and, at the same time, seems to despair of entertainment. He entereth smiling, and—embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and—draweth it back again. He casually looketh in about dinner-time—when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company—but is induced



to stay. He filleth a chair, and your visitor's two children are accommodated at a side table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says with some complacency, "My dear, perhaps Mr. — will drop in to-day." He remembereth birthdays—and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small—yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port—yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret, if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough, to him. The guests think "they have seen him before." Everyone speculateth upon his condition; and the most part take him to be—a tide-waiter. He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity, he might pass for a casual dependent; with more boldness, he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble for a friend, yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is asked to make one at the whist-table, refuseth on the score of poverty, and—resents being left out. When the company break up, he proffereth to go for a coach—and lets the servants go. He recollects your grandfather, and will thrust in some mean and quite unimportant anecdote of—the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as "he is blest in seeing it now." He reviveth past situations, to institute what he calleth—favorable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation, he will inquire the price of your furniture; and insults you with a special commendation of your window-curtains. . . . His memory is unseasonable; his complements perverse; his talk a trouble; his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

### ROBERT SOUTHEY, 1774–1843.

Robert Southey, one of the most voluminous and learned authors of this period—a poet, scholar, antiquary, critic, and historian—was born at Bristol in 1774. He wrote even more than Scott, and yet he is said to have burned more verses between his twentieth and thirtieth year than he published during his whole life. His time was entirely devoted to literature. Every day

and hour had its appropriate and select task ; his library was his world, within which he was content to range ; and his books were his most cherished and constant companions:

The mighty minds of old:  
My never-failing friends are they,  
With whom I converse night and day.

Southey began life as a violent partisan of the principles of the French Revolution; and in the ridiculous drama of *Wat Tyler* and the extravagant epic of *Joan of Arc*, he devoted all his powers to the support of extreme liberal opinions. He and his friends, Lovell and Coleridge, had even formed a plan of settling on the Susquehanna River, and establishing a community (*Pantisocracy*) in which all things should be common; but they lacked money to carry out the scheme. Southey soon, however, abandoned his early principles, and became one of the most thorough-going supporters of monarchical and conservative doctrines. In 1801, was published his second epic, *Thalaba, the Destroyer*, a tale of Arabian enchantment, wild, extravagant, unearthly in its subject, and full of supernatural machinery. The hero fights with demons and enchanters; but at last overthrows the dominion of powers of evil in the Dom-daniel Cavern, 'under the roots of the ocean.' The poem is in blank verse of very irregular length, but of great music. In 1805, was published *Madoc*, an epic poem inferior to its predecessors. *Madoc* is a Welsh prince of the twelfth century, who is represented as making a discovery of the Western World. His contests with the Mexicans, and his conversion of the people from their idolatry, form the chief theme. As a whole, the poem is languid and unimpressive.

*The Curse of Kehama*, his greatest poetical work, ap-

peared in 1810. It is a poem of the same class and structure as *Thalaba*, but written in rhyme. The story is founded on Hindoo mythology, and the scene is laid successively in the terrestrial paradise, under the sea, in the heaven of heavens, and in hell. "Scenery and costume, situations and sentiments, are alike in keeping with the Oriental nature of the work. But, for all its splendor and all its correctness as a work of art, it is so far removed from the world in which our sympathies lie, that few can fully appreciate this noble poem, and perhaps none can return to it with never-wearied love as to a play of Shakespeare." *Kehama* was followed at an interval of four years by *Roderic, Last of the Goths*, a poem in blank verse, founded on the punishment and repentance of the last Gothic king of Spain. Here also there are some splendid descriptive passages and several scenes of tenderness and pathos; but, in general, the poem wants reality and human interest, and the tone of it is too uniformly ecstatic and agonizing. Southey's *Ballads* and other short poems are deservedly the most popular of his writings.

The poems of Southey are but a small portion of his literary work. He wrote innumerable articles in Reviews, and filled volumes with the result of his reading and thoughts on moral philosophy, politics, and literature. The most considerable of his historical compositions are the *History of Brazil*, and the *History of the Peninsular War*. "Though they both," says Alison, "possess merits of a very high order, and abound in passages of great descriptive beauty, they have never obtained any high reputation, and are now well-nigh forgotten. He had not the patience of research and calmness of judgment, indispensable for a trustworthy historian."

In some of his productions, as *The Doctor*, there is a

humor that reminds the reader of Swift; and all are remarkable for the purity and vigor of their English. His *Life of Nelson*, which Macaulay declares 'the most perfect and the most delightful of his works,' is perhaps the most likely to retain its place as an English classic. *The Book of the Church*, according to the same authority, 'contains some stories very prettily told. The rest is mere rubbish.' In his *Lives of the British Admirals*, *Life of Wesley*, of *Bunyan*, and of *Cowper*, we find the same admirable art of clear, vigorous English. But in several of these, as well as in his innumerable critical and historical essays, he displays a measure of prejudice and of temper not creditable to his judicial character as a critic, or to his many excellent qualities as a writer and as a man. "In all these works," says Macaulay, "in which Mr. Southey has completely abandoned narrative, and undertaken to argue moral and political questions, his failure has been complete and ignominious. On such occasions, his writings are rescued from utter contempt and derision solely by the beauty and the purity of the English."

At length, the strong spirit of Southey was bowed by the excess of mental labor. For three years before his death, his mind was so far gone that he was not able to recognize those who had been his companions from his youth. He died in 1843, at his residence in the Lake country.

#### PADALON, OR, THE INDIAN HADES.

Far other light than that of day there shone  
Upon the travellers, entering Padalon.  
They, too, in darkness entering on their way,  
But far before the car,  
A glow, as of a fiery furnace light,  
Filled all before them. 'Twas a light that made  
Darkness itself appear

A thing of comfort; and the sight, dismayed,  
Shrank inward from the molten atmosphere.  
Their way was through the adamantine rock  
Which girt the world of woe; on either side  
Its massive walls arose, and overhead  
Arched the long passage; onward as they ride,  
With stronger glare the light around them spread—  
And, lo! the regions dread—  
The world of woe before them opening wide,  
There rolls the fiery flood,  
Girding the realms of Padalon around.  
A sea of flame it seemed to be,  
Sea without bound:  
For neither mortal nor immortal sight  
Could pierce across through that intensest light.

## THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,  
The ship was still as she could be;  
Her sails from heaven received no motion;  
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,  
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;  
So little they rose, so little they fell,  
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok  
Had placed that Bell on the Inchcape Rock;  
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,  
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,  
The mariners heard the warning Bell;  
And then they knew the perilous Rock,  
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay;  
All things were joyful on that day;  
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,  
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen—  
A darker speck on the ocean green;

Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,  
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of Spring;  
It made him whistle, it made him sing;  
His heart was mirthful to excess,  
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;  
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,  
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,  
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,  
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;  
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,  
And he cut the Bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the Bell with a gurgling sound;  
The bubbles rose and burst around;  
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock  
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away;  
He scoured the seas for many a day;  
And now, grown rich with plundered store,  
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,  
They cannot see the sun on high;  
The wind hath blown a gale all day;  
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand:  
So dark it is they see no land.  
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,  
For there is the dawn of the rising Moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?  
For methinks we should be near the shore."  
"Now where we are I cannot tell,  
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;  
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,



Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—  
“Oh Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!”

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;  
He cursed himself in his despair;  
The waves rushed in on every side;  
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But, even in his dying fear,  
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear—  
A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,  
The devil below was ringing his knell.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, 1777-1844.

Thomas Campbell, the bard of Hope and eminent lyric poet, was born in the city of Glasgow, in 1777. Educated at the University of that city, he distinguished himself for his proficiency in classical studies. In 1799 he published the *Pleasures of Hope*, of which four editions were called for within a year. In this production of his youth, harmony of versification, a polished and graceful diction, and an accurate finish, are united with an ardent poetical sensibility. The passage concerning the partition of Poland is full of the lyric power which afterwards shone forth so brilliantly in *Ye Mariners of England*, *Hohenlinden*, the *Battle of the Baltic*, and the *Exile of Erin*. The last of these, so well known and appreciated in this country, was composed at Hamburg, and owes its origin to the poet's meeting with some political exiles, who had been concerned in what is called the Irish Rebellion.

From the Monastery of St. Jacob, Campbell witnessed the bloody battle of Hohenlinden, December 3d, 1800. This dreadful spectacle he has commemorated in one of the grandest pen-pictures that were ever drawn. In a few verses, flowing like a choral melody, he brings before us the silent midnight scene of engagement wrapt

in the snows of winter, the sudden arming for battle, the press and shout of charging squadrons, the flashing of artillery, and the final scene of death:

Few, few shall part, where many meet!  
The snow shall be their winding sheet;  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

Returning home, he resided for upwards of a year at Edinburgh, where he wrote *Lochiel's Warning*, which, it is said, Sir Walter Scott heard once, read once himself, and then recited from memory. In 1809, appeared *Gertrude of Wyoming*, a Pennsylvania tale, and other poems, which confirmed his poetical reputation.

His lyrics are his finest pieces. There are found in them an ideal loveliness, a refinement of imagery, a concentrated power of expression, a depth of feeling, and sensitiveness of nature, always charming.

From 1810 to 1820, he edited *The New Monthly Magazine*, to which he contributed many beautiful poems. Of these, perhaps, *The Last Man* has been the most admired.

Among his prose writings may be mentioned: *Letters from the South, or a Poet's Residence in Algiers*, containing interesting and picturesque sketches of Algiers and the adjacent districts; *The Life and Times of Petrarch*; *The Life of Mrs. Siddons*; *Frederick the Great, his Court and Times*; *Specimens of the British Poets*, with biographical and critical notes; and an *Essay on English Poetry*. The Lives are wanting in accuracy and good taste. The criticisms on the poets, and the *Essay*, are delightful reading. But the selections are poor specimens of the authors.

In 1843 Campbell visited Boulogne, for the benefit of his health, and resided there until his death, which

occurred in June, 1844. He was interred in Westminster Abbey.

*Beginning of Hope.*

At summer eve, when heaven's ethereal bow  
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,  
Why to you mountain turns the musing eye,  
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?  
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear  
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?  
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.  
Thus with delight we linger to survey  
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;  
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene  
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,  
And every form, that Fancy can repair  
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

FALL OF POLAND.

(From *Hope*.)

He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed  
His trusty warriors few, but undismayed;  
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,  
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;  
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,  
Revenge, or death, the watchword and reply:  
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,  
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm.  
In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!  
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew;  
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of time,  
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;  
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,  
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!  
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,  
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;  
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,  
And Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell!

*Conclusion of Hope.*

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime  
 Pealed their first notes to sound the march of time,  
 Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.—  
 When all the sister planets have decayed;  
 When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,  
 And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;  
 Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,  
 And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

## YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND: A NAVAL ODE.

Ye Mariners of England!  
 That guard our native seas;  
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,  
 The battle and the breeze!  
 Your glorious standard launch again  
 To match another foe!  
 And sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy tempests blow;  
 While the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers  
 Shall start from every wave!—  
 For the deck it was their field of fame,  
 And Ocean was their grave:  
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
 Your manly hearts shall glow,  
 As ye sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy tempests blow;  
 While the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,  
 No towers along the steep;  
 Her march is o'er the mountain waves,  
 Her home is on the deep.  
 With thunders from her native oak,  
 She quells the floods below,—  
 As they roar on the shore,  
 When the stormy tempests blow:

When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn;  
Till danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return.  
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow;  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceased to blow.

#### EXILE OF ERIN.

There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,  
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;  
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing  
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.  
But the daystar attracted his eye's sad devotion;  
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,  
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,  
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger,  
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;  
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,  
A home and a country remain not to me.  
Never again in the green sunny bowers,  
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,  
Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,  
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,  
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;  
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,  
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!  
O cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me  
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?  
Never again shall my brothers embrace me?  
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood?  
Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?

Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?  
And where is the bosom friend, dearer than all?  
Oh! my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure,  
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure!  
Tears like the rain-drops may fall without measure;  
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,  
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw,  
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!  
Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!  
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,  
Green be thy fields—sweetest isle of the ocean!  
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,—  
Erin mavournin! Erin go bragh!\*

SYDNEY SMITH, 1771-1845.

Sydney Smith, well known as one of the most popular essayists of the celebrated *Edinburgh Review*, was born at Woodford, near London, in 1771. He was the originator of the *Review*, and its first editor. Many of his contributions were replete with a humor and satire so pungent as to excite public attention to an extraordinary degree. When the 'No Popery' cry drove the government of that day from the councils of the king, it was then that the most popular of Smith's essays made its appearance, under the guise of *Letters of Peter Plymley*, by means of which it has been asserted, though probably with some exaggeration, that he did more than any other individual for the relief of the Roman Catholics. These letters abound in humor and the happiest illustrations; and, though light, lively, and sparkling, they are models of logical force and common-sense. But if Peter Plymley justly vindicates the political and social rights of his Catholic fellow-citizens, he unfairly assails their religious doc-

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\* Ireland my darling—Ireland forever.



trines with an abuse and vulgarity of tone unworthy of the reverend author.

The popularity of Sydney Smith as a preacher, led to his appointment as lecturer on Belles-Lettres and Moral Philosophy at the Royal Institution, London. His discourses, which were attended by 'overflowing and fashionable audiences,' were published after his death, and increased his reputation for wisdom. In wit and humor, he was the most celebrated man of his time. He had little poetic fancy, but 'a prodigious fund of innate sagacity, a vast power of humorous illustration, and a clear perception of the practical bearing of every question.' No other public writer was more successful than he in denouncing a political humbug, or demolishing a literary pretender. He was, on the whole, an upright and benevolent man, and, as the world goes, a disinterested politician. His fortune improved slowly. Successive livings, however, had already secured him a competency when, in 1831, his patrons of the Whig party procured for him a prebend at St. Paul's, London. Finally, in 1839, the death in India of his youngest brother brought him considerable wealth. "In my grand climacteric," he said, "I became unexpectedly a rich man." Of the too worldly estimate which he made of his fortune we have his own testimony: "I can safely say that I have been happier every guinea I have gained." Not long before his death, he gave the following account of himself, in a letter to a correspondent of the New York American: "I am 74 years old; and, being a canon of St. Paul's in London, and rector of a parish in the country, my time is equally divided between town and country. I am living amid the best society in the metropolis; am at ease in my circumstances, in tolerable health, a mild Whig, a tolerating churchman, and much given to talking, laugh-

ing, and noise. I dine with the rich in London, and physic the poor in the country; passing from the saucers of Dives to the sores of Lazarus. I am, upon the whole, a happy man, have found the world an entertaining world, and am heartily thankful to Providence for the part allotted to me in it."

Smith died at his residence in London on the 21st of February, 1845.

#### WIT AND HUMOR.

I wish, after all I have said about wit and humor, I could satisfy myself of their good effects upon the character and disposition; but I am convinced the probable tendency of both is, to corrupt the understanding and the heart. I am not speaking of wit where it is kept down by more serious qualities of mind, and thrown into the background of the picture; but where it stands out boldly and emphatically, and is evidently the master quality in any particular mind. Professed wits, though they are generally courted for the amusement they afford, are seldom respected for the qualities they possess. The habit of seeing things in a witty point of view, increases, and makes incursions from its own proper regions, upon principles and opinions which are ever held sacred by the wise and good. A witty man is a dramatic performer; and in process of time, he can no more exist without applause than he can exist without air; if his audience be small, or if they are inattentive, or if a new wit defrauds him of any portion of his admiration, it is all over with him—he sickens, and is extinguished. The applauses of the theatre on which he performs are so essential to him, that he must obtain them at the expense of decency, friendship, and good feeling. It must always be probable, too, that a mere wit is a person of light and frivolous understanding. His business is not to discover relations of ideas that are useful, and have a real influence upon life, but to discover the more trifling relations which are only amusing; he never looks at things with the naked eye of common-sense, but is always gazing at the world through a Claude Lorraine glass,—discovering a thousand appearances which are created only by the instrument of inspection, and covering every object with factitious and unnatural colors.

In short, the character of a mere wit is impossible to consider as very amiable, very respectable, or very safe. So far the world, in judging of wit where it has swallowed up all other qualities, judge aright; but I doubt if they are sufficiently indulgent to this faculty where it exists in a lesser degree, and as one out of many other ingredients of the understanding. There is an association in men's minds between dulness and wisdom, amusement and folly, which has a powerful influence in decision upon character, and is not overcome without considerable difficulty. The reason is, that the outward signs of a dull man and a wise man are the same, and so are the outward signs of a frivolous man and a witty man; and we are not to expect that the majority will be disposed to look to much more than the outward sign. I believe the fact to be that wit is very seldom the only eminent quality which resides in the mind of any man; it is commonly accompanied by many other talents of every description, and ought to be considered as a strong evidence of a fertile and superior understanding. Almost all the great poets, orators, and statesmen, of all times, have been witty. Caesar, Alexander, Aristotle, Descartes, and Lord Bacon, were witty men; so were Cicero, Shakespeare, Demosthenes, Boileau, Pope, Dryden, Fontenelle, Jonson, Waller, Cowley, Solon, Socrates, Dr. Johnson, and almost every man who has made a distinguished figure in the House of Commons. I have talked of the danger of wit; I do not mean by that to enter into commonplace declamation against faculties because they are dangerous;—wit is dangerous, eloquence is dangerous, a talent for observation is dangerous, everything is dangerous that has efficacy and vigor for its characteristics; nothing is safe but mediocrity. The business is, in conducting the understanding well, to risk something;—to aim at uniting things that are commonly incompatible. The meaning of an extraordinary man is, that he is eight men, not one man; that he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit; that his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dumbest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined. But when wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something much better than witty, who loves honor, justice, decency, good-nature, moral-

ity, and religion, ten thousand times better than wit;—wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness,—teaching age, and care, and pain to smile,—extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit, like this, is surely the flavor of the mind! Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to 'charm his pained steps over the burning marle.'

#### WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1770–1850.

William Wordsworth, a meditative and descriptive poet, the celebrated founder of what is called the Lake school of poetry, was born in 1770 in the County of Cumberland. His first attempt in verse was made at the age of thirteen. In 1787, he was matriculated as a student of St. John's College, Cambridge. In one of the long vacations, he undertook a pedestrian excursion on the Continent. The result of his observations he gave to the public, in 1793, with the title of *Descriptive Sketches in Verse*. In the same year, he published an epistle in verse, entitled, *An Evening Walk*. Both of these poems contain many specimens of beautiful picturesque description. He published, in 1798, a volume of *Lyrical Ballads*, intended as an experiment on a new system of poetry. They were, through principle, written on the humblest subjects and in the language of the humblest life. But the attempt was not a success. Whilst striving to react against the conventional

poetry then still in fashion, he ran to the other extreme. Byron has ridiculed this new system in the following caustic lines :

“ Next comes the dull disciple of the school,  
 The mild apostate from poetic rule,  
 The simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay  
 As soft as evening in his favorite May,  
 Who warns his friend to shake off toil and trouble,  
 And quit his books for fear of growing double ;  
 Who, both of precept and example shows  
 That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose ;  
 Convincing all by demonstration plain,  
 Poetic souls delight in prose insane,  
 And Christmas stories tortured into rhyme  
 Contain the essence of the true sublime.”

Wordsworth was the author of many tales, odes, and sonnets, all of which have varied merits. The principal, or, largest of his works is *The Excursion*, a philosophical poem in blank verse, printed in 1814. It is, however, but the second part of his epic *The Recluse*, of which *The Prelude*, or introduction, was finished in 1805, but did not appear till 1850 ; the first part was completed, but never published ; the third part was planned, but never executed. This projected epic has no plot, and its characters have neither life nor probability. “ *The Excursion* itself consists of nine books ; but, from the nature of the plan, there is no reason why it should not contain as many more.” The themes discussed are among the noblest,—God, nature, life, man, our duties, our hopes ; and there are found in it passages of great beauty, whilst others are marred by a spirit of puritanical bigotry, which would have us admire

The true descendants of those *godly* men  
 Who swept from Scotland, in a flame of zeal,  
 Shrine, altar, image, and the mossy piles  
 That harbored them. . . .



The finer productions of Wordsworth's muse are characterized by the union of deep feeling with profound thought, a power of observation which makes him familiar with all the loveliness and wonders of the world within and around us, and an imagination capable of inspiring all objects with poetic life. His diction is lofty, sustained, and impassioned, when he is not led astray by his attempts to extend the language of ordinary life to the subjects of poetry. "Wordsworth has rendered a service to English poetry by avoiding the turgid diction of the feeble imitators of Pope and Dryden, and by recalling our poets to the naturalness and simplicity of expression which comport so well with the genius of our language; but he has done our poetry an equal disservice by rendering it tame and feeble. Like all English poets not of the first order, he was too fond of what is called descriptive poetry. Of course, we do not exclude description from poetry, and all great poets, from Homer downwards, abound in descriptions; but their descriptive passages are not introduced for the sake of description. Wordsworth's descriptions are long and wearisome, though no doubt exact; but they serve only a descriptive purpose. They heighten no effect, illustrate no truth, bring home no thought or sentiment." \*

It is difficult, at first sight, to reconcile the high praise bestowed by some critics on Wordsworth's poetry with the low estimate formed by others of his power and genius.

The fact is, that his poetry is of different kinds and in different styles. In his earliest pieces he imitates sometimes Pope, sometimes Spenser. Then comes the bold simplicity of many of his lyric ballads; and, last

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\* Brownson's Rev., Oct., 1855.



of all, we have, in violation of what was supposed to be his principle, lofty themes, appropriate imagery, intense feeling, noble, sometimes turgid utterance—qualities that often remind the reader of Milton. Of no writer, therefore, is it more important to ask, before we proceed to give judgment, what style of Wordsworth it is we have to criticise—the earliest, the middle, or the last. Some of his sonnets are among the finest in our tongue.

In 1843, Wordsworth was appointed to the Laureateship left vacant by the death of Southey. After this appointment, he lived a quiet and dignified life at Rydal, evincing little apparent sympathy with the arduous duties and activities of every-day life.

#### THE VIRGIN.

Mother ! whose virgin bosom was uncrost  
 With the least shade of thought to sin allied ;  
 Woman ! above all women glorified,  
 Our tainted nature's solitary boast ;  
 Purer than foam on central ocean tost,  
 Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn  
 With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon  
 Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast,  
 Thy image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,  
 Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend  
 As to a visible form in which did blend  
 All that was mixed and reconciled in thee  
 Of mother's love with maiden purity,  
 Of high with low, celestial with terrene.

#### THE SONNET.

Scorn not the sonnet; critic, you have frowned,  
 Mindless of its just honors ; with this key  
 Shakespeare unlocked his heart ; the melody  
 Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound ;  
 A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound ;

With it Camoens soothed an exile's grief;  
 The sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf  
 Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned  
 His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp,  
 It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land  
 To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp  
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand  
 The thing became a trumpet; whence he blew  
 Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

ODE ON THE INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

I.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
 The earth and every common sight,  
 To me did seem  
 Apparelled in celestial light,  
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
 It is not now as it has been of yore:  
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
 By night or day,  
 The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II.

The rainbow comes and goes,  
 And lovely is the rose.  
 The moon doth with delight  
 Look round her when the heavens are bare;  
 Waters on a starry night  
 Are beautiful and fair;  
 The sunshine is a glorious birth;  
 But yet I know, where'er I go,  
 That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,  
 And while the young lambs bound  
 As to the tabor's sound,

To me alone there came a thought of grief.  
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
 And I again am strong:  
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;  
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;  
 I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,  
 The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,  
 And all the earth is gay.  
 Land and sea  
 Give themselves to jollity,  
 And with the heart of May  
 Doth every beast keep holiday;  
 Thou child of Joy,  
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy  
 Shepherd boy.

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## V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:  
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
 Hath elsewhere had its setting,  
 And cometh from afar,  
 Not in entire forgetfulness,  
 And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come,  
 From God, who is our home.  
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy;  
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
 Upon the growing boy;  
 But he beholds the light and whence it flows,  
 He sees it in his joy:  
 The youth, who, daily, farther from the east  
 Must travel, still is nature's priest,  
 And by the vision splendid  
 Is on his way attended:  
 At length the man perceives it die away,  
 And fade into the light of common day.

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## FRANCIS JEFFREY, 1773-1850.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, a fresh walk in literature was opened and cultivated with the most brilliant success. This was the new style of review and lengthened essay. Reviews indeed had long been established in Great Britain,\* and Addison, Steele, and Johnson had brought the short essay to as great perfection as was practicable in that limited species of composition. But the Reviews and Magazines to which we now allude, brought talent of the first order to bear upon periodical criticism, and presented many original and brilliant disquisitions on highly important subjects of philosophy, politics, history, and literature. The one who took the lead in this great revolution in literature was Francis Jeffrey. He was born in the city of Edinburgh, in 1773. When the *Edinburgh Review* was first established, in 1802, he was engaged in practising with his usual energies the arduous profession of the Law. From 1803 to 1829, he was a large contributor to the *Review* and its sole manager. When, therefore, we consider the distinguished ability which it uniformly displayed, and the high moral character it upheld, together with the independence

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\* The first English periodical that bore the name of Review was the *Monthly Review*, established in 1749. It advocated the principles of the Whigs in politics, and those of the Dissenters in religion. It continued till the year 1844. The *Edinburgh Review* belonged also to the Liberal party. To counteract its influence, the *London Quarterly Review* was founded in 1809, as an organ of the Tory party. The principal contributors of this last were William Gifford, its first editor, John G. Lockhart, who became its editor in 1824, Scott, George Canning, and Southey. In 1817, Blackwood founded his *Edinburgh Magazine*, in opposition to the *Edinburgh Review* and in behalf of the Tories. The editor was John Wilson with a staff of eminent writers, as Sir William Hamilton, Dr. Moir (under the pseudonym of Delta), Sir Archibald Alison, Sir David Brewster, Sir William Maginn, Hogg (the Ettrick Shepherd), De Quincey, and Scott. Reviews are now numbered by scores.

and fearlessness with which from the first it promulgated its canons of criticism on literature, science, and government, we must admit that few others exercised such influence as Francis Jeffrey on the current of contemporary literature and public opinion. He selected for himself the departments of poetry, biography, and moral philosophy, with occasional excursions into the neighboring domains of history and politics.

Alison says of him: \* “He was fitted by nature to be a great critic. A passionate admirer of poetry, alive to all the beauties and influences of nature, with feeling mind and sensitive heart, he possessed at the same time the calm judgment which enabled him to form an impartial opinion on the works submitted to his examination, and the correct taste which in general discovered genius and detected imperfections in them.” In 1829, he was chosen Dean of the Faculty of Advocates; and, on his election to this office, he resigned the editorship of the *Review* into the hands of Macvey Napier. The year 1830 brought Jeffrey prominently into public life by his appointment as Lord-Advocate—the Prime Minister of Scotland—and, a year after, by his election to Parliament. His judicial labors were relieved by occasional contributions to the *Edinburgh*. A selection from his essays appeared in 1844, in three volumes, being only about a third of what he had actually written for the *Review*. His criticisms on Cowper, Crabbe, Byron, Scott, and Campbell, as well as on the earlier lights of English literature, Shakespeare and Milton, are written with acuteness and freshness. He himself tells us that his principle was to combine ethical precepts with literary criticism, subordinating art and knowledge to

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\* Hist. of Europe, 2d Series, Vol. I., p. 148.

moral duty. To this principle he generally adheres, and some most vigorous rebukes of licentiousness and infidelity are to be found in his pages.

During the latter years of his life, though his health received several severe shocks, his cheerfulness and clearness of intellect were undiminished. He sat in open court until within four days of his death, which happened in January, 1850.

#### ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Our first literature consisted of saintly legends, and romances of chivalry,—though Chaucer gave it a more national and popular character, by his original descriptions of external nature, and the familiarity and gayety of his social humor. In the time of Elizabeth, it received a copious infusion of classical images and ideas: but it was still intrinsically romantic—serious—and even somewhat lofty and enthusiastic. Authors were then so few in number, that they were looked upon with a sort of veneration, and considered as a kind of inspired persons;—at least they were not yet so numerous as to be obliged to abuse each other, in order to obtain a share of distinction for themselves;—and they neither affected a tone of derision, in their writings, nor wrote in fear of derision from others. They were filled with their subjects, and dealt with them fearlessly in their own way; and the stamp of originality, force, and freedom, is consequently upon almost all their productions. In the reign of James I., our literature, with some few exceptions touching rather the form than the substance of its merits, appears to us to have reached the greatest perfection to which it has yet attained; though it would probably have advanced still further in the succeeding reign, had not the great national dissensions which then arose, turned the talent and energy of the people into other channels—first, to the assertion of their civil rights, and afterwards to the discussion of their religious interests. The graces of literature suffered of course in those fierce contentions; and a deeper shade of austerity was thrown upon the intellectual character of the nation. Her genius, however, though less captivating and adorned than in the happier days which preceded, was still active, fruitful, and commanding; and the period of the civil



wars, besides the mighty minds that guided the public councils, and were absorbed in public cares, produced the giant powers of Taylor, and Hobbes, and Barrow—the muse of Milton—the learning of Coke—and the ingenuity of Cowley.

The Restoration introduced a French court—under circumstances more favorable for the effectual exercise of court influence than ever before existed in England: but this of itself would not have been sufficient to account for the sudden change in our literature which ensued. It was seconded by causes of far more general operation. The Restoration was undoubtedly a popular act;—and, indefensible as the conduct of the army and the civil leaders was on that occasion, there can be no question that the severities of Cromwell, and the extravagances of the sectaries, had made republican professions hateful, and religious ardor ridiculous, in the eyes of a great proportion of the people. All the eminent writers of the preceding period, however, had inclined to the party that was now overthrown; and their writings had not merely been accommodated to the character of the government under which they were produced, but were deeply imbued with its obnoxious principles, which were those of their respective authors. When the restraints of authority were taken off, therefore, and it became profitable, as well as popular, to discredit the fallen party, it was natural that the leading authors should affect a style of levity and derision, as most opposite to that of their opponents, and best calculated for the purpose they had in view. The nation, too, was now for the first time essentially divided in point of character and principle, and a much greater proportion were capable both of writing in support of their own notions, and of being influenced by what was written. Add to all this, that there were real and serious defects in the style and manner of the former generation; and that the grace, and brevity, and vivacity of that gayer manner which was now introduced from France, were not only good and captivating in themselves, but had then all the charms of novelty and of contrast; and it will not be difficult to understand how it came to supplant that which had been established of old in the country.

## JOHN LINGARD, 1771-1851.

John Lingard, the celebrated historian, was born of Catholic parents at Winchester, in 1771. At the age of eleven, he was sent to the English College at Douay, where he was distinguished no less for the brilliancy of his talents than for a rare modesty of disposition. Driven back to England by the horrors of the French Revolution, he completed his course of theology in his native country, and was raised to the priesthood in April, 1795. For some months previous to his ordination, he had acted as vice-president of Crook Hall, where a small party of the Douay students had lately resumed their collegiate exercises: he now became prefect of the studies of this institution, and, for many years, filled with eminent success the chair both of natural and moral philosophy.

From an early period, the mind of Lingard had been accustomed to dwell on the antiquities of his country, and his spare moments at Crook Hall were devoted to the same object. The result of his studies appeared in a work entitled, *The Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church*, which evinces depth of research and uncommon penetration of mind. It was published in 1806, in two volumes. Five years later, the reverend author quitted the professional chair, and withdrew to the secluded mission of Hornby. Availing himself of the leisure afforded him in his new situation, Lingard gave to the world several minor publications, all exhibiting much ability and learning. But it was not till after repeated solicitations from his friends, after many years of silent and almost unconscious preparation, that he applied his energies to the great work on which his reputation is founded: the *History of England*

*from the Invasion of the Romans to the Accession of William and Mary.* The eight volumes of the first edition were published in succession between the years 1819 and 1830.

To talents of a high order, both as regards acuteness of analysis and powers of description and narrative, Dr. Lingard added unconquerable industry. Sources of information new and important were also opened to him. He drew his material from original documents, which he himself had examined with diligence: and, on many points, gave new and correct views of manners, events, and characters. The truthfulness of his *History* is now admitted on all hands. "His work," says Chambers, "was subjected to a rigid scrutiny by Dr. Allen in two elaborate articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, and by Rev. W. Todd in his defence of the character of Cranmer. To these antagonists Dr. Lingard replied, in 1826, by *A Vindication* of his fidelity as a historian, which affords an excellent specimen of controversial writing. His work has now taken its place among the most valuable of our national histories." "His style," according to the *Edinburgh Review*, "is nervous and concise, and never enfeebled by useless epithets, or encumbered with redundant, unmeaning phrases. If it be deficient in that happy negligence and apparent ease of expression—if it want 'those careless inimitable beauties' which, in Hume, excited the despair and admiration of Gibbon—there is no other modern history with which it may not challenge a comparison. The narrative of Lingard has the perspicuity of Robertson, with more freedom and fancy. His diction has the ornament of Gibbon, without his affectation and obscurity. . . . His narrative has a freshness of character, a stamp of originality not to be found in any general history of England in common

use. To borrow his own metaphor, he has not drawn from the troubled stream, but drunk from the fountain-head." \*

In his desire to conciliate the minds of his Protestant countrymen, Dr. Lingard adopted the views of the Gallican school in regard to the exercise of the papal authority. His concessions on this head are not a little shocking to genuine Catholics. Yet, whilst they regret not to see their Church presented in a truer and more amiable light, they should make great allowance for the peculiar circumstances which surrounded the historian. It was with this view that Pope Leo XII. said of those who assailed the moderation of the writer: "Why, these gentlemen seem not to reflect either upon the times or the places in which the history was written." Pius VII. had also acknowledged the merits of Lingard by conferring on him the triple academical laurel, D.D. and LL.D., and Leo XII. intended to add the cardinal's hat, but was deterred by the historian's anxiety to avert the threatened dignity. Of the high estimation in which Lingard's *History* is held by English Catholics, we may form an idea from the following tribute paid to his memory by Cardinal Wiseman: "It is a Providence that, in history, we have had given to the nation a writer like Lingard, whose gigantic merit will be better appreciated in each successive generation, as it sees his work standing calm and erect amidst the shoals of petty pretenders to usurp his station. When Hume shall have fairly taken his place among the classical writers of our tongue, and Macaulay shall have been transferred to the shelves of romancers and poets, and each shall thus have received his due meed of praise, then Lingard will be still more conspicuous as

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\* Edinb. Rev., 1825 and 1826.

the only impartial historian of our country. This is a mercy indeed, and rightful honor to him, who, at such a period of time, worked his way, not into a high rank, but to the very loftiest point of literary position."

Among the minor works published by Dr. Lingard, we may notice his *Translation of the Four Gospels*; his *Catechetical Instructions*, and many articles of a polemical or historical character, contributed to various periodicals.

The venerable historian tranquilly breathed his last in July, 1851, in the eighty-first year of his age.

#### DEATH OF MARY STUART.

The procession now set forward. It was headed by the sheriff and his officers; next followed Pawlet and Drury, and the earls of Shrewsbury and Kent; and, lastly, came the Scottish queen, with Melville bearing her train. She wore the richest of her dresses, that which was appropriate to the rank of a queen dowager. Her step was firm, and her countenance cheerful. She bore without shrinking the gaze of the spectators, and the sight of the scaffold, the block, and the executioner; and advanced into the hall with that grace and majesty which she had so often displayed in her happier days, and in the palace of her fathers. To aid her, as she mounted the scaffold, Pawlet offered his arm. "I thank you, sir," said Mary; "it is the last trouble I shall give you, and the most acceptable service you have ever rendered me."

The queen seated herself on a stool which was prepared for her. On her right stood the two earls; on the left, the sheriff, and Beal, the clerk of the council; in front, the executioner from the Tower, in a suit of black velvet, with his assistant also clad in black. The warrant was read, and Mary in an audible voice addressed the assembly. She would have them recollect, she said, that she was a sovereign princess, not subject to the Parliament of England, but brought there to suffer by injustice and violence. She, however, thanked her God that he had given her this opportunity of publicly professing her religion, and of declaring, as she had often before de-



clared, that she had never imagined, nor compassed, nor consented to the death of the English queen, nor ever sought the least harm to her person. After her death, many things, which were then buried in darkness, would come to light. But she pardoned from her heart all her enemies, nor should her tongue utter that which might turn to their prejudice. Here she was interrupted by Dr. Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough, who, having caught her eye, began to preach, and under the cover, perhaps through motives, of zeal, contrived to insult the feelings of the unfortunate sufferer. He told her that his mistress, though compelled to execute justice on her body, was careful of the welfare of her soul; that she had sent him to bring her to the true fold of Christ, out of the communion of that Church, in which, if she remained, she must be damned; that she might yet find mercy before God, if she would repent of her wickedness, acknowledge the justice of her punishment, and profess her gratitude for the favors which she had received from Elizabeth. Mary repeatedly desired him not to trouble himself and her. He persisted: she turned aside. He made the circuit of the scaffold, and again addressed her in front. An end was put to this extraordinary scene by the Earl of Shrewsbury, who ordered him to pray. His prayer was the echo of his sermon; but Mary heard him not. She was employed at the time in her devotions, repeating with a loud voice, and in the Latin language, long passages from the Book of Psalms. When he had done, she prayed in English for Christ's afflicted Church, for her son James, and for Queen Elizabeth. At the conclusion, holding up the crucifix, she exclaimed: "As thy arms, O God, were stretched out upon the cross, so receive me into the arms of thy mercy, and forgive me my sins." "Madam," said the Earl of Kent, "you had better leave such popish trumperies, and bear him in your heart." She replied: "I cannot hold in my hand the representation of his sufferings, but I must at the same time bear him in my heart."

When her maids, bathed in tears, began to disrobe their mistress, the executioners, fearing to lose their usual perquisites, hastily interfered. The queen remonstrated, but instantly submitted to their rudeness, observing to the earls with a smile, that she was not accustomed to employ such grooms, or to undress in the presence of so numerous a company. Her servants, at the sight of their sovereign in this lamentable



state, could not suppress their feelings; but Mary, putting her finger to her lips, commanded silence, gave them her blessing, and solicited their prayers. She then seated herself again. Kennedy, taking a handkerchief edged with gold, pinned it over her eyes; the executioners, holding her by the arms, led her to the block; and the queen, kneeling down, said repeatedly, with a firm voice, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." But the sobs and groans of the spectators disconcerted the headsman. He trembled, missed his aim, and inflicted a deep wound in the lower part of the skull. The queen remained motionless, and, at the third stroke, her head was severed from the body. When the executioner held it up, the muscles of the face were so strongly convulsed, that the features could not be recognized. He cried as usual, "God save Queen Elizabeth."

"So perish all her enemies!" subjoined the Dean of Peterborough.

"So perish all the enemies of the Gospel!" exclaimed, in a still louder tone, the fanatical Earl of Kent.

Not a voice was heard to cry Amen. Party feeling was absorbed in admiration and pity.

### THOMAS MOORE, 1779-1852.

Thomas Moore, the 'sweet son of song,' was born in Dublin, in the year 1779. After the usual course of study, he entered Trinity College in his native city, and soon gave proof that he had made more than ordinary progress in the department of classical scholarship. His first work was a translation into English verse of the *Odes of Anacreon*, in which he exhibits great extent of reading, and no mean proficiency in Greek philology. Soon after this, he published his miscellaneous poems, under the pseudonym of Thomas Little. Though this volume established his poetical reputation, it was severely censured for the sensual and immoral tone of too many of the pieces. In 1806, he visited the United States; and, soon after his return to England, published his remarks on American society

and manners in a volume entitled, *Epistles, Odes, and other Poems*, which, like the poems ascribed to Little, is objectionable in a moral point of view. In 1812, he commenced a series of political and personal satires, full of the most happy turns of ingenuity and playful fancy; for the time extremely popular, but destined, on account of the merely temporary interest of their topics, speedily to pass away and be forgotten. Among them are the *Two-penny Post-bag, or Intercepted Letters*; the *Fudge Family in Paris*, supposed to be written by a party of English travellers at the French capital; and the *Parody on a Celebrated Letter*, in which every line has its open or covert sting. But the work upon which rests Moore's widest and most enduring reputation is his volume of *Irish Melodies*—a collection of about 124 lyrics, adapted to Irish national airs of great beauty. In whatever corner of the world there vibrates a Celtic tongue, or palpitates a Celtic heart, there the *Melodies* find an echo, there they are read and sung with enthusiasm.

Moore composed also a series of *Sacred Songs*, and seventy other songs adapted to tunes peculiar to various countries. In 1817, appeared the celebrated Oriental Romance, *Lalla Rookh*, consisting of several stories strung together and written in rhymed couplets. The slender plot of these stories is related in that ingenious and sparkling prose of which Moore was a consummate master. There is in *Lalla Rookh* a profusion of ornament so thickly sown, that the effect is like that of some Oriental robe, in which the whole texture is hidden beneath an unbroken surface of ruby and diamond.

In 1825, was published his *Life of Sheridan*, and, in 1830, his *Life of Byron*. They are not so much lives as memoirs; the author allows the subject of the biog-

raphy to tell his own story ; and the bulk of the book consists of extracts from the journals and correspondence of the person whose life we are reading. Moore is also the author of *The Epicurean*, a tale ; *The Memoirs of Captain Rock* ; *The Sceptic*, a philosophical satire, and *The History of Ireland*.

His *Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion* is a controversial work which deserves special notice, as giving evidence of deep thought and reading. In the collection of Protestant opinions and testimonies, and in the truly learned and striking view of the spirit and progress of German rationalism ; and indeed in the arrangement and moulding of the matter of the whole work, there are exhibited the workings of a mind eminently active, vigorous, and original. We have no objection to see the pillars of truth wreathed with the flowers of fancy, which adorn without concealing the strength ; at least, we are sure that the class of readers to whom Moore addressed himself, expected so much, and would not have been satisfied with less.\*

Moore's excellencies consist in the gracefulness of his thoughts and sentiments, the wit and fancy of his allusions and imagery, and the music and refinement of his versification. His great fault is the irreverence and indelicacy of many of his pieces. The last three years of his life were burdened with a lingering disease, which, gradually enervating the mind, finally reduced him to a state of childish imbecility. His death occurred in 1852.

THOU ART, O GOD.

Thou art, O God, the life and light  
Of all this wondrous world we see ;  
Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
Are but reflections caught from Thee.

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\* Dublin Review, No. 20.

Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

When day, with farewell beam, delays  
Among the opening clouds of even,  
And we can almost think we gaze  
Through golden vistas into heaven—  
Those hues that make the sun's decline  
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,  
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,  
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume  
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes—  
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,  
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;  
And every flower the summer wreathes  
Is born beneath that kindling eye.  
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

This world is all a fleeting show,  
For man's illusion given;  
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,  
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—  
There's nothing true but heaven!

And false the light on glory's plume,  
As fading hues of even!  
And love and hope and beauty's bloom  
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—  
There's nothing bright but heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day!  
From wave to wave we're driven,  
And fancy's flash and reason's ray  
Serve but to light the troubled way—  
There's nothing calm but heaven!

## WAR SONG.

*Remember the glories of Brian the Brave.\**

Remember the glories of Brian the brave,  
 Though the days of the hero are o'er;  
 Though lost to Mononia,† and cold in the grave,  
 He returns to Kinkora ‡ no more!  
 That star of the field, which so often has poured  
 Its beam on the battle, is set;  
 But enough of its glory remains on each sword  
 To light us to victory yet!

Mononia! when nature embellished the tint  
 Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,  
 Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print  
 The footstep of slavery there?  
 No, Freedom! whose smile we shall never resign,  
 Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,  
 'Tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,  
 Than to sleep but a moment in chains!

Forget not our wounded companions who stood §  
 In the day of distress by our side;  
 While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,  
 They stirred not, but conquered and died!  
 The sun that now blesses our arms with his light,  
 Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain!  
 Oh, let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,  
 To find that they fell there in vain!

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\* Brian Boru, the great monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the eleventh century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

† Munster.

‡ The palace of Brian.

§ This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favorite troops of Brian, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf by Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. "*Let stakes,*" they said, "*be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man.*" "Between seven and eight hundred men," adds O'Halloran, "pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops—never was such another sight exhibited."—*History of Ireland*, book xii., chap. i.

## THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

The harp that once through Tara's halls  
 The soul of music shed,  
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls  
 As if that soul were fled.  
 So sleeps the pride of former days,  
 So glory's thrill is o'er,  
 And hearts that once beat high for praise,  
 Now feel that pulse no more!  
  
 No more to chiefs and ladies bright,  
 The harp of Tara swells;  
 The chord alone that breaks at night,  
 Its tale of ruin tells.  
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,  
 The only throb she gives  
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,  
 To show that still she lives.

## BEFORE THE BATTLE.

By the hope within us springing,  
 Herald of to-morrow's strife;  
 By that sun whose light is bringing  
 Chains or freedom, death or life—  
 Oh! remember, life can be  
 No charm for him that lives not free!  
 Like the day-star in the wave,  
 Sinks a hero to his grave,  
 Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears!  
  
 Blessed is he o'er whose decline  
 The smiles of home may soothing shine,  
 And light him down the steep of years:  
 But, oh, how grand they sink to rest  
 Who close their eyes on victory's breast!  
 O'er his watch-fire's fading embers  
 Now the foeman's cheek turns white,  
 While his heart that field remembers  
 Where we dimmed his glory's light!  
  
 Never let him bind again  
 A chain like that we broke from then.



Hark! the horn of combat calls—  
 Oh, before the evening falls,  
 May we pledge that horn in triumph round!

Many a heart that now beats high,  
 In slumber cold at night shall lie,  
 Nor waken even at victory's sound:  
 But, oh, how blest that hero's sleep,  
 O'er whom a wondering world shall weep!

## AFTER THE BATTLE.

Night closed around the conqueror's way,  
 And lightning showed the distant hill,  
 Where those who lost that dreadful day,  
 Stood few and faint, but fearless still!  
 The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,  
 Forever dimmed, forever crost—  
 Oh, who shall say what heroes feel,  
 When all but life and honor's lost!

The last sad hour of freedom's dream  
 And valor's task moved slowly by,  
 While mute they watched till morning's beam  
 Should rise and give them light to die!  
 There is a world where souls are free,  
 Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;  
 If death that world's bright opening be,  
 Oh! who would live a slave in this?

## DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

Dear Harp of my country! in darkness I found thee,  
 The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,  
 When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound thee,  
 And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!  
 The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness  
 Have wakened thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;  
 But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,  
 That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers,  
 This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;  
 Go, sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,  
 Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine.

If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,  
Has throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;  
I was but as the wind passing heedlessly over,  
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.

HENRY HALLAM, 1778-1859.

Henry Hallam, one of the most distinguished of modern historians, was born about 1778, and was educated at Eton and Oxford. He was a valued friend of Sir Walter Scott, and both were engaged at the same time as contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*. In 1830, he received one of the two fifty-guinea gold medals instituted by George IV. for eminence in historical composition, the other being awarded to our celebrated countryman, Washington Irving. Hallam is the author of three great works, any one of which is sufficient to confer upon the author literary immortality.

1st. *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*. The period of the Middle Ages, according to him, extends from the middle of the fifth to the end of the fifteenth century : from the establishment of Clovis in Gaul to the invasion of Italy by Charles VIII. It is a work of profound research, displaying a free and vigorous spirit of inquiry and criticism, and is the most complete and highly finished of his valuable productions.

2d. *Constitutional History of England* from the accession of Henry VII. to the death of George II. In the review of this history, Macaulay says : " Hallam's knowledge is extensive, various, and profound. . . . His work is eminently judicial ; its whole spirit, that of the bench, not that of the bar. He sums up with a calm, steady impartiality, turning neither to the right nor to the left, glossing over nothing, exaggerating nothing, while the advocates on both sides are alter-

nately biting their lips to hear their conflicting mis-statements and sophisms exposed. On a general survey, we do not scruple to pronounce the *Constitutional History* to be the most impartial book that we ever read."

3d. *Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries*. "This is a production," says Chancellor Kent, "of the greatest value, and distinguished like his other works, for research, judgment, taste, and elegance." The following splendid testimonial of its merit is from the *Edinburgh Review*. "Most assuredly the reader who does not employ it merely to fill up the leisure of a few hours, but consults it for guidance, and refers to its authority, will never use it without an augmented sense of its value and respect for its author. He will be struck with the modest simplicity with which its stores of very extensive erudition are displayed. He will be struck with an honesty, even in the mere conduct of the work, rarely found in publications pretending to anything like the same amount of research." Other critics,\* whilst admitting Hallam's candor and honesty, and believing him wholly incapable of distorting truth to serve party purposes, are compelled to add that he is not entirely free from that kind of partiality which is the offspring of involuntary prejudice and early education.

Hallam, like Burke, in his later years "lived in an inverted order: they who ought to have succeeded him had gone before him; they who should have been to him as posterity, were in the place of ancestors." These bereavements were keenly felt by him; for he was a man of warm and gentle affections.

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\*See Dublin Review, 1st series, Nos. XIX and XX. See also T. E. Bridgett's *Our Lady's Dowry*, pp. 5 and fol., in which Hallam's ignorance and flippancy are demonstrated.

## SHAKESPEARE.

The name of Shakespeare is the greatest in our literature—it is the greatest in all literature. No man ever came near to him in the creative powers of the mind; no man ever had such strength at once, and such variety of imagination. Coleridge has most felicitously applied to him a Greek epithet, given before to I know not whom, certainly none so deserving of it, *μυριονοῦς*, the thousand-souled Shakespeare. The number of characters in his plays is astonishingly great, without reckoning those who, although transient, have often their individuality all distinct, all types of human life in well-defined differences. . . . This it is in which he leaves far behind, not the dramatists alone, but all writers of fiction. Compare with him Homer, the tragedians of Greece, the poets of Italy, Plautus, Cervantes Molière, Addison, Le Sage, Fielding, Richardson, Scott, the romancers of the elder or later schools—one man has far more than surpassed them all. Others may have been as sublime, others may have equalled him in grace and purity of language, and have shunned some of its faults; but the philosophy of Shakespeare, his intimate searching out of the human heart, whether in the gnomic form of sentence, or in the dramatic exhibition of character, is a gift peculiarly his own. . . .

The idolatry of Shakespeare has been carried so far of late years, that Drake and perhaps greater authorities have been unwilling to acknowledge any faults in his plays. This, however, is an extravagance rather derogatory to the critic than honorable to the poet. Besides the blemishes of construction in some of his plots, which are pardonable, but still blemishes, there are too many in his style. His conceits and quibbles often spoil the effect of his scenes, and take off from the passion he would excite. . . . Few will defend these notorious faults. But is there not one, less frequently mentioned, yet of more continual recurrence,—the extreme obscurity of Shakespeare's diction? His style is full of new words and new senses. It is easy to pass this over as obsolescence; but it is impossible to deny that innumerable lines in Shakespeare were not more intelligible in his time than they are at present. Much of this may be forgiven, or, rather, is so incorporated with the strength of his reason and fancy that we love it as the proper body of Shakespeare's soul. Still, can we justify the

very numerous passages which yield to no interpretation—knots which are never unloosed—which conjecture does not cut—or even those which, if they may at last be understood, keep the attention in perplexity till the first emotion has passed away? We learn Shakespeare, in fact, as we learn a language, or as we read a difficult passage in Greek, with the eye glancing on the commentary; and it is only after much study that we come to forget a part, it can be but a part, of the perplexities he has caused us. This was no doubt one reason that he was less read formerly, his style passing for obsolete, though in many parts, as we have just said, it was never much more intelligible than it is.

#### THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, 1800–1859.

T. B. Macaulay, one of the most attractive, if not the most learned, of British essayists and critics, was born in 1800 at Rothly Temple. In 1818, he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge; and in 1821, he was elected to a ‘Craven scholarship,’ the highest distinction in classics which the University confers. In 1825, appeared his celebrated article on Milton, in the *Edinburgh Review*. It bears marks of a youthful taste, but no less certainly of that genius which has made its author the most brilliant contributor to our critical literature. In 1826, he was called to the bar; and, in 1830, he entered Parliament. An appointment as legal adviser of the Supreme Court of Calcutta took him to India, where he was placed at the head of the commission for the reform of Indian law. The study of Indian history to which that appointment led, produced the essays on Lord Clive, 1840; and on Warren Hastings, 1841. His *Lays of Ancient Rome* appeared in 1842. He chants in them the martial stories of Horatius Cocles, the battle of the Lake Regillus, the death of Virginia, and the prophecy of Capys, with a simplicity and fire that win our hearts. These ancient ballads had been preceded by others on modern topics,

as *The Battle of Ivry*, *The Cavalier's March to London*, *The Spanish Armada*, and *A Song of the Huguenots*. In 1843, Lord Macaulay published a collection of *Critical and Historical Essays*, contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, which are still unrivalled among the productions of this class. His review of Hallam's *Constitutional History of England*, and his sketches of Sir Robert Walpole, Chatham, Sir William Temple, Clive, and Warren Hastings, form a series of brilliant and complete historical retrospects and summaries, unequalled in our literature, while his contributions to the biographical portion of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, in the lives of Atterbury, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Johnson, and the second William Pitt, exhibit his powers in other and various departments. It is, however, but just to observe that the brilliancy and erudition of the essayist are no guarantee against false views, false interpretations, and false conclusions. The writings of Macaulay are exceedingly attractive; but, certainly, they are no safe guide in the appreciation of men and events.

In 1848, appeared the first two volumes of his great historical work, *The History of England from the Accession of James II.* The five volumes, the last of which is posthumous, give the history of little more than fifteen years, leaving nearly the whole of the eighteenth century untouched. The work is therefore, in one sense, only a fragment. Its success, however, was most extraordinary. Its fascinating style, its portraits of historical personages, all brought before us in life and action, and the genius with which the facts and events are grouped and described, render the charm irresistible. But, in producing his distinct and striking impressions, the historian is charged with painting too strongly and exaggerating his portraits. He does not make allowance for the character and habits of the



times; and he seizes upon doubtful and obscure incidents, or statements by unscrupulous adversaries, as pregnant and infallible proofs of guilt. The following is the criticism passed by the Blackwood Magazine: "Everybody reads—everybody admires—but nobody believes in—Mr. Macaulay. This, which is perhaps the most brilliant of all histories, seems about the least reliable of any." And yet it is a marvellous work, although the thoughtful reader may wish not seldom for something less passionate and more judicial.

Macaulay is reckoned amongst the greatest of Parliamentary orators. Whenever he spoke, he was sure to have a full House, listening with breathless attention. But it was the matter and the language, rather than the manner, that took the audience captive: for his delivery, though rapid and vehement, was ungainly and somewhat monotonous.

In 1857, he obtained the honors of the peerage with the title of Baron Macaulay. Two years later, he was taken away suddenly, and buried in Westminster Abbey.

*(From The History of England.)*

I purpose to write the History of England from the accession of King James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living. I shall recount the errors which, in a few months, alienated a loyal gentry and priesthood from the House of Stuart. I shall trace the course of that revolution which terminated the long struggle between our sovereigns and their parliaments, and bound up together the rights of the people and the title of the reigning dynasty.

I shall relate how the new settlement was, during many troubled years, successfully defended against foreign and domestic enemies; how, under that settlement, the authority of law and the security of property were found to be compatible with a liberty of discussion and of individual action never before known; how, from the auspicious union of order and freedom, sprang a prosperity of which the annals of human affairs

had furnished no example; how our country, from a state of ignominious vassalage, rapidly rose to the place of umpire among European powers; how her opulence and her martial glory grew together; how, by wise and resolute good faith, was gradually established a public credit fruitful of marvels, which to the statesman of any former age would have seemed incredible; how a gigantic commerce gave birth to a maritime power, compared with which every other maritime power, ancient or modern, sinks into insignificance; how Scotland, after ages of enmity, was at length united to England, not merely by legal bonds, but by indissoluble ties of interest and affection; how, in America, the British colonies rapidly became far mightier and wealthier than the realms which Cortez and Pizarro had added to the dominion of Charles the Fifth; how, in Asia, British adventurers founded an empire not less splendid and more durable than that of Alexander.

: Nor will it be less my duty faithfully to record disasters mingled with triumphs, and great national crimes and follies far more humiliating than any disaster. It will be seen that even what we justly account our chief blessings, were not without alloy. It will be seen that the system which effectually secured our liberties against the encroachments of kingly power, gave birth to a new class of abuses from which absolute monarchies are exempt. It will be seen that, in consequence, partly of unwise interference, and partly of unwise neglect, the increase of wealth and the extension of trade produced, together with immense good, some evils from which poor and rude societies are free. It will be seen how, in two important dependencies of the crown, wrong was followed by a just retribution; how imprudence and obstinacy broke the ties which bound the North American colonies to the parent State; how Ireland, cursed by the domination of race over race, and of religion over religion, remained indeed a member of the empire, but a withered and disordered member, adding no strength to the body politic, and reproachfully pointed at by all who feared or envied the greatness of England.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, 1811-1863.

William M. Thackeray was born in Calcutta in the year 1811. His father, of an old Yorkshire family, was employed in the civil service of the East India

Company. The young Thackeray was sent to England when seven years old, and was placed at the Charterhouse School, whence he passed to Cambridge. He did not complete his course, but was afterwards diligent to make up his loss. From the University he repaired to Rome and other Continental cities, where he devoted himself to art-studies during four or five years. His proficiency was considerable, and a future of distinction as a painter seemed to await him. But in consequence of the loss of his fortune, partly through the fault of others, and partly through his own, he was obliged to turn his attention to other pursuits. He first studied law at the Middle Temple, though he was not called to the bar until 1848, when his success in letters seemed already assured. He was past the age of thirty when he settled down to the walks of literature. As a correspondent of the London Times, the New Monthly Magazine, and other journals and periodicals, he attracted notice; but not until he became a contributor to Punch and Frazer's Magazine did he enjoy popularity. His papers appeared under such fictitious names or facetious titles as Michael Angelo Titmarsh, Fitz-Boodle, The Fat Contributor, Miss Tickletoby's Lectures, Jeames's Diary, Punch in the East, Punch's Prize Novelists, The Snob Papers, The Traveller in London, Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man about Town, the Proser, etc. He wrote with equal facility in verse and prose. His *Vanity Fair*, illustrated by himself, or, to employ his own metaphor, 'illuminated with the author's own candles,' was the first of his more elaborate productions that was published under Thackeray's own name (1847-48). It placed him in the highest rank of the masters of English fiction, and though some of his later works at once attained a wider circulation, and confirmed their author as a classic of

the purest style, and an essayist of the most elegant satire, *Vanity Fair* is esteemed among competent critics as his masterpiece. The Edinburgh Review, long after public opinion had been made upon the merits of this novel, and many editions had been exhausted, described it as 'one of the most remarkable books of this age,—a book which is as sure of immortality as ninety-nine hundredths of modern novels are sure of annihilation.' Becky Sharp, the heroine of the story, is the best drawn of all his female characters, her love of conspiracy, and her repulsive, uniform selfishness not abating a jot from the naturalness of the creation. The description of the battle of Waterloo introduced in *Vanity Fair*, may be regarded in the department of prose as not inferior to Byron's lines in *Childe Harold* on the same subject. They will ever be admired as companion-pictures of genius. From a moral point of view, Thackeray's writings are open to serious objection. The fundamental principle which underlies them, is the total depravity of human nature, rendering virtue an impossibility, and religious practice a sham. As Catholics, we know that the human power for good was weakened, not destroyed, by the fall of Adam, and that the grace of Christ may yet raise men to the sublimest virtue.

Thackeray was a voluminous author, leaving behind him twenty-five or thirty volumes of essays, poems, satirical papers, and novels. The greatest of his works, in addition to *Vanity Fair*, are *Pendennis*, *Esmond*, *The Newcomes*, *The Virginians*, and his *Lectures on the English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century and the Four Georges*.

Thackeray died suddenly from effusion of the brain, in 1863. A monument to his memory has been erected in the Poet's corner of Westminster Abbey.

## THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

All that day, from morning until past sunset, the cannon ceased not to roar. It was dark when the cannonading stopped all of a sudden.

All of us have read of what occurred during that interval. The tale is in every Englishman's mouth; and you and I, who were children when the great battle was won and lost, are never tired of hearing and recounting the history of that famous action. Its remembrance rankles still in the bosoms of millions of the countrymen of those brave men who lost the day. They pant for an opportunity of revenging that humiliation; and if a contest, ending in a victory on their part, should ensue, elating them in their turn, and leaving its cursed legacy of hatred and rage behind to us, there is no end to the so-called glory and shame, and to the alternations of successful and unsuccessful murder, in which two high-spirited nations might engage. Centuries hence, we Frenchmen and Englishmen might be boasting and killing each other still, carrying out bravely the Devil's code of honor.

All our friends took their share, and fought like men in the great field. All day long, whilst the women were praying ten miles away, the lines of the dauntless English infantry were receiving and repelling the furious charges of the French horsemen. Guns which were heard at Brussels were ploughing up their ranks, and comrades falling, and the resolute survivor closing in. Towards evening, the attack of the French, repeated and resisted so bravely, slackened in its fury. They had other foes besides the British to engage, or were preparing for a final onset. It came at last; the columns of the Imperial Guard marched up the hill of Saint Jean, at length and at once to sweep the English from the height which they had maintained all day and spite of all; unscared by the thunder of the artillery, which hurled death from the English line,—the dark rolling column pressed on and up the hill. It seemed almost to crest the eminence, when it began to waver and falter. Then it stopped, still facing the shot. Then, at last, the English troops rushed from the post from which no enemy had been able to dislodge them, and the Guard turned and fled.

No more firing was heard at Brussels,—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.



## SWIFT'S TORTURE OF SOUL.

(From *The English Humorists.*)

It is my belief that Swift suffered frightfully from the consciousness of his own scepticism, and that he had bent his pride so far down as to put his apostasy out to hire. The paper left behind him, called *Thoughts on Religion*, is merely a set of excuses for not professing disbelief. He says of his sermons that he preached pamphlets: they have scarce a Christian characteristic; they might be preached from the steps of a synagogue, or the floor of a mosque, or the box of a coffee-house almost. There is little or no cant—he is too great and too proud for that; and, in so far as the badness of his sermons goes, he is honest. But having put that cassock on, it poisoned him; he was strangled in his bands. He goes through life, tearing, like a man possessed with a devil. Like Abudah in the Arabian story, he is always looking out for the Fury, and knows that the night will come, and the inevitable hag with it. What a night, my God, it was! what a lonely rage and long agony—what a vulture, that tore the heart of that giant! It is awful to think of the sufferings of this great man. Through life he always seems alone, somehow. Goethe was so. I cannot fancy Shakespeare otherwise. The giants must live apart. The kings can have no company. But this man suffered so; and deserved so to suffer. One hardly reads anywhere of such a pain. The *sæva indignatio* of which he spoke as lacerating his heart, and which he dares inscribe on his tombstone—as if the wretch who lay under that stone, waiting God's judgment, had a right to be angry—breaks out from him in a thousand pages of his writings, and tears and rends him.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, 1814–1863.

Of the distinguished scholars who left Oxford and the Establishment to return to the old faith of England, few are more celebrated than Father Faber. The sweetness of his disposition, the generosity of his character, the excellence of his poetical genius, and especially the skill with which he has dressed in popular style the most abstruse doctrines of Christianity,



have justly endeared his name to the Catholics of Europe and America. At Oxford, his prepossessing appearance, his remarkable talent, and gifts of conversation, made him a general favorite. In spite of severe and frequent headaches, in spite too of a decided partiality for poetry, he there formed those habits of close application to study which were the foundation of his future learning. In 1835, he won the Newdigate poetry prize, the subject being *The Knights of St. John*. A few years later, he published two volumes of minor poems, called from the heading piece in each, *Cherwell Water-lily* and the *Styrian Lake*. Of a higher order than these was *Sir Lancelot*, a romantic poem of great beauty, drawn from mediæval sources. Father Faber was born a poet. Wordsworth, with whom he lived for a time on terms of intimacy, declared that he had even a better eye for nature than himself; and, on another occasion, when Faber was rector of Elton, he added that, were it not for Frederick Faber's devoting himself so much to his sacred calling, he would be the poet of his age. But Faber's ambition aimed at something higher than earthly fame. From a Calvinist he had become first a zealous advocate, then a minister, of advanced Anglicanism, and, after years of prayer and study in the pursuit of truth, following the example of his guide, Dr. Newman, he made, in 1845, his submission to the Catholic Church, whose glory it is that she could equally satisfy the mighty intellect of the one and the sensitive heart of the other. Having been raised to the priesthood, Father Faber joined the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, lately introduced into England by Dr. Newman: and, when the London House was founded, in 1849, he was appointed to the office of superior, which he kept till his death. This is not the place to recount the apostolic labors of Father Faber

during the last fourteen years of his life. Whilst he devoted body and soul to the welfare of his religious family at home, he burned with unquenchable zeal for the conversion of souls abroad. It was between the fatigues of the ministry and his frequent spells of sickness, that he wrote those pious works in which the mysteries, doctrines, and devotional practices of Christianity, are presented in a style imaginative, eloquent, and full of unction. *All for Jesus, Growth in Holiness, The Blessed Sacrament, The Creator and the Creature, The Foot of the Cross, Spiritual Conferences, The Precious Blood, Bethlehem*, appeared in succession. Many editions in England and America, and many translations, attest the popularity of these works of Father Faber. He published also a *Book of Hymns*, many of which have found their way into almost every collection, Catholic and Protestant, of sacred lyrics that has been printed since. They are 150 in number, and cover the whole range of Catholic piety. His verses, less labored and polished than Keble's, quite make up in genial warmth for what they may lack in artistic finish; and we find in them always that ease of expression which we miss in the highly wrought poems of Keble.

The last two years of Father Faber's life were years of continual disease and suffering, but he retained to the last that serenity of soul and that fascination of manners, which in him were characteristic traits.

#### A VIEW OF LONDON.

(From *The Creator and the Creature*.)

Let us sit down upon the top of this fair hill. The clear sunshine and the bright air flow into us in streams of life and gladness, while our thoughts are lifted up to God, and our hearts quietly expand to love. Beneath us is that beau-

tiful rolling plain, with its dark masses of summer foliage sleeping in the sun for miles and miles away, in the varying shades of blue and green, according to the distance or the clouds. There at our feet is the gigantic city, gleaming with an ivory whiteness beneath its uplifted but perpetual canopy of smoke. The villa-spotted hills beyond it, its almost countless spires, its one huge many-steepled palace, and its solemn presiding dome, its old bleached tower, and its squares of crowded shipping—it all lies below us in the peculiar sunshine of its own misty magnificence. There, in every variety of joy and misery, of elevation and depression, three million souls are working out their complicated destinies. Close around us, the air is filled with the songs of rejoicing birds, or the pleased hum of the insects that are drinking the sunbeams, and blowing their tiny trumpets as they weave and unweave their mazy dance. The flowers breathe sweetly, and the leaves of the glossy shrubs are spotted with bright creatures in painted surcoat or gilded panoply, while the blue dome above seems both taller and bluer than common, and is ringing with the loud peals of the unseen larks, as the steeples of the city ring for the nation's victory. Far off from the river-flat comes the booming of the cannon, and here, all unstartled, round and round the pond, a fleet of young perch are sailing in the sun, slowly and undisturbedly as if they had a very grave enjoyment of their little lives. What a mingled scene it is of God and man! and all so bright, so beautiful, so diversified, so calm, opening out such fountains of deep reflection, and of simple-hearted gratitude to our Heavenly Father.

## COMMUNION.

(From *Sir Lancelot*.)

Who is yon kneeler, that like one entranced,  
Bends o'er the marble step, with both hands crossed  
Upon his bosom, raining holy tears  
From unuplifted eyes? Oh! is it grief,  
Or the enlarged abundance of his heart,  
Thus weeping from him like a summer shower?  
And is it prayer which parts his quivering lips,  
Or viewless rapture, winged with more than words,  
Escaping from the worn ascetic's frame,

Like trembling odors by the solar beam  
 Wrung with ecstatic pain from silent flowers?  
 It is Sir Lancelot, the hermit-knight,  
 The son received into his mother's arms,  
 The crown of penance, triumph of the cross,  
 And victory of Christ's almighty love!

\* \* \* \* \*

What thoughts, or rather, in the silent room  
 Of thought deposed, what blissful Presence filled  
 Sir Lancelot, when the altar's Burning Coal,  
 As with the rapt Isaias, touched his lips,  
 Not song of minstrel, but the hearts of saints  
 With voiceless thrill must utter to themselves.

NICHOLAS PATRICK WISEMAN, 1802-1865.

N. P. Wiseman, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, was born in Seville, Spain, in 1802. His father's family were of English, and his mother's, of Irish, origin. He was educated at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw; where, for nearly eight years, he applied himself closely to his studies, and laid the foundation of that profound and varied erudition, which gave him such distinction in after-life. In 1818, he went to Rome as a student of the English College, reopened that very year by Pius VII.\* Here, he soon attracted attention by the publication of his first book, *Horæ Syriacæ*, a treatise on Oriental languages. On account of his extraordinary abilities, he was not allowed to return to England at once; but, after being ordained priest in his twenty-third year, he was created professor of the Roman University. He filled in succession the offices of Vice-Rector and Rector of the English College. In 1835, he delivered his famous *Lectures on the Connection between Science and Revealed Religion*; and, the following year, his *Lectures on the Principal Doctrines and Prac-*

\*Life of Wiseman, by Ward, Vol. 1, page 12.

*tices of the Catholic Church.* In 1840, Dr. Wiseman left Rome, having been appointed coadjutor bishop to Bishop Walsh, of the Central District, and President of Oscott College, near Birmingham. When, ten years later, a Bull of Pius IX. re-established the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England, Dr. Wiseman was appointed Archbishop of Westminster and created Cardinal. In England, a wild burst of excitement followed these acts; but the Cardinal lost no time in pouring oil on the troubled waters by publishing his *Appeal to the Reason and Good Feeling of the English People on the subject of the Catholic Hierarchy*. To argument he replied with argument; for taunts he gave back words of conciliation. Although the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill passed both Houses, and received the Royal Assent, it remained a dead letter till, twenty years after, it was quietly repealed by Parliament, under Gladstone.

His long residence in Rome had familiarized Cardinal Wiseman with the most exquisite productions of painters, sculptors, and architects; and, in 1852, he lectured at Leeds to an immense audience, and proved that never had science flourished more, or originated more sublime or useful discoveries, than when it had been pursued under the influence of the Roman Catholic Religion. His lectures, delivered in Manchester and Liverpool, in 1853, *On the Connection between the Arts of Design and the Arts of Production*, and *On the Highways of Peaceful Commerce as being the Highways of Art*, show great learning and a wonderful versatility of mind. In another department of literature, he wrote *Fabiola, or the Church of the Catacombs*, a masterpiece of narrative for interest, information, and edification. "It is a most charming book, a truly popular work, and alike pleasing to the scholar and the general

reader. It is the first work of the kind that we have read in any language, in which truly pious and devout sentiment, and the loftiest and richest imagination, are so blended, so fused together, that the one never jars on the other."\* And yet this admirable tale was composed 'bit by bit, at all sorts of times, and in all sorts of places' (Preface).

Three volumes of his contributions to the Dublin Review were published under the title of *Essays on Various Subjects*. "They constitute one of the richest contributions that have recently been made to our English Catholic literature."

Cardinal Wiseman wrote many other works, among which we may mention his *Recollections of the Last Four Popes, and of Rome in their Times* (1858), a picturesque and popular book; his *Sermons, Lectures, and Speeches*, delivered during a tour in Ireland (1859); *Rome and the Catholic Episcopate*. He also found time to write for St. Cuthbert's College, the *Hidden Gem*, a drama in two acts. He was preparing a lecture for the tercentenary of Shakespeare to be delivered before the Royal Society, when he was seized with his last illness, in 1865.

Cardinal Wiseman wrote in a clear and polished style, sometimes too much in the florid Italian manner; but, often too, with a calm eloquence peculiarly suited to the English temperament. He was a profound linguist, having a perfect acquaintance with all the European and most of the Oriental languages. He was a man of great achievements and still greater aims. To his levees in York Place men of all creeds and nationalities came, and for all he had a kindly greeting and cordial conversation. No other man probably was ever more earnest in devotion to his religion;

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\* Dr. Brownson's Review, April, 1855.



no other would have been prepared to make greater sacrifices in its behalf. In his last illness, calling around him the Canons of his Chapter, he made a profession of faith and resigned himself to death. His name will remain indissolubly connected with the re-establishment of Catholicity in England. The Life of Cardinal Wiseman has been published by Wilfrid Ward.

#### MARTYRDOM OF ST. PANCRATIUS.

Such was the attitude and such was the privilege of our heroic youth. The mob was frantic, as they saw one wild beast after another careering madly round him, roaring, and lashing its sides with its tail, while he seemed placed in a charmed circle, which they could not approach. A furious bull, let loose upon him, dashed madly forward, with his neck bent down, then stopped suddenly, as though he had struck his head against a wall, pawed the ground, and scattered the dust around him, bellowing fiercely.

"Provoke him, thou coward!" roared out, still louder, the enraged emperor.

Pancratius awoke as from a trance, and, waving his arms, ran towards his enemy; but the savage brute, as if a lion had been rushing on him, turned round, and ran away towards the entrance, where meeting his keeper, he tossed him high into the air. All were disconcerted, except the brave youth, who had resumed his attitude of prayer, when one of the crowd shouted out: "He has a charm round his neck; he is a sorcerer!" The whole multitude re-echoed the cry, till the emperor, having commanded silence, called out to him, "Take that amulet from thy neck, and cast it from thee, or it shall be done more roughly for thee."

"Sire," replied the youth, with a musical voice, that rang sweetly through the hushed amphitheatre, "it is no charm that I wear, but a memorial of my father, who, in this very place, made gloriously the same confession which I now humbly make; I am a Christian; and for love of Jesus Christ, God and man, I gladly give my life. Do not take from me this only legacy, which I have bequeathed, richer than I received it, to another. Try once more; it was a panther that gave him his crown; perhaps it will bestow the same on me."

For an instant there was a dead silence; the multitude seemed softened, won. The graceful form of the gallant youth, his now inspired countenance, the thrilling music of his voice, the intrepidity of his speech, and his generous self-devotion to his cause, had wrought upon that cowardly herd. Pancratius felt it, and his heart quailed before their mercy, more than before their rage; he had promised himself heaven that day; was he to be disappointed? Tears started into his eyes, as, stretching forth his arms once more in the form of a cross, he called aloud, in a tone that again vibrated through every heart: "To-day; oh, yes, to-day, most blessed Lord, is the appointed day of Thy coming. Tarry not longer; enough has Thy power been shown in me to them that believe not in Thee; show now Thy mercy to me who in Thee believe!"

"The panther!" shouted out a voice. "The panther!" responded twenty. "The panther!" thundered forth a hundred thousand, in a chorus like the roaring of an avalanche. A cage started up, as if by magic, from the midst of the sand, and as it rose, its side fell down, and freed the captive of the desert. With one graceful bound, the elegant savage gained its liberty; and, though enraged by darkness, confinement, and hunger, it seemed almost playful, as it leaped and turned about, frisked and gambolled noiselessly on the sand.

At last it caught sight of its prey. All its feline cunning and cruelty seemed to return, and to conspire together in animating the cautious and treacherous movements of its velvet-clothed frame. The whole amphitheatre was as silent as if it had been a hermit's dell, while every eye was intent, watching the stealthy approaches of the sleek brute to its victim. Pancratius was still standing in the same place, facing the emperor, apparently so absorbed in higher thoughts, as not to heed the movements of his enemy. The panther had stolen round him, as if disdaining to attack him except in front. Crouching upon its breast, slowly advancing one paw before another, it had gained its measured distance, and there it lay for some moments of breathless suspense. A deep snarling growl, an elastic spring through the air, and it was seen gathered up like a leech, with its hind feet on the chest, and its fangs and fore claws on the throat of the martyr.

He stood erect for a moment, brought his right hand to his mouth, and looking up at Sebastian with a smile, directed to

him, by a graceful wave of his arm, the last salutation of his lips—and fell. The arteries of the neck had been severed, and the slumber of martyrdom at once settled on his eyelids.

### CHARLES DICKENS, 1812–1870.

Charles Dickens, whom Forster calls ‘the most popular novelist of the century, and one of the greatest humorists that England has produced,’ was born at Landport, Portsmouth, in 1812.

The early life of Dickens was one of extreme poverty. His father, for a time, was confined in the Debtors’ Prison, and he himself was obliged to become a poor little drudge, and eke out a scanty living in a blacking warehouse by covering and labelling the pots of paste-blackening, at six shillings a week. After going to school for two or three years, he became a Parliamentary reporter for some of the leading journals in the great capital. (It was during these years of newspaper life, that the half-educated young Dickens laid the foundations of his after-career as an author. As a reporter, he disciplined his habits of industry, enlarged the circle of his knowledge, and attained very early to his mental maturity. “To the wholesome training of severe newspaper work when I was a very young man,” he said in his speech to the New York editors in 1868, “I constantly refer my first successes.”)

His first attempt at authorship was made in the *Old Monthly Magazine* for 1834. In these contributions he first used the signature *Boz*, a nickname he had given to his youngest brother Augustus, which was a corruption of Moses (when spoken through the nose) in the *Vicar of Wakefield*. He continued his *Sketches* in another paper, *The Evening Chronicle*, during 1835. In the following year, the *Sketches*, illustrated by Cruik-

shank, were brought out in two volumes, and their author at once became famous. Though inferior to some of his later productions, this book presents intensely vivid pictures of London middle and low life. (The realistic tendency is unhappily kept up in all his stories.) The *Sketches* are sprightly with fun and discernment of character, and the general handling is easy and skilful. The *Pickwick Papers* followed, and before that was half finished, *Oliver Twist* was already begun,—the numbers of each coming out simultaneously. The success of *Pickwick* was unexampled in English literature. It appeared in numbers, and after the first two or three, it was in the hands of everybody in London, from the peer to the cabman. (*Pickwick Chintzes* were displayed in linen-draper's windows, and *Weller corduroys* at the shops of the tailors.) Of the first number four hundred were printed; of the fifteenth, more than forty thousand. *Oliver Twist* maintained the prestige of *Pickwick*; (but, in the *Life of Grimaldi*, the famous clown, there was a falling off. It was less in Dickens's line, and the critics handled it severely.) *Nicholas Nickleby* was also published in serial form, the first paper selling, on the first of its appearance, to the astonishing number of nearly 50,000 copies. *Barnaby Rudge* and *The Old Curiosity Shop* came next, delighting everybody. Lord Jeffrey extravagantly admired Little Nell, in the latter story.

Dickens visited the United States in 1842, and received a cordial welcome. (He had put his heart on an international copyright law; for all Americans read him, and he held it was but right that those who reaped the fruits of his labor and triumphs, should be compelled to give him at least a small portion of their easily earned gains. But Congress refused to pass such a law, and the friendly disposition with which

Dickens had come was thus embittered against the Americans, as was shown in his next two works, *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*. He visited Italy in 1844, spending a year there. On his return to London he founded the *Daily News*, and published in it his so-called *Pictures of Italy*. Both the style and the matter were below Dickens's standard. His other principal works are *Dombey and Son*, *David Copperfield*, his finest production, *Bleak House*, *The Child's History of England*, *Christmas Tales*, *Little Dorrit*, *Hard Times*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Great Expectations*, and *Our Mutual Friend*. He had begun a new story, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, when cut off almost instantly by death. The merits of Dickens's novels are well known and appreciated. But we may ask ourselves: Is their influence on society of such a character as to deserve unlimited praise? On this important question we shall quote the opinions of two celebrated Reviews. "Mr. Dickens," said the North British Review, "makes his low characters almost always *vulgar*. . . . In the next place, the good characters of his novels do not seem to have a wholesome moral tendency. The reason is, that many of them—all the author's favorites—exhibit an excellence flowing from constitution and temperament, and not from the influence of moral or religious motive. They act from impulse, not from principle."

Starting from the fact that Dickens appeared before the public as a preacher whose 'mission' it was to correct the vices of society, and inculcate sound principles, the Dublin Review was led to the following remarks: "He was certainly a moral writer, and he did laud the household virtues; but there is a higher aspect of morality, one in which Catholic readers are bound to regard every book which professes to deal with the condition



of man; and, so regarded, Mr. Dickens's works are as false as any of those of the undisguisedly materialistic writers of the day. He cried 'Peace, peace, where there is no peace;' he vaunted the quack nostrums of good fellowship and sentimental tenderness, of human institutions, and the natural virtues, as remedies for sin, sorrow, and the weariness of life. . . . Can any writer, however amiable, moral, wise, or witty, be quite harmless, who departs so utterly from the truth—who leads the mind of his readers so far from the 'fountain opened for sin and uncleanness,' and from every source of supernatural enlightenment?"

#### CHARACTER OF A YORKSHIRE SCHOOLMASTER.

(From *Nicholas Nickleby*.)

Mr. Squeers's appearance was not prepossessing. He had but one eye, and the popular prejudice runs in favor of two. The eye he had was unquestionably useful, but decidedly not ornamental: being of a greenish-gray, and in shape resembling the fan-light of a street door. The blank side of his face was much wrinkled and puckered up, which gave him a very sinister appearance, especially when he smiled, at which time his expression bordered closely on the villanous. His hair was very flat and shiny, save at the ends, where it was brushed stiffly up from the forehead, which assorted well with his harsh voice and coarse manner. He was about two or three and fifty, and a trifle below the middle size; he wore a white neckerchief with long ends, and a suit of scholastic black; but his coat sleeves being a great deal too long, and his trousers a great deal too short, he appeared ill at ease in his clothes, and as if he were in a perpetual state of astonishment at finding himself so respectable.

Mr. Squeers was standing in a box by one of the coffee-room fire-places, fitted with one such table as is usually seen in coffee-rooms, and two of extraordinary shapes and dimensions made to suit the angles of the partition. In a corner of the seat was a very small deal trunk, tied round with a scanty piece of cord; and on the trunk was perched—his lace-up half-boots and corduroy trousers dangling in the air—a dimin-



utive boy, with shoulders drawn up to his ears, and his hands planted on his knees, who glanced timidly at the schoolmaster, from time to time, with evident dread and apprehension.

"Half-past three," muttered Mr. Squeers, turning from the window, and looking sulkily at the coffee-room clock. "There will be nobody here to-day."

Much vexed by this reflection, Mr. Squeers looked at the little boy to see whether he was doing anything he could beat him for. As he happened not to be doing anything at all, he merely boxed his ears, and told him not to do it again.

"At Midsummer," muttered Mr. Squeers, resuming his complaint, "I took down ten boys; ten twenties is two hundred pound. I go back at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, and have got only three—three oughts is an ought—three twos is six—sixty pound. What's come of all the boys? what's parents got in their heads? what does it all mean?"

Here the little boy on the top of the trunk gave a violent sneeze.

"Halloa, sir!" growled the schoolmaster, turning round. "What's that, sir?"

"Nothing, please sir," said the little boy.

"Nothing, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Squeers.

"Please sir, I sneezed," rejoined the boy, trembling till the little trunk shook under him.

"Oh! sneezed, did you?" retorted Mr. Squeers. "Then what did you say 'nothing' for, sir?"

In default of a better answer to this question, the little boy screwed a couple of knuckles into each of his eyes and began to cry, wherefore Mr. Squeers knocked him off the trunk with a blow on one side of his face, and knocked him on again with a blow on the other.

"Wait till I get you down into Yorkshire, my young gentleman," said Mr. Squeers, "and then I'll give you the rest."

#### DR. CHILLIP.

Dr. Chillip was the meekest of his sex, the mildest of little men. He sidled in and out of a room, to take up the less space. He walked as softly as the ghost in Hamlet, and more slowly. He carried his head on one side, partly in modest depreciation of himself, partly in modest propitiation of everybody else. It is nothing to say that he hadn't a word to throw

at a dog. He couldn't have thrown a word at a mad dog. He might have offered him one gently, or half a one, or a fragment of one: for he spoke as slowly as he walked; but he wouldn't have been rude to him, and he couldn't have been quick with him, for any earthly consideration.

BULWER-LYTTON, 1805-1873.

Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton was one of the most prolific and popular writers of the nineteenth century. His versatile talent showed itself in the novel, the drama, the essay, the pamphlet, and the verse; but his fame, we think, is chiefly to rest upon five or six novels, and two of his dramas. He began authorship at fifteen with a metrical tale of the East, *Ishmael*, and at twenty, he won the Cambridge Chancellor's prize by his poem on *Sculpture*. More than once in after life, he again turned to poetry, but attained no eminence in this field of literature. His chief poetical works are: *The Siamese Twins* and *The New Timon*, satires; *Arthur*, an extensive romance, and *Milton*, generally considered his best.

Of his novels, the earliest have been deservedly censured as immoral or deficient in genuine art. But his historical novels, the *Last Days of Pompeii*, *Rienzi*, *Harold*, and *The Last of the Barons*, display no mean erudition and merit, though in *Pompeii* the novelist did not absolutely overcome the peculiar difficulties inherent to a subject of antiquity. *The Caxtons*, *My Novel*, *What will he Do with it*, portray the domestic life of the upper classes in England, and, by common consent, constitute the finest laurels in the author's crown. Yet to all his novels we have the strong moral objection that they are a deification of worldly success, as if that were the paramount object of life.

As a dramatist, Bulwer was very successful in *The*

*Lady of Lyons* and *Cardinal Richelieu*. Both are well adapted to stage effect, but the former is far from possessing the depth and richness of thought which the latter displays.

His *Caxtoniana* is a collection of essays, interesting and curious. His *Translations* of Schiller's poems and ballads deserve commendation for spirit and elegance.

In 1856, Bulwer was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, and took occasion of his inaugural address to vindicate the study of the classics. In politics, he attracted attention by two pamphlets, *The Crisis*, written in 1835, in behalf of the Whig party, and *A Letter to John Bull*, in which he defends protection. He sat for many years in Parliament, where he acquired a fair reputation by his brilliant and efficient speeches. Raised to the peerage in 1866, as Baron Lytton, Bulwer survived both Thackeray and Dickens, with whom, for a time, he shared much of the public attention. More brilliant, but less humorous, he was certainly more unequal than either of his rivals, and worse in point of morality and taste.

#### READING OF OLD BOOKS.

In science, read, by preference, the newest works; in literature, the oldest. The classic literature is always modern. New books revive and redecorate old ideas; old books suggest and invigorate new ideas. It is a great preservative to a high standard in taste and achievement to take every year some one great book as an especial study, not only to be read, but to be conned, studied, brooded over; to go into the country with it, travel with it, be devotedly faithful to it, be without any other book for the time; compel yourself thus to read it again and again. Who can be dull enough to pass long days in the intimate, close, familiar intercourse with some transcendent mind, and not feel the benefit of it when he returns to the common world?

## T. W. M. MARSHALL, 1815-1877.

Dr. Thomas William M. Marshall deserves an eminent place among English writers of wit and humor, although with him these gifts were but the means of expressing more forcibly his deep religious convictions. Endowed with a keen sense of the ridiculous, he had, during his early life, the best opportunity of witnessing the shams and oddities which afterwards became the ordinary target of his satire.

Dr. Marshall was born in London, educated at the Charter House, and Trinity College, Cambridge, and ordained a minister of the Anglican Church, in 1842. Two years after, he published his first work, *Notes on Episcopacy*, which led to his conversion and that of others. It cost him the labor of seven years, during which, according to his own statement, he 'read the whole of the Fathers of the first five centuries, and the Ecclesiastical historians.' These researches and his own reflections having convinced him of 'the utter humanism and senseless contradictions of the Anglican religion,' he left it in 1845, and was received into the Church by Cardinal Wiseman. "To give up at thirty years of age, just married, with no private fortune, the profession of clergyman in the Church of England to become a Catholic layman, was an act not only of remarkable honesty, but of superhuman courage." For Dr. Marshall human considerations had indeed no weight. He accepted all the consequences of his step. After three years of necessary inaction and consequent indigence, he was appointed to the office of Her Majesty's Inspector of Catholic Schools, which he held for twelve years. The loss of this position threw him back for subsistence on the efforts of his pen, and

though he could expect but little pecuniary remuneration from the treatment of Catholic subjects, he would not write on any other. He published, in 1861, his *Christian Missions*, in which, travelling around the whole world, he gives a sketch of every mission, its agents, and results. Amidst the continual citation of authorities, and the wonderful amount of information accumulated in two large volumes, he pleases and diverts his reader by the airiness of his style and the pungency of his remarks. Pope Pius IX. decorated the author with the cross of St Gregory, and wrote to him a kind letter in which he said: "You have deserved well of all Catholics, especially in England."

Dr. Marshall was for three years editor of the *London Tablet*, and contributed not a little to impart to it the renown and influence which it has since enjoyed. Compelled to retire from that post, which involved more labor than he had strength to bear, he remained to the last a constant contributor to its columns. Its readers still remember the graceful, sharp, and exhaustive, series of *Our Protestant Contemporaries*, *Sketches of the Reformation*, *Religious Contrasts*, *The Protestant Tradition*, *Russia and Turkey*. *Protestant Journalism* is also a reprint in book form from his articles in the same weekly. For a long time, he also contributed every quarter to the *Dublin Review*.

The work of Dr. Marshall which perhaps shows best the peculiar power of his mind, is *The Comedy of Convocation, in Two Scenes*, which appeared in the beginning of 1868. It represents, under fictitious names, the dignitaries of the Anglican Church, in convocation assembled, agreeing among themselves about nothing, except the principle that the Church of England is essentially fallible. *The Comedy* produced the greatest sensation in the literary and the religious world.

It was pronounced the best satire written since the time of Swift. If it has the power, it has not the coarseness, the vulgarity, the mendacity, that pervade the writings of the Dean of St. Patrick's. There is no personal offence, no invective, no unkindness; but a wealth of wit and humor, a fidelity to character, manner, and situation, strikingly sustained. As the authorship of *The Comedy* has been sometimes denied to Dr. Marshall, we may be permitted to quote his own testimony in the case: "I wrote every word of it, from the title and motto to the last sentence."\*

In 1869, Dr. Marshall came to the United States, and during the two following winters gave lectures on religious subjects in many of our large cities. It was at that time that the University of Georgetown conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D.

On his return to England, he published *My Clerical Friends*, the object of which is to show the striking contrast between the Anglican and the Catholic Clergy, and the hollowness of the Anglican claims to the Christian priesthood. The *Church Defence* is also directed against the Anglicans. He began to write another comedy, which he called *The Comedy of Ritualism*, but did not live to finish.

In all his literary productions, Dr. Marshall unites solidity of thought with a classic purity of style. His sentences, short, polished, and pithy, never tire the reader. He has, besides, a peculiar talent of 'weaving scores of quotations into a few pages of easy writing, without ever for a moment becoming dull.' The only fault that may be laid to his charge, is an excessive pungency which his honest indignation cannot always repress when he speaks of Protestantism.

After a painful disease of many months, borne with

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\* From a Letter to the Editor of this book.



Christian resignation, Dr. Marshall died in 1877 in an obscure outskirt of London, remaining to the last a brave defender of the Church, and a true knight of the cross.

#### A REPRESENTATIVE BISHOP.

(From *My Clerical Friends*.)

My father was a dignitary of the Church, and not unfrequently had bishops for his guests. Among these was one of whom my personal reminiscences are not cheerful. I am sure he had great merits—or how could he have become a bishop?—and that it was my own fault if I did not discover them; but the day of his departure from my father's house was always to me a festal one. His dignity, without being real, was oppressive. When he spoke, his whole being appeared to be absorbed in listening to himself, though I never heard him say anything that was worth remembering. I failed to make out, the critical faculty of my mind being at that time feebly developed, what were his religious ideas; and I sometimes doubted, perhaps in order to excuse my own want of penetration, whether he knew himself. I found it so impossible to understand, in spite of persevering efforts, on what platform he stood, that my mind, as far as religion was concerned, verged towards idiocy. I think if I had lived three months with him—a trial to which I was never exposed—I should have believed all human things to be mere phantasms, and should have doubted whether anything was what it seemed to be. If any one had rashly spoken in his presence of a vocation to the ministry, he would have considered him the melancholy victim of a spiritual hallucination. If any one had presumed to inquire whether he possessed one himself, he would have resented the liberty with just indignation. His conversation alternated between stilted and sonorous piety, or the nearest approach which he could make to it, and genuine unadulterated worldliness. He would have reminded me of Windham's description of Bishop Horsley, if at that period of my life I had been acquainted with it. "His studies," the statesman observes, "are remote from the subjects on which I wish to hear him, and his thought still more remote, being intent wholly upon prospects of Church preferment."

But my father's guest had a way of repairing any unguarded outbreak of purely human sentiment by a serene dep-

recreation of the infirmities of other men, which sometimes nearly stupefied me, and gave me my earliest lesson in the art of disguising thoughts by speech. I was tempted to believe, against all evidence, that he was only a stuffed figure ; yet he exerted a fascination over my youthful mind which I found it impossible to resist. I often detected myself, not without self-reproach, gazing intently upon his face, which really had no expression whatever, except that of general approval of the world, in which he seemed to feel that he occupied a place not wholly unequal to his merits. He ate a good deal, but in a solemn way, and as if he was doing a favor to somebody by eating at all. I have a distinct remembrance of a certain breakfast, during which the usual spell was strong upon me ; and I could no more have taken my eyes off him than I could have read a newspaper within view of Niagara Falls. He had a cutlet on his plate, and seemed, to my disordered imagination, to be mentally addressing the ewe of which it once formed a part. "If you had known," I fancied he was saying, "the fate reserved for your remains, you would have gone apart from the common herd, and fed in solitary pastures." I am sure he was quite capable of such a thought. I never saw him in bed, but am persuaded that, even in that difficult position, his attitude was full of dignity. He is dead now ; and I hope he is as well satisfied with the other world as he was with this.

### GEORGE ELIOT, 1820-1880.

"George Eliot" is the pseudonym under which appeared the writings of Miss Marian Evans, the daughter of Robert Evans, a land-agent in Warwickshire. A good literary training in various schools, especially at Coventry, stimulated the passion for knowledge which she evinced at an early age. She would read any book that came to hand, reserving ample time for an earnest study of French, German, Italian, and music. Later on, she became deeply acquainted with Greek, Latin, and Hebrew. Unfortunately, her lady teachers at Coventry were already destroying in her soul the principles of Christianity, and sowing instead the germs of infidelity, which grew steadily. The first

work that came from her pen was a translation of Strauss's *Life of Christ* (1846). She contributed articles to various magazines, and for three years (1851-54) was the editor of the "Westminster Review." This last year, she began to live with George Henry Lewes, one of the doctors of positivism, and with him she remained, although they were not married, till his death in 1878. Like him, she was an adept in the theory and practice of that humanitarian philosophy and religion. In 1857 she published in "Blackwood's Magazine," under the title of *Scenes of Clerical Life*, a series of short tales. Two years later, her first novel, *Adam Bede*, took the English-reading world by storm. She at once rose to the first rank among philosophical novelists by the originality, the power, and the high finish of her work. Her supreme excellence in this as in her subsequent novels is her minute analysis of character, her account of the motives that influenced or impelled the actors of her stories. Her grasp is that of a man—of a strong man. *Adam Bede* was followed by the *The Mill on the Floss* (1859), *Silas Marner* (1861), *Romola* (1863), *Felix Holt the Radical* (1866), *Middlemarch, a Study of Provincial Life* (1871), and *Daniel Deronda* (1873). All these novels confirmed the reputation of George Eliot as a great writer. They all paint English manners, except *Romola*, which is an Italian story belonging to the last years of the fifteenth century. In a moral point of view some distinctions are to be made: her first works are the best. *Adam Bede* is a Christian novel imbued with a deep sense of Christianity. *The Mill on the Floss* and *Silas Marner* tread not yet on forbidden ground, preaching up the natural virtues; but *Romola*, *Middlemarch*, and *Daniel Deronda* are dangerous, because they reflect the principles of positivism. A vein of sadness, too, underlies most of her writings, not on account of any personal sorrow, but from the perception of the ills that affect mankind. *She could endure her own lot*

'with unembittered resignation,' but the generality of mankind could not! Her code of morality, from which God is excluded, and with Him the hope of another life, is a feeble help indeed to the weakness of mankind. "Humanity," says Bishop Ullathorne, "is the divinity of positivism." *The Impressions of Theophrastus Such* (1879) is a series of seventeen essays on characters, manners, and dispositions. *The Spanish Gypsy*, a drama, *The Legend of Jubal*, and her other poems, never attained the merit or the success of her novels. After the death of Mr. Lewes, in 1878, Miss Evans married John Walter Cross, a friend of many years; but she died in December, 1880, a few months after her marriage. In 1885 appeared *George Eliot's Life as Related in her Letters and Journals*, arranged and edited by her husband, J. W. Cross. "The hand of affection has pruned and cut away from the published letters every line for which the George Eliot as we know her now would have been likely to blush."\*

A TILT BETWEEN THE OLD SCHOOLMASTER AND MRS. POYSER.

(From *Adam Bede*, chap. liii.)

"What!" said Bartle Massey, with an air of disgust. "Was there a woman concerned? Then I give you up, Adam."

"But it's a woman you'n spoke well on, Bartle," said Mr. Poyser. "Come, now, you canna draw back; you said once as woman wouldna ha' been a bad invention if they'd all been like Dinah."

"I meant her voice, man—I meant her voice, that was all," said Bartle. "I can bear to hear her speak without wanting to put wool in my ears. As for other things, I dare say she's like the rest o' the women—thinks two and two'll come to make five, if she cries and bothers enough about it."

"Ay, ay!" said Mrs. Poyser, "one 'ud think, an' hear some folks talk, as the men war 'cute enough to count the corns in a bag o' wheat wi' only smelling at it. They can see through a barn door, *they* can. Perhaps that's the reason they can see so little o' this side on't."

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\* London Tablet, Feb. 14, 1885.

Martin Poyser shook with delighted laughter, and winked at Adam, as much as to say the schoolmaster was in for it now.

"Ah!" said Bartle, sneeringly, "the women are quick enough—they are quick enough. They know the rights of a story before they hear it, and can tell a man what his thoughts are before he knows 'em himself."

"Like enough," said Mrs. Poyser; "for the men are mostly so slow, their thoughts overrun 'em, an' they can only catch 'em by the tail. I can count a stocking-top while a man's getting 's tongue ready, an' when he outs wi' his speech at last, there's little broth to be made on't. It's your dead chicks take the longest hatchin'. However, I'm not denyin' the women are foolish: God Almighty made 'em to match the men."

"Match," said Bartle, "ay, as vinegar matches one's teeth. If a man says a word, his wife 'll match it with a contradiction; if he's a mind for hot meat, his wife 'll match it with cold bacon; if he laughs, she'll match him with whimpering. She's such a match as th' horse-fly is to the horse: she's got the right venom to sting him with—the right venom to sting him with."

"Yes," said Mrs. Poyser, "I know what the men like—a poor soft, as 'ud simper at 'em like the pictur o' the sun, whether they did right or wrong, an' say 'Thank you' for a kick, an' pretend she didna know which end she stood uppermost, till her husband told her. That's what a man wants in a wife, mostly; he wants to make sure o' one fool as 'll tell him he's wise. But there's some men can do wi'out that—they think so much o' themselves a'ready; an' that's how it is there's old bachelors."

"Come, Craig," said Mr. Poyser, jocosely, "you mun get married pretty quick, else you'll be set down for an old bachelor; an' you see what the women 'll think on you."

"Well," said Mr. Craig, willing to conciliate Mrs. Poyser, and setting a high value on his own compliments, "*I like a cleverish woman—a woman o' sperrit—a managing woman.*"

"You're out there, Craig," said Bartle, dryly; "you're out there. You judge o' your garden-stuff on a better plan than that: you pick the things for what they can excel in—for what they can excel in. You don't value your peas for their roots, or your carrots for their flowers. Now, that's the way you should choose women; their cleverness 'll never come to much—never come to much; but they make excellent simpletons, ripe, and strong-flavored."



"What dost say to that?" said Mr. Poyser, throwing himself back and looking merrily at his wife.

"Say!" answered Mrs. Poyser, with dangerous fire kindling in her eye; "why, I say as some folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time of the day, but because there's summat wrong i' their own inside." Mrs. Poyser would probably have brought her rejoinder to a farther climax, if every one's attention had not at this moment been called to the other end of the table.

### THOMAS CARLYLE, 1795-1881.

Thomas Carlyle, 'the Censor of his age,' and generally thought to be one of the most profound and independent thinkers of his time, was born at Dumfriesshire, Scotland. His parents lived in humble circumstances, but were deeply religious Presbyterians. After preliminary instruction at Annan, he was sent, in 1809, to the University of Edinburgh, where he remained for eight years, distinguishing himself by devotion to mathematical studies. For about two years he taught mathematics at a school; and, on relinquishing this post, he devoted himself to literature as a profession.

He contributed to the Edinburgh Cyclopædia the articles *Montesquieu*, *Montaigne*, *Nelson*, and the two Pitts; translated Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, a work which betrayed a direction of reading destined to influence materially his future career; wrote the *Life of Schiller*, and his *Essays*, critical and miscellaneous. All these compositions exhibit a style picturesque, pure, and graceful; the *Essays*, in particular, possess the highest literary merit. In 1834, he published *Sartor Resartus* ('The Patcher Repatched'), the scope of which is that all creeds and institutions are but the garments worn by mankind, and now sadly threadbare. Mr. Carlyle is a pessimist of the darkest dye, contend-



ing that there is nothing good left in the world. In his thoughts and expressions, he is sometimes simply grotesque, sometimes incisive, vehement, eloquent. In 1837, appeared *The French Revolution*, his ablest work, and one which produced a profound impression on the public mind. In his *Life of John Sterling* we find the same purity of style which marks the *Life of Schiller*. *The History of Frederick II., called Frederick the Great*, is minute, elaborate, and fully displays the author's peculiarities,—strong prejudices in every department of thought, provoking arrogance, strangeness of diction, with pictures full of humor, pathos, and eloquence. His other productions are: *Chartism*; *Heroes and Hero-Worship*; *Past and Present*; *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell, with Elucidations*; *Latter-Day Pamphlets*; and *Shooting Niagara*. Among the favorite heroes of Mr. Carlyle are Mahomet, Luther, and Cromwell. Mahomet was with him, not 'the truest of prophets, but a true one;' whose creed was a better kind of Christianity than that of the Fathers of Nicæa, 'with heads full of worthless noise, and hearts empty and dead.' He would have us believe that Luther was 'humble, peaceable, and tolerant!' Cromwell, in his opinion, was a sincere and pious man. Two elements are essential to constitute the character of Mr. Carlyle's heroes, revolt against authority and success in rebellion. He spoke eloquently of the mediæval Church, which reached nearest his ideal of a church, but she has been a failure ever since. He had no sympathy for atheism or pantheism, but, on the other hand, he rejected all divine revelation, and consequently denied the supernatural character of the Christian religion, and laughed at the idea of miracles. He hated all cants, and despised modern society which he described as 'without lungs, fast wheezing itself to

death, in horrid convulsions, and deserving to die.' His doctrine is thus summed up by the Dublin Review: 'There is, properly speaking, no such thing as permanent and indestructible truth.'

The following is a good specimen not only of Carlyle's skill to draw a good portrait, but also of his defiance of critical and grammatical rules.

#### PORTRAIT OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

He is a king every inch of him, though without the trappings of a king. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture: no crown, but an old military cocked hat—generally old, or trampled and kneaded into an absolute softness if new; no sceptre but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick (with which he hits the horse 'between the ears,' say authors); and for royal robes, a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings,—coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in color or cut, ending in high overknee military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft with an underhand suspicion of oil), but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished,—Day and Martin with their soot-pots forbidden to approach. The man is not of godlike physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or custom: close-shut mouth with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative gray eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man; nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labor done in this world, and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Quiet stoicism capable enough of what joys there were, but not expecting any worth mention; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humor, are written on that old face, which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuffy nose, rather flung into the air, under its old cocked hat, like an old snuffy lion on the watch; and such a pair of eyes as no man, or lion, or lynx of that century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we

have. 'Those eyes,' says Mirabeau, 'which, at the bidding of his great soul, fascinated you with seduction or with terror.' Most excellent, potent, brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun; gray, we said, of the azure-gray color; large enough, not of glaring size; the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth, which is an excellent combination, and gives us the motion of a lambent outer radiance, springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy: clear, melodious, and sonorous; all tones are in it from that of ingenious inquiry, graceful sociality, light flowing banter (rather prickly for most part), up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation.

### JOHN RICHARD GREEN, 1837-1883.

Among the English historians of the nineteenth century, a prominent rank is ascribed to John Richard Green. Born at Oxford, he was educated in his native city. His health, which was delicate through life, led him to prefer reading to sport. At eighteen, he gained a scholarship in Jesus College, but history rather than the classics was the attraction of his mind. He was still an undergraduate when he published a series of papers on *Oxford in the Eighteenth Century*, which gave good promise for the future. After taking his degree in 1860, he became an Anglican minister, and fulfilled the duties of vicar for eight years. With his taste for study, and his impaired strength, he then gladly accepted the office of librarian at Lambert, which left him ample leisure for his researches. His *Short History of the English People* appeared in 1874, with such a success that six editions of it (over 30,000 copies) were sold within a year. Enlarging his plan, and fighting meanwhile against the inroads of consumption, he finally completed, between 1877 and 1880, his *History of the English People* from 449 to the battle of Waterloo (1815). This was the work of his life and the ground of his fame.

Although he could not free himself entirely from his Protestant bias, he endeavored always to be just. Sometimes he cannot rise to the high motives of the characters which he portrays. For example, he says of Thomas More: "It was plain that the man (More) who represented the very life of the new learning believed that the sacrifice of liberty and justice was too dear a price to pay even for religious reform." Here Green insinuates that More leaned to the views of the Reformation, but that his love of liberty and justice was greater than his desire of religious reform. The truth is that More simply sacrificed his liberty and life to his religious faith, which was the highest, almost the only motive of his actions; but this Christian, supernatural motive was too sublime to be understood by the historian.

The works of Green, not already mentioned, are *Readings from English History* (1879); *The Making of England* (1881); *The Conquest of England* (1883), left unfinished. He also edited *Classical Writers* (seven volumes) and *Essays of Joseph Addison*. "He was no mere recluse student, but took an eager interest in all the great social, political, and literary questions of the day." He was finally carried away by consumption in 1883.

Green's style is clear, direct, rapid, and full of life. The *History of the English People* was the most popular history in England in the nineteenth century, next to Macaulay's *History*; but Macaulay's is confined to seventeen years, Green's extends to nearly fourteen centuries.

#### THE GREAT CHARTER.

The king encamped on one bank of the river side, the barons covered the flat of Runnymede on the other. Their delegates met on the 15th of July (1215) in the island between them, but the negotiations were a mere cloak to cover John's purpose of unconditioned submission. The Great Charter was discussed and agreed to in a single day. Copies of it were made and sent to the cathedrals and churches, and one copy may still be seen in the British

Museum, injured by age and fire, but with the royal seal still hanging from the brown, shriveled parchment. It is impossible to gaze without reverence on the earliest monument of English freedom which we can see with our own eyes and touch with our own hands, the Great Charter to which, from age to age, men have looked back as the groundwork of English liberty. But in itself the charter was no novelty, nor did it claim to establish any new constitutional principles. The charter of Henry the First formed the basis of the whole, and the additions to it are, for the most part, formal recognitions of the judicial and administrative changes introduced by Henry the Second. What was new in it was its origin. In form, like the charter on which it was based, it was nothing but a royal grant. In actual fact it was a treaty between the whole English people and its king.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1801-1890.

Cardinal Newman, one of the most eminent writers of English prose, was the son of a London banker. He was first placed at school under Rev. Dr. Nicholas at Ealing, and afterward was entered at Trinity College, Oxford, where he gained a scholarship in 1818. He was elected a Fellow of Oriel College in 1822. In 1824, he received ordination in the English Church, on the following year became Vice-Principal of Alban Hall, and, in 1826, Tutor in Oriel College. He was also, about this time, Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, and one of the Select University Preachers. In the year 1845 he renounced Protestantism, and was received into the Catholic Church. After a short stay at Oscott with Dr. Wiseman, he was called to Rome, whence two years later, in 1848, he was sent by Pope Pius IX. to found the English branch of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, at Birmingham. He was Rector of the Catholic University of Dublin from 1852 to 1860. In the latter year, having resigned the rectorship, he returned to Birmingham, where, as Superior of the Ora-



tory, he continued to reside till his death. He was in this retreat when, in the spring of 1879, the voice of Leo XIII. sought him out, and, with the applause of the whole world, called him to sit among the Princes of the Church.

Cardinal Newman was, both in his writings and his personal character, an object of peculiar interest to all classes of men. As a boy, he inspired almost love in the cold bosom of Dr., afterward Archbishop, Whately, who influenced Newman's first views. When he became acquainted with Pusey, Hurrell Froude, and Keble, at Oxford, Whately's influence was thrown off, and the more genial association of these new friends was warmly cultivated. The young tutor in Oriel was the leader, being abler than his contemporaries (great men though they were), and quite sufficient of himself to bend the bow of Ulysses. The Tractarian movement, actually begun by Keble, was advanced by Newman, for whom it was only a stage, not a resting-place. Disraeli has asserted, in one of his works, that the revolution in religious thought which Cardinal Newman effected is the most momentous one in the religious history of England for the past three hundred years.

Cardinal Newman's works are marked by a discursive range of thought, a depth of learning, a felicity of expression, a massive strength, and a beauty of style, equally displayed in the branches of philosophy, theology, patristic commentary, history, University education, romance, and poetry. In his sketch of Cicero he unconsciously described himself, where he said: "Terence and Lucretius had cultivated simplicity; Cotta, Brutus, and Calvus, had attempted strength; but Cicero rather made a language than a style, yet not so much by the invention as by the combination of



words. . . . His great art lies in the application of existing materials, in converting the very disadvantages of the language into beauties, in enriching it with circumlocution and metaphors, in pruning it of harsh and uncouth expressions, in systematizing the structure of a sentence. This is that *copia dicendi* which gained Cicero the high testimony of Cæsar to his inventive powers, and which, we may add, constitutes him the greatest master of composition that the world has seen."

Of the thirty-four volumes published by Cardinal Newman, twelve comprise his *Sermons*, ten are mostly polemical. The other twelve embrace the following: *Historical Sketches*, in which are found several of his *Lectures on Universities*, those on *The Turks*, together with his essays on *Cicero*, *Apollonius of Tyana*, and some of the Fathers of the Church; *Idea of a University*; *Callista, a Sketch of the Third Century*, in the form of a story; *Loss and Gain*, the story of a convert from Anglicanism; *Verses on Various Occasions*, containing the wonderful *Dream of Gerontius*; *Apologetica, a History of my Religious Opinions*; and finally, his *Essay on Assent*, the most philosophical of his works.

The great popularity of Cardinal Newman began principally in the year 1865, when the reckless imputation of Canon Charles Kingsley gave him an opportunity of vindicating before the English-speaking world his character and line of conduct. Ten years later, the unaccountable Expostulation and Vaticanism of Mr. Gladstone were refuted with a decided triumph by a *Letter* and *Postscript* of the illustrious Oratorian. Long before he took his final rest, he had won the minds and hearts of an admiring world.

## ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM AS AN ORATOR.

Chrysostom had his own *rostra*, his own *curia*; it was the Holy Temple, where his eloquence gained for him victories not less real, and more momentous, than the detection and overthrow of Catiline. Great as was his gift of oratory, it was not by the fertility of his imagination, or the splendor of his diction, that he gained the surname of 'Mouth of Gold.' We shall be very wrong if we suppose that fine expressions, or rounded periods, or figures of speech, were the credentials by which he claimed to be the first doctor of the East. His oratorical power was but the instrument, by which he readily, gracefully, adequately expressed,—expressed without effort and with felicity,—the keen feelings, the living ideas, the earnest practical lessons which he had to communicate to his hearers. He spoke, because his heart, his head, were brimful of things to speak about. His elocution corresponded to that strength and flexibility of limb, that quickness of eye, hand, and foot, by which a man excels in manly games or in mechanical skill. It would be a great mistake, in speaking of it, to ask whether it was Attic or Asiatic, terse or flowing, when its distinctive praise was that it was natural. His unrivalled charm, as that of every really eloquent man, lies in his singleness of purpose, his fixed grasp of his aim, his noble earnestness. A bright, cheerful, gentle soul; a sensitive heart, a temperament open to emotion and impulse; and all this elevated, refined, transformed by the touch of heaven,—such was St. John Chrysostom; winning followers, riveting affections, by his sweetness, frankness, and neglect of self. In his labors, in his preaching, he thought of others only.

## THE CONVERSION OF THE ANGLO-SAXON PEOPLE.

It is an old story and a familiar, and I need not go through it. I need not tell you, how suddenly the word of truth came to our ancestors in this island and subdued them to its gentle rule; how the grace of God fell on them, and, without compulsion, as the historian tells us, the multitude became Christian; how, when all was tempestuous, and hopeless, and dark, Christ like a vision of glory came walking to them on the waves of the sea. Then suddenly there was a great calm; a change came over the pagan people in that quarter of the

country where the Gospel was first preached to them; and from thence the blessed influence went forth; it was poured out over the whole land, till, one and all, the Anglo-Saxon people were converted by it. In a hundred years the work was done; the idols, the sacrifices, the mummeries of paganism flitted away and were not, and the pure doctrine and heavenly worship of the Cross were found in their stead. The fair form of Christianity rose up, and grew, and expanded, like a beautiful pageant from north to south; it was majestic, it was solemn, it was bright, it was beautiful and pleasant, it was soothing to the griefs, it was indulgent to the hopes of man; it was at once a teaching and a worship; it had a dogma, a mystery, a ritual of its own; it had a hierarchical form. A brotherhood of holy pastors, with mitre and crosier and uplifted hand, walked forth and blessed and ruled a joyful people. The crucifix headed the procession, and simple monks were there with hearts in prayer, and sweet chants resounded, and the holy Latin tongue was heard, and boys came forth in white, swinging censers, and the fragrant cloud arose, and Mass was sung, and the saints were invoked; and, day after day, and in the still night, and over the woody hills and in the quiet plains, as constantly as sun and moon and stars go forth in heaven, so regular and solemn was the stately march or blessed services on earth, high festival, and gorgeous procession, and soothing dirge, and passing bell, and the familiar evening call to prayer: till he who recollected the old pagan time, would think it all unreal that he beheld and heard, and would conclude he did but see a vision, so marvellously was heaven let down upon earth, so triumphantly were chased away the fiends of darkness to their prison below.

## MASS.

To me nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming, as the Mass, said as it is among us. I could attend Masses forever, and not be tired. It is not a mere form of words—it is a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth. It is not the invocation merely, but, if I dare use the word, the evocation of the Eternal. He becomes present on the altar in flesh and blood, before whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is that awful event which is the scope, and the interpretation, of every part of the solemnity. Words are necessary, but as means, not as ends; they are not mere

addresses to the throne of grace, they are instruments of what is far higher, of consecration, of sacrifice. They hurry on, as if impatient to fulfil their mission. Quickly they go, the whole is quick, for they are all parts of one integral action. Quickly they go, for they are awful words of sacrifice, they are a work too great to delay upon, as when it was said in the beginning, "What thou doest, do quickly." Quickly they pass, for the Lord Jesus goes with them, as He passed along the lake in the days of his flesh, quickly calling first one and then another; quickly they pass, because as the lightning which shineth from one part of the heaven unto the other, so is the coming of the Son of Man. Quickly they pass, for they are as the words of Moses, when the Lord came down in the cloud, calling on the Name of the Lord as he passed by: 'The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and generous, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth.' And as Moses on the mountain, so we too 'make haste and bow our heads to the earth, and adore.' So we, all around, each in his place, look out for the great Advent, 'waiting for the moving of the water,' each in his place, with his own heart, with his own wants, with his own thoughts, with his own intentions, with his own prayers, separate but concordant, watching what is going on, watching its progress, uniting in its consummation; not painfully and hopelessly, following a hard form of prayer from beginning to end, but, like a concert of musical instruments, each different, but concurring in a sweet harmony, we take our post with God's priest, supporting him, yet guided by him. There are little children there, and old men, and simple laborers, and students in seminaries, priests preparing for Mass, priests making their thanksgiving, there are innocent maidens, and there are penitent sinners; but out of these many minds rises one Eucharistic hymn, and the great action is the measure and the scope of it.

HENRY EDWARD MANNING, 1808-1892.

Henry Edward, Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster, exerted no less influence by his speeches and writings than by his position at the head of the Catholic hierarchy in England. The son of a respectable merchant of London and member of Parliament, he enjoyed all the advantages of the best education. At Harrow and

Oxford, the talents and steady application of the young student won distinguished honors. Graduated in 1830, he was chosen Fellow of Merton College, and subsequently one of the select preachers of the University. He could not escape the wonderful influence of Dr. Newman; he even became one of his most earnest admirers, but, a conservative by the nature of his mind and the bent of his early education, he belonged to the moderate, not the foremost, party of the Tractarians. When Newman joined the Catholic Church, Manning, with an influence second to none but that of Pusey, remained the cherished support and a bright ornament of the establishment. At the age of twenty-six, he was appointed to the charming rectory of Lavington in Sussex, where he undertook in earnest the problem of adapting to his church the doctrines, practices, and ceremonies of the Catholic religion. His promotion to the archdeaconship of Chichester, in 1840, which opened the way to the highest preferments, did not abate his religious zeal. For ten years he had fulfilled with flattering success the duties of his charge, when his good faith was ultimately put to the test. Two important events, the Hampden controversy and the Gorham case,\* by placing the state above the episco-

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\* In 1847, the Crown appointed Dr. Hampden to the Episcopal See of Hereford, notwithstanding the fact that many bishops and the authorities of Oxford looked upon him as a heretic. In vain 13 bishops and nearly 1700 other clergymen protested against this nomination. The government persisted, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Sumner, declared publicly that *he was bound to obey the Crown and consecrate Dr. Hampden.*

In 1849, a certain Mr. Gorham, nominated to a benefice in the diocese of Exeter, was rejected by the bishop on the plea that Mr. Gorham denied baptismal regeneration. The latter appealed to the Queen as the supreme head of the Church. Amidst the wildest excitement throughout the kingdom, Her Majesty in Council decided that, notwithstanding his denial of baptismal regeneration, Mr. Gorham was entitled to act as a clergyman of the Church of England, and should not be prevented from taking possession and spiritual charge of a parish in his own diocese of Exeter.



pacy in spiritual matters of doctrine and discipline,\* convinced Archdeacon Manning that Anglicanism could not be but a human institution. All earthly considerations, all present honors, all prospects of future dignity, gave way before this conviction, and in 1851, he embraced the Catholic faith. As the death of his wife had left him free, he immediately sought the ranks of the clergy. It was a characteristic of his conversion that it did not entail the enmity of his co-religionists. When, in 1857, he began as a Catholic priest to exercise his ministry among the poor of London, many in the higher classes of society, who, at Oxford and Chichester, had listened with admiration to his discourses, flocked again to him with the same eagerness, veneration, and love. His indefatigable zeal for the salvation of souls, his administrative talents, and his success in the pulpit, soon brought him new honors. He received from Pope Pius IX. the title of D.D. with the office of Provost of the Chapter of Westminster, and the dignity of Prothonotary Apostolic. In 1865, he was appointed to succeed, as Archbishop of Westminster, the great Cardinal Wiseman, whose friend he had been. In this immense field his activity was devoted to good works of every kind, especially to such as regard temperance, education, and the welfare of the laboring classes. In founding and promoting the Kensington College for the higher education he had the chief share; and, when he bought a site for his cathedral, he declared that not one stone of the edifice would be laid till he had provided a free Catholic school for every child of his flock.

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\* Every bishop of England, from the time of Elizabeth to that of Victoria, in his oath of homage, has on his knees confessed the following: "Your Majesty is the only supreme governor of this your realm in spiritual and ecclesiastical things. I acknowledge that I hold the said bishopric, as well the spiritualities as the temporalities thereof, only of your Majesty."



In 1870, he took a conspicuous part in the deliberations of the Vatican Council, a short history of which he afterward gave to the public. Five years later, all England, not to say the whole world, applauded the act of Pius IX. calling Archbishop Manning to the Sacred College of Cardinals.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster was throughout his life a prodigious worker. Amidst the incessant toil of his ministry he found time to write many books. They are mainly of a religious and controversial kind, in the form of lectures, sermons, pastoral letters, reviews. They are remarkable for a simple and direct eloquence, broadness of views, closeness of reasoning, clearness and energy of style. Before his conversion, he had already published several works of a religious character, but they were eclipsed by his later productions. In the first rank among these we reckon the *Lectures on the Four Great Evils of the Day*, which are completed by his *Lectures on the Fourfold Sovereignty of God*. The four great evils of the day he considered to be: 1. The revolt of the intellect against God; 2. The revolt of the will against God; 3. The revolt of Society from God; 4. The course of the world. His *Miscellanies* comprise twenty-four essays, a few of which were composed for the *Dublin Review*, and the rest for special occasions. The most striking of them, in our estimation, are the *Lecture on Progress*, addressed to a society of young men; *The Dignity and Rights of Labor*, a lecture delivered before the Institute of Leeds; the *Letter on Ireland to Earl Gray*; *Cæsarism and Ultramontaniam*, read before the Academia; and *The Independence of the Holy See*, an able defence of the Pope's temporal power. His other works are: *The Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost*, *The Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost*, *Petri Privilegium*, *The Love of Jesus to Penitents*, *Confidence in God*, *The Blessed Sacrament*, *The Eternal Priesthood*, *Sermons*,

*Vatican Decrees*, and *Civil Allegiance*. In this last he confuted the bold assertions of his former college companion and lifelong friend, Mr. Gladstone.

The lofty character of Cardinal Manning, his generous sympathies, his enthusiastic devotion to the welfare of all classes of society, together with his eloquent writings, made him for many years one of the most popular personages in England, and powerfully contributed to break down some of the barriers raised by prejudice against the holy apostolic Church of Rome.

#### PROGRESS.

Progress with us simple people means the growth and ripening of anything from its first principles to its perfection.

We distinguish between Progress which is growth, and Progress which is decay; because decay is the reverse of growth, and it is a departure from first principles. It is the dissolution of perfection; and therefore we distinguish between growth and decay as between ripeness and rottenness—and growth we call progress, but decay we call ruin. Now I want to show what may be classified under progress or growth, and what under decay or ruin.

The growth of an oak is a very intelligible thing. The acorn planted in the clay strikes its tap-root, then rises into a stem, and spreads into branches; and in the whole tree completes its symmetry, stature, and perfection,—this is an example of progress from a germ in nature. But when that oak has attained its maturity, and has run through its period of time, it begins to decay, which reverses this process. The sap sinks to the root, the leaves begin to fall, the sprays wither, the branches decay and fall from the trunk, the rot in the substance of the tree gradually spreads, the trunk becomes hollow, and the tree disappears in dust: this is, then, the reverse of progress. The same is true of every fruit we hold in our hands; so Shakespeare tells us of man:

“ And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe;  
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;  
And thereby hangs a tale.”

Let us apply this to human things, and first to an individual

man. The idea of physical progress in man is, first of all, the growth from childhood to manhood, the complete expansion and development of the whole man in stature, sympathy, strength and countenance; the whole human being filling up as it were the outline and type which belongs not only to man in general, but to that particular individual—that is what we call Progress. Then there is the moral progress in every man; that is, the progress of his character, which begins in the self-control of the will and in obedience; then in the rectitude of conduct, and then again in prudence and the whole range of duty, and finally in excellence,—that is, in surpassing others according to the capacity of that which is in him by nature. For men are not all equal, they are variously endowed, and some have capacities and qualities and energies far beyond others; and each individual has a progress of his own, which means, as I said before, the filling up of that which is not only due to the type of race to which he belongs, but also to his own individual gifts and capacities. In like manner of intellectual progress: there is a passive intellect in us all, which first receives the instruction of teachers, and then becomes an active intellect, whereby we educate and form ourselves, and then that active intellect becomes reflective, and has a power of research and discovery. The whole intellect of the man is thus matured and ripened according to his capacities and circumstances, and that from very small beginnings.

#### ALFRED TENNYSON, 1809–1892.

Alfred Tennyson was the most eminent poet of his generation. He was born at Somersby, Lincolnshire. His father, an Anglican clergyman, was accomplished in literature and art. Alfred, with his brothers Frederick and Charles, studied at Trinity College, Cambridge, where all three applied with success to poetry. The future laureate gained the chancellor's medal through his poem *Timbuctoo*. He left the university before graduating, but only to devote himself more closely to his studies. A man of few friends, he was averse to the public gaze. Tennyson lived successively in London, at Twickenham, at Petersfield, Hampshire, and for many years he alternated between Farring-

ford, in the island of Wight, and Aldworth, Surrey, where he died. Under the administration of Sir Robert Peel he began to receive a pension of \$1000 a year. In 1850 he succeeded Wordsworth as poet laureate, received the degree of D. C. L. from Oxford in 1855, and was raised to the peerage in 1883.

The poetical productions of Tennyson kept pace with his promotions. His first publication, *Poems by Two Brothers*, was made in 1827, in conjunction with his brother Charles. Both Coleridge and Wordsworth thought more favorably of Charles than of Alfred. In 1830 the latter published *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*, and another volume in 1832, which included *The Lady of Shalott*, with its flowing measure and peculiar system of rhyme; *The Miller's Daughter*, with its beautiful songs; *Lady Clara Vere de Vere*; *The May Queen*; *The Lotos-Eaters*, with its charming melody; *The Choric Song*; and *The Death of the Old Year*. Strange as it may appear, Coleridge said that "the author had begun to write verses without very well understanding what metre was." Tennyson remained silent for ten years. He read and thought, inquired and observed. Mediæval romances, especially the legends of King Arthur of Brittany, he studied with delight. On his second appearance as a poet he at once took the highest place. "He is decidedly the first of our living poets," wrote Wordsworth to Henry Reed in 1845, adding, in his characteristic way, "You will be pleased to hear that he expressed, in the strongest terms, his gratitude to my writings." What gave this pre-eminence to Tennyson was the two volumes which he issued in 1842, especially the first instalment of the *Idylls of the King*, the *Morte d'Arthur*. The *Idylls*, which form the surest ground of his fame, cost him the labor of twenty-five years. Sir Walter Scott had already done much to shame the ignorance that sneered at the Dark Ages, and now Tennyson, drawing from the self-same source, produced one of the

noblest creations of his genius. The logical development of the *Idylls of the King* is almost reversed in the order of publication. The sequence intended by the poet is the following: 1st, *The Coming of Arthur*; 2d, *Gareth and Lynette*; 3d, *Geraint and Enid*; 4th, *Merlin and Vivien*; 5th, *Lancelot and Elaine*; 6th, *The Holy Grail*; 7th, *Pelleas and Ettarre*; 8th, *Guinevere*; 9th, *The Last Tournament*; 10th, *The Passing of Arthur*. This last scene of the Arthurian epic possesses a peculiar mystic charm. "Deeply smitten through the helm," Arthur has fallen; his knights are slain; Sir Bedivere, the last of them, bears the king gently to a chapel near the bloody field, where there is

A broken chancel with a broken cross.

Twice the king orders the knight to take his brand Excalibur,

And fling him far into the middle mere,

and twice Bedivere is loth to obey; but when he saw the king's wrath, he speedily rose and threw away the sword. Whereupon

The great brand

Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,  
And flashing round and round, and, whirled in an arch,  
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,  
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock  
By night with noises of the northern sea.  
So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur:  
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
And caught him by the hilt, and brandished him  
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.

Then Arthur is borne on Sir Bedivere's shoulders to the shores of the lake. The "dusky barge" nears them,

Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,



and in it the king is placed. Before it glides away, Arthur bids farewell to his afflicted knight Sir Bedivere, standing on the shore, in a great and truly Christian strain :

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
 And God fulfils himself in many ways,  
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.  
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,  
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer  
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice  
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
 For what are men better than sheep or goats  
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
 Both for themselves and those that call them friend ?  
 For so the whole round earth is every way  
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.  
 But now farewell. I am going a long way  
 With these thou seest,—if indeed I go—  
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt),  
 To the island—valley of Avilion ;  
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
 Nor ever wind blows loudly : but it lies  
 Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns  
 And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,  
 Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.

The volume which contained the first publication of *Morte d'Arthur* possessed other notable treasures, like *St. Simeon Stylites* ; *Ulysses*, a monologue ; and *Locksley Hall*. *St. Simeon* is an earnest, graphic, and pathetic picture of a wonderful saint. *The Princess*, a Medley, published in 1847 and improved afterward, gently questions the propriety of the modern ideas of woman's rights. The poem is interspersed with admirable songs : *As through the land* ; *Sweet and low* ; *The splendor falls* ; *Tears, idle tears* ; *O swallow, swallow* ; *Thy voice is heard* ; *Home they brought her warrior dead* ; and *Ask me no more*. In 1850, Tennyson published anonymously that longest elegy of English literature, or,



better, a series of short elegies, *In Memoriam*, the crystallized expression of seventeen years' prolonged sorrow for the premature death of Arthur Hallam, his college friend and the betrothed of his sister. Many verses of this poem are favorite quotations, none more popular than

'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all.

The demise of the Iron Duke in 1852 gave occasion to the superb *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*. *Maud and Other Poems* appeared three years after. Among these is found *The Brook, an Idyll*, one of Tennyson's daintiest creations. The most noted poems published after this were: in 1864, *Enoch Arden*; *Northern Farmer*; *Sea Dreams*, for which he is said to have been paid fifty dollars a line; *Ballads and Other Poems*; in 1870, *The Window, or Songs of the Wrens*; in 1880, *Ballads and Other Poems*; in 1885, *Tiresias and Other Poems*; in 1889, *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*; *Demeter and Other Poems*; in 1892, *Akbar's Dream and Other Poems*.

Tennyson was essentially a lyric poet, full of gentle and beautiful sentiments; but he lacked power to exhibit the stronger passions of the soul, to create characters, or to develop with effect a series of important events. This limitation, which may be discovered in his *Idylls of the King* and other poems, is made more evident by the comparative failure of his dramas, *Queen Mary* (1875), *Harold, Becket, The Cup, The Falcon, Promise of May*, and *The Foresters*. In his historical plays, he is not true to historical characters, nor to the spirit of the times. To give two examples: he makes Harold speak in the eleventh century as a bigoted Protestant or downright infidel of the present day, while Mary Tudor, the stately queen, dwindles in his drama to the proportions of a weak, silly woman, who by and by becomes a tigress in human shape. It seems as if Tennyson

had wished in these dramas to efface the fair pictures of Catholic influence he had hitherto drawn.

*Crossing the Bar*, written about a year before his death is still in the laureate's best style.

#### CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar  
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell  
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of time and place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar.

#### THE BUGLE SONG.

The splendor falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story:  
The long light shakes across the lakes,  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
O sweet and far from cliff and scar  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!  
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill or field or river:  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and forever.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

## BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

## 1.

Break, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

## 2.

O, well for the fisherman's boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
O, well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

## 3.

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But, O, for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!

## 4.

Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.

## ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, 1850-1894.

Robert Louis Stevenson is the most distinguished name among the novelists who wrote in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. He belonged to a family of celebrated engineers, who built lighthouses on the rugged coast of Scotland. Robert Louis was educated at a private

school and in the university of his native city of Edinburgh, and he too was intended to be an engineer. "I was already engaged in this occupation, when, on being tightly cross-questioned during a dreadful evening walk, I owned I cared for nothing but literature. My father said that was no profession, but I might be called to the bar, if I chose; so, at the age of twenty-one, I began to study law." But even after he had become a member of the Scotch legal body, he clung to "his determination to be an author." Weak health condemned him to leave Scotland and England for the South of France, and, later on, to travel to the Adirondacks, and finally settle in Samoa, one of the South Sea Islands. He began his literary work in magazines. His first volume of fiction, *An Inland Voyage*, appeared in 1878. Then came, in succession, *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes*; *Virginibus Puerisque*; *Familiar Studies of Men and Books*; *New Arabian Nights*; *The Treasure Island*; *The Silverado Squatters*; *A Child's Garden of Verse*; *Prince Otto*; *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*; *Kidnapped* and *Catriona*; *The Merry Men and Other Tales and Fables*; *Underwoods* (verse); *Memories and Portraits*; *The Master of Ballantrae*. In 1890, he published an open letter to Rev. Mr. Hyde, of Honolulu, called out by the disparaging reference of Mr. Hyde to Fr. Damien, the Catholic volunteer missionary to the leper colony at Molokai. The letter is characteristic of the generous, noble, and brave disposition of its author.

Among the works of Stevenson, the most prominent are *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *Kidnapped*, *Treasure Island*, and *The Master of Ballantrae*. The *Memories and Portraits* are to a great extent autobiographical, and written in a charming vein of humor. The Athenæum wrote of him once: "At his best he is comparable with only one novelist, and that one the greatest of all—Walter Scott."

Saintsbury calls him "the most brilliant and interesting by far of those English writers, whose life was comprised in the last half of the century." Though Stevenson was, like Scott, a born story-teller, it is generally conceded that his style is above his stories. This style, however, was not natural, but acquired in *a struggle against bad health, poverty, and the world's neglect*. Of his characters, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde "have passed into the common stock of proverbial allusion." Stevenson died suddenly of apoplexy at Wailima, Samoa, in 1894. His letters, edited by Sidney Colvin, were published in 1899.

AN OPEN LETTER TO REV. DR. HYDE, OF HONOLULU.

*Sydney, February 25, 1890.*

Sir:—It may probably occur to you that we have met, and visited, and conversed; on my side, with interest. You may remember that you have done me several courtesies for which I was prepared to be grateful. But there are duties which come before gratitude, and offences which justly divide friends, far more acquaintances. Your letter to Rev. H. B. Gage is a document which, in my sight, if you had filled me with bread when I was starving, if you had sat up to nurse my father when he lay a-dying, would yet absolve from the bonds of gratitude. You know enough, doubtless, of the process of canonization to be aware that, a hundred years after the death of Damien, there will appear a man charged with the painful office of the *devil's advocate*. After that noble brother of mine, and of all frail clay, shall have lain a century at rest, one shall accuse, one defend him. The circumstance is unusual that the devil's advocate should be a volunteer, should be a member of a sect immediately rival, and should make haste to take upon himself his ugly office ere the bones are cold; unusual, and of a taste which I shall leave my readers to qualify; unusual, and to me inspiring. If I have at all learned the trade of using words to convey truth and to arouse emotion, you have at last furnished me with a subject. For it is in the interest of all mankind and the cause of public decency in every quarter of the world, not only that Damien should be righted, but that you and your letter should be displayed at length in their true colors to the public eye. To do this properly, I must begin by quoting you at large. I shall then proceed to criticise your utterance from several points of view, divine and human,

in the course of which I shall attempt to draw again and with more specification the character of the dead Saint, whom it has pleased you to vilify. So much being done, I shall say farewell to you forever.

Then follows the letter of Rev. Dr. Hyde to Rev. H. B. Gage, dated August 2, 1889 (*Damien having died April 15, 1889*), and then, the more lengthy answer of Stevenson with specifications.

#### HOW TO LEARN TO WRITE.

(From *Memories and Portraits*.)

All through my boyhood and youth, I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler; and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in. As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and a penny version-book would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene or commemorate some halting stanzas. Thus I lived with words. . . . It was not so much that I wished to be an author (though I wished that too) as that I had vowed that I would learn to write. That was a proficiency that tempted me; and I practised to acquire it, as men learn to whittle, in a wager with myself. . . . Whenever I read a book or a passage that particularly pleased me, in which a thing was said or an effect rendered with propriety, in which there was either some conspicuous force or some happy distinction in the style, I must sit down at once and set myself to ape that quality. I was unsuccessful, and I knew it; and tried again, and was again unsuccessful, and always unsuccessful, but at least in these vain bouts, I got some practice in rhythm, in harmony, in construction, and the co-ordination of parts. . . . That, like it or not, is the way to learn to write; whether I have profited or not, that is the way. . . . Perhaps I hear some one cry out: But this is not the way to be original! It is not; nor is there any way but to be born so. Nor yet, if you are born original, is there anything in this training that shall clip the wings of originality. . . . And it is the greatest point of these imitations that there still shines beyond the student's reach his inimitable model. Let him try as he please, he is still sure of failure; and it is a very old and a very true saying that failure is the only high-road to success.



## WILLIAM MORRIS, 1834-1896.

William Morris is one of the most remarkable English poets that lived in the second half of the nineteenth century. Vigor of thought and style, rapidity of action, harmony and sweep of numbers, a facility of rhyme which seems to be unconscious, and the instinct of poetry which seems not to desert him, are the principal traits which strike the reader in most of the poems of William Morris. He is essentially a narrative poet whose vividness of action reminds one of the *great wizard of the North*. He was educated at Oxford, where he took his degree in 1856. His first volume, *The Defence of Guenevere and Other Poems*, published in 1858, at once gave a reputation to the author, which was increased by *The Life and Death of Jason* (1867), inspired by the classic legend, and rendered into rhymed pentameter. This large poem was followed one year after by *The Earthly Paradise*, a series of legends and romances, Greek, Roman, and German stories, comprising in the aggregate 40,000 pentameters, rhyming two by two. They are classified without any apparent reason under each of the twelve months of the year. The *Earthly Paradise* may be the best known of Morris's works, but it has not the breadth and might and beauty of *The Story of Sigurd the Volsung* (1876). There is a grandeur in this six-foot rhyming verse, with its irregular accents, which seems not ever to have been surpassed. The same effect is produced in the translation of the *Odyssey* in the same metre. In both works the spirit of Homer seems to inspire the English poet. The same cannot be said of the *Æneids of Virgil* (1886) done into the seven-foot rhyming line. There seems to be too much swinging apart in the verse; and besides, the Anglo-Saxon is too rugged for the sweet melodies of the Mantuan bard. The other productions of William Morris are: *The Fall of the Niblungs*

(1870); *The Tale of the House of the Wolfings* (1889); *The Story of the Volsungs* (1870), in verse and prose; *The Roots of the Mountains* (1889); *Signs of Change* (1888); *Hopes and Fears for Art*, a prose work. William Morris gave much of his time to the study of the decorative arts, of which he made a successful business in London. During the last years of his life, he was one of the leaders of the Socialist League.

#### SIGURD THE VOLSUNG.

(From beginning of *Sigurd*.)

There was a dwelling of kings ere the world was waxen old ;  
Dukes were the door-wards there, and the roofs were thatched with  
gold ;

Earls were the wrights that wrought it, and silver nailed its doors ;  
Earls' wives were the weaving women, queens' daughters strewed its  
floors,

And the masters of its song-craft were the mightiest men that cast  
The sails of the storm of battle adown the bickering blast.

There dwelt men merry-hearted, and in hope exceeding great  
Met the good days and the evil as they went the way of fate :

There the gods were unforgotten, yea whiles they walked with men,  
Though e'en in that world's beginning rose a murmur now and  
again

Of the midward time and the fading and the last of the latter days,  
And the entering in of the terror, and the death of the People's  
Praise.

This was the dwelling of Volsung, the King of the Midworld's  
Mark,

As a rose in the winter season, a candle in the dark ;  
And as in all other matters 'twas all earthly houses' crown,  
And the least of its wall-hung shields was a battle-world's renown,  
So therein withal was a marvel and a glorious thing to see,  
For amidst of its midmost hall-floor sprang up a mighty tree,  
That reared its blessings roofward, and wreathed the roof-tree dear  
With the glory of the summer and the garland of the year.  
I know not how they called it ere Volsung changed his life,  
But his dawning of fair promise, and his noontide of the strife,  
His eve of the battle-reaping and the garnering of his fame  
Have bred us many a story and named us many a name ;

And when men tell of Volsung, they call that war-duke's tree,  
That crownèd stem, the Branstock; and so was it told unto me.  
So there was the throne of Volsung beneath its blossoming bower,  
But high o'er the roof-crest red it rose 'twixt tower and tower,  
And therein were the wild hawks dwelling, abiding the dole of their  
lord;  
And they wailed high over the wine, and laughed to the waking  
sword.

### JOHN RUSKIN, 1819-1900.

John Ruskin enlisted the interest and admiration of all readers by the eminent qualities of his works on art. From his tenderest years, he was trained by his mother in the severe discipline of religious and literary culture, and taught by his father to seek the most beautiful in nature and art. He expressed, when not yet four years of age, his love for 'the blue hills.' At Oxford, where he was educated as a gentleman commoner, he gained the Newdigate Prize for English poetry. He first applied to painting as a profession, but, after a few years, exchanged the pencil for the pen. At twenty-four, he published his first volume on *Modern Painters*, not 'for fame, or for money, or for conscience' sake, but of necessity,' to bring about in favor of Nature a reaction against the past four hundred years. The book was treated as contemptible and mischievous, even its merits of style were overlooked. The four volumes which followed from 1846 to 1863 gradually won the favor of the public. He had, meanwhile, turned to architecture and evinced his predilection for the old gothic style in two great works, *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, and *The Stones of Venice*. These three great works are the solid foundation of his fame. Many other writings, principally on art, criticism, and social reform, he afterwards published, among which

are *Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds* (1851), *The King of the Golden River* (1851), *A Joy For Ever*, *The Two Paths* (1854), *Unto this Last* (1862), *Lectures on Art*, *Mornings in Florence*, *Munera Pulveris* (1862), *Sesame and Lilies* (1865), *The Crown of Wild Olive* (1866), *Time and Tide by Wear and Tyne* (1868), *The Queen of the Air* (1869), *Fors Clavigera* (1871), *The Eagle's Nest*, *Aratra Pentelici* (1872), *Arrows of the Chace* (1840-1880), *Præterita* (1885); but, in soundness of thought or charm of language, the earlier works were not surpassed. Truthfulness, wealth of fancy and imagination, harmony of style, and a wonderful suggestiveness characterize his writings. "It was a tenet of Ruskin's art philosophy that the principles fundamental to art are fundamental to all true life, and therefore applicable to every department of social progress." It was his care to inculcate that 'whatever is great in human art is the expression of man's delight in God's work,' and to insist upon a pure heart and earnest mind as essential to success.

Ruskin was endowed with the kindest and most generous disposition. With great simplicity he told the readers of *Fors Clavigera* the various benefactions by which he gave away the greater portion of his large fortune. In religion, he began life as a follower of the Evangelical party, but he, later on, drifted to Broad Church principles, and laughed at the belief that 'a bad translation of a group of books of various qualities, accidentally associated, is the word of God.' "When Ruskin speaks of nature and art, he seems to me inspired. When he turns to finance, to politics, to the social arrangements and legislative enactments of mankind, I can recognize neither sober judgment nor profound conviction." \*

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\* Julia Wedgwood in *Contemporary*, March, 1900.

## THE HOUSE FLY.

(From *The Queen of the Air.*)

I believe we can nowhere find a better type of a perfectly free creature than in the common house fly. Not free only, but brave; and irreverent to a degree which I think no human republican could by any philosophy exalt himself to. There is no courtesy in him; he does not care whether it is king or clown whom he teases; and in every step of his swift mechanical march, and in every pause of his resolute observation, there is one and the same expression of perfect egotism, perfect independence and self-confidence, and conviction of the world's having been made for flies. Strike at him with your hand; and to him, the mechanical fact and external aspect of the matter is, what to you it would be, if an acre of red clay, ten feet thick, tore itself up from the ground in one massive field, hovered over you in the air for a second, and came crashing down with an aim. That is the external aspect of it; the inner aspect, to his fly's mind, is of a quite natural and unimportant occurrence—one of the momentary conditions of his active life. He steps out of the way of your hand, and alights on the back of it. You cannot terrify him, nor govern him, nor persuade him, nor convince him. He has his own positive opinion on all matters; not an unwise one, usually, for his own ends; and will ask no advice of yours. He has no work to do—no tyrannical instinct to obey. The earthworm has his digging; the bee, her gathering and building; the spider, her cunning net-work; the ant, her treasury and accounts. All these are comparatively slaves, or people of vulgar business. But your fly, free in the air, free in the chamber—a black incarnation of caprice—wandering, investigating, flitting, flirting, feasting at his will, with rich variety of choice in feast, from the heaped sweets in the grocer's window to those of the butcher's back-yard, and from the galled place on your cab-horse's back to the brown spot in the road, from which, as the hoof disturbs him, he rises with angry republican buzz—what freedom is like his?

## MOUNTAINS.

(From *Modern Painters.*)

It was absolutely necessary that such eminences should be created, in order to fit the earth in any wise for human habita-



tion; for, without mountains the air could not be purified, nor the flowing of the rivers sustained, and the earth must have become for the most part desert plain, or stagnant marsh. But the feeding of the rivers and the purifying of the winds are the least of the services appointed to the hills. To fill the thirst of the human heart for the beauty of God's working, to startle its lethargy with the deep and pure agitation of astonishment, are their missions. They are as a great and noble architecture; first giving shelter, comfort, and rest; and covered also with mighty sculpture and painted legend. It is impossible to examine in their connected system the features of even the most ordinary mountain scenery, without concluding that it has been prepared in order to unite as far as possible, and in the closest compass, every means of delighting and sanctifying the heart of man. "As far as possible," that is, as far as is consistent with the fulfilment of the sentence of condemnation on the whole earth. Death must be upon the hills; and the cruelty of the tempests smite them, and the brier and thorn spring up upon them: but they so smite, as to bring their rocks into their fairest forms, and so spring as to make the very desert blossom as the rose. . . . Inferior hills ordinarily interrupt, in some degree, the richness of the valleys at their feet, but the great mountains *lift* the lowlands *on their sides*. Let the reader imagine, first, the appearance of the most varied plain of some richly cultivated country; let him imagine it dark with graceful woods, and soft with deepest pastures; let him fill the space of it, to the utmost horizon, with innumerable and changeful incidents of scenery and life; leading pleasant streamlets through its meadows, strewing clusters of cottages beside their banks, tracing sweet footpaths through its avenues, and animating its fields with happy flocks, and slow wandering spots of cattle; and when he has wearied himself with endless imagining, and left no space without some loveliness of its own, let him conceive all this great plain, with its infinite treasures of natural beauty and happy human life, gathered up in God's hands from one edge of the horizon to the other like a woven garment; and shaken into deep falling folds, as the robes droop from a king's shoulders; all its bright rivers leaping into cataracts along the hollows of its fall, and all its forests rearing themselves aslant against its slopes, as a rider rears himself back when his horse plunges; and all its villages nestling themselves into the new windings of its glens; and all its pastures thrown into steep waves of



greensward, dashed with dew along the edges of their folds, and sweeping down into endless slopes, with a cloud here and there lying quietly, half on the grass, half in the air; and he will have as yet, in all this lifted world, only the foundations of one of the great Alps.

### AUBREY DE VERE, 1814-1902.

Mr. Aubrey de Vere was the third son of the late Sir Aubrey de Vere, Bart., distinguished for his dramatic poem of *Mary Tudor*. He was born at Currah Chase, county of Limerick, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. From his early years he showed a predilection for Anglo-Irish history. Later on, when a storm of newspaper invective was raging against Ireland, he made a retort in his volume entitled *English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds*. The many articles on the Irish Poor Law, Colonization, Education, the Irish Church, which he contributed to the leading Reviews of the kingdom, exerted no small influence on public opinion.

About the year 1850, he published his *Picturesque Sketches of Greece and Turkey*, the prose form of which hardly conceals the author's poetic vein. The great event of his life, as he calls it, was his conversion to the Catholic Church, in 1851, a divine mercy for which he never ceased to be grateful. His faith, and that which is inseparable from it, his patriotism, were the chief sources of his poetical inspiration, as may be seen by the very titles of most of his poems. *May Carols* form a rich bouquet for the altar of the Madonna. The *Legends of St. Patrick* paint in radiant colors the glorious sunrise of Ireland's faith, while *Inisfail* takes up the account of the same faith at the Norman invasion, passes through the woes of that painful elegy—the Wars of Religion and the Penal Laws—and celebrates the final victory through the endurance of the sons of

St. Patrick. The *Legends of Saxon Saints*, published as late as 1879, relate some of the heroic deeds achieved by Christianity in England during the first century of its existence. There is nothing more elevating, nothing more touching than those scenes of a truly Christian age; but the narrative is too strictly historical to have the continuous charm of poetry.

Without apparent effort, and certainly with gratifying success, Mr. de Vere passed from lyrical and narrative to a higher kind of poetry, the dramatic. His two productions in this line, *Alexander the Great* and *St. Thomas of Canterbury* show no ordinary power of delineating characters and developing incidents. The person of Alexander stands out prominently as a type of pagan pride, ambition, self-glorification, while St. Thomas is a model of Christian heroism, sublimely firm and humble. None but a Catholic poet could have done justice to the character of Becket.

Besides the works already mentioned, Mr. de Vere published *Antar and Zara*, an Eastern romance; *The Fall of Rora*, a fragment of lyrical drama, written in his youth; *The Search after Proserpine*, a masque; several hundred *Sonnets*; many *Odes* and *Miscellaneous Poems*; and, in the sunset of his life, his *Recollections*.

Mr. de Vere was a disciple and warm admirer of Wordsworth. In his early poetry he fell into the characteristic defect of his master, a bald simplicity of thought and diction; but, in the maturity of his powers, he found out for himself an untrodden path, lit up with supernatural light. His verse has not the musical smoothness of Tennyson's numbers, nor the perfect modulation of Swinburne's, but it has a purpose far loftier than theirs. A layman of rank, he shrunk not from confessing his faith in saints and miracles, in the presence of a world of proud scoffers.

## BECKET.

*(From St. Thomas of Canterbury.)*

Bishops of England!  
 For many truths by you this day enforced,  
 Hear ye in turn but one. The Church is God's:  
 Lords, were it ours, then might we traffic with it;  
 At will make large its functions, or contract;  
 Serve it or sell; worship or crucify.  
 I say the Church is God's; for He beheld it,  
 His thought, ere time began; counted its bones,  
 Which in His book were writ. I say that He  
 From His own side in water and in blood  
 Gave birth to it on Calvary, and caught it,  
 Despite the nails, His Bride, in His own arms:  
 I say that He, a spirit of clear heat,  
 Lives in its frame, and cleanses with pure pain  
 His sacrificial precinct, but consumes  
 The chaff with other ardors. Lords, I know you;  
 What done ye have, and what intend ere yet  
 Yon sun that rises weeping sets this night;  
 And therefore bind I with this charge your souls:  
 If any secular court shall pass its verdict  
 On me, your lord, or ere that sin be sinned,  
 I bid you flee that court; if secular arm  
 Attempt me, lay thereon the Church's ban,  
 Or else against you I appeal to Rome.  
 To-day the heathen rage—I fear them not:  
 If fall I must, this hand, ere yet I fall,  
 Stretched from the bosom of a peaceful gown  
 Above a troubled king and darkening realm,  
 Shall send God's sentence forth. My lords, farewell!

## SONNET.

*The Centenary of American Liberty.*

A century of sunrises hath bowed  
 Its fulgent forehead 'neath the ocean floor  
 Since first upon the West's astonished shore,  
 Like some huge Alp forth-struggling through the cloud  
 A new-born nation stood, to Freedom vowed:

Within that time how many an Empire hoar  
And young Republic, flushed with wealth and war,  
Alike have changed the ermine for the shroud!  
O 'sprung from earth's first blood.' O tempest-nursed!  
For thee what Fates? I know not. This I know,  
The soul's great freedom gift, of gifts the first—  
Thou first on man in fulness didst bestow:  
Hunted elsewhere, God's Church with thee found rest:—  
Thy future's Hope is she--that queenly Guest.

THOMAS WILLIAM ALLIES, 1813-1903.

Among the writers of the nineteenth century, few exhibited such grasp of mind as Mr. Allies. If his works have not been more popular, the fault is not with him, but with the spirit of the age, which either ignores the books that stigmatize its errors, or is too frivolous to glance at a volume that is not 'plentifully illustrated by the engraver or the imagination of the author.'

Mr. Allies belonged to an ancient and respectable family, originally seated in Worcestershire. At an early age, he distinguished himself at Eton, and afterwards at Oxford, where he gained two scholarships. He was not twenty years old, when he took his degree with first class in classics. Elected Fellow of Wadham College in 1833, he availed himself of his income to travel in France and Italy. On his return after three years, he determined to take Orders in the Established Church. We have Mr. Allies's own word that he was ordained without the slightest instruction in theology, not through his fault, but because the candidates for orders were dispensed from attending the heterodox lectures of Dr. Hampden. The young clergyman began now to feel the influence of Dr. Newman, and from that time forth, he lived more and more upon the mind of the great leader. During the follow-

ing thirteen years, as private tutor, as Examining Chaplain to Dr. Bloomfield, Bishop of London, and as rector of Launton in Oxfordshire, he never ceased to look for that true Church, of which the Anglican system pretends to be a portion. When Dr. Newman entered the Catholic Church, Mr. Allies became more anxious. For five years, he gave all his thoughts to prayer and the study of the primacy of St. Peter and his successors, resolved to follow his conviction wherever it might lead him. This continual state of anxiety, the connection of the practical issue with his temporal fortunes, the welfare of his wife and children, all these circumstances constituted a trial from the sight of which, even after thirty years, he still recoiled with horror. An immature fruit of his studies was the work entitled: *The Church of England cleared from the Charge of Schism*, which he afterwards took the pains to refute. His eyes were gradually opening to the light of truth, when two facts revealed to him the false ground and untenable position of Anglicanism. The first was his discovery that the Crown holds its spiritual power over the Church of England, not through usurpation, but from an act of Parliament passed in the reign of Henry VIII. The second was the decision of the Crown in the Gorham case. With a mind well made up, he abandoned his benefice, and abjured the Anglican heresies in September, 1850. Thus after so many years of inward struggle was Mr. Allies safely landed on the rock of Peter; and, for fifty-two years, he did not cease to testify his joy and satisfaction at the step then taken. In 1853, he was appointed to deliver lectures on the philosophy of history in the Catholic University of Dublin. Although but one lecture was actually delivered, yet the appointment was the occasion of his greatest work, a sort of

philosophical history of the Church. In the first three volumes, entitled *Formation of Christendom*, he contrasts the external majesty of the Roman empire with its deep rottenness inside, and shows that the Christian faith was a new creation which regenerated individual man, the family, and society. In the fourth volume, *Church and State*, he lays down the principles which underlie the relation of the two powers, and applies these principles to the history of the first three hundred years of the Church. In the fifth volume, *The Throne of the Fisherman built by the Carpenter's Son*, he first states that three factors produce, and explain to the world, the continuous and ever-increasing influence of the Holy See. The three factors are: a Divine Institution; the life of faith in the Church; the external world in the hands of Providence. The writer then accounts by these three factors for the period of history which extends from the Nicene Council to the pontificate of St. Leo the Great and the fall of the Western Roman empire. Three more volumes, *The Holy See and the Wandering of the Nations*, *Peter's Rock in Mohammed's Flood*, and *The Monastic Life*, bring the history to the crowning of Charlemagne as emperor in 800. Mr. Allies has reared a monument which recalls to mind Bossuet's *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle* and St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei*, with which alone it can be compared. With erudition and broadness of view the author combines 'a grace of style formed on classic models, and a Catholic spirit imbibed from the fathers and doctors of the Church.'

The minor works of Mr. Allies have been collected under the titles of *Per Crucem ad Lucem* and *A Life's Decision*. These writings relate principally to the royal supremacy in the Church of England, and the supremacy of St. Peter and his successors. The arguments are both logical and exhaustive.



## CICERO AND ST. AUGUSTINE.

I cannot but admit the advantage which Augustine possessed over Cicero in natural genius as distinct from the gifts of divine grace. The contrast which he himself marks between Cicero and Varro, that they who loved words found their pleasure in the former, while they who loved things found instruction in the latter, might serve to express the difference between the genius of the Roman rhetorician and the Christian thinker. Augustine's mind is in every way deeper and larger than the mind of Cicero, more acute, and more accurate; and, what is marvellous, he works greater wonders with his old, refuse, worn-out Latin of the fifth century, than the master and maker of Roman style did with the virgin ore of Latium, which he fused in the laboratory of his mind, and poured out tempered and wrought to express Grecian thought. For, Augustine took up these half-defaced lumps of metal, which had served to express the images of common things, and made them express metaphysical truths which never were disclosed to Cicero's eye. Cicero, indeed, philosophizes; but Augustine is the parent of mental philosophy; in him our own age seems to live and breathe, gazing inwards with intense introspection. Cicero is acquainted with outward society, is a man of wit, learning, and letters, but he never seems to break through the crust of human nature into the man; whereas it may be doubted whether any human eye saw deeper than St. Augustine into the soul's secrets, or exposed them more lucidly to view. Cicero's letters give us a faithful picture of a great man's petty weaknesses, vanity, and dissimulation, of all the falsehood and corruption which saddened Roman society at the time. But St. Augustine's letters and confessions, while they expose his natural weakness with a scalpel which uncovers the most secret fibres of our being, show the same man corrected and exalted, until he became a fountain-head of knowledge to every inquirer, an instructor in virtue to every wrestler with his own heart.

## PATRICK AUGUSTINE SHEEHAN, 1852-

Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P., has suddenly risen into fame by the publication of his work of fiction, *My New Curate*. Born in the small town of Mallow, County Cork, Ireland, he obtained great distinction in the classical

college of St. Colman's, Fermoy, but passed unnoticed in Maynooth, where he studied philosophy and theology. Ordained for the diocese of Cloyne, in 1875, he performed with success the active duties of a curate in England and in Ireland, and yet contrived to give a considerable amount of time to study and reading. His appointment, in 1895, as parish priest of Doneraile, with the service of two curates, has given him more ample time for the composition of his literary works. Fr. Sheehan had published many excellent articles in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, and composed two novels—*Geoffrey Austin, a Student* (1889) and *The Triumph of Failure*—when his *My New Curate* appeared by instalments in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*. Issued then in book form, this new Catholic novel has achieved a success unheard of since the publication of Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola*, not only in the ecclesiastical world, but among laymen, Catholics and Protestants. This success was deserved. The Catholic priest had been travestied in many works of fiction from the time of Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* to that of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's *David Grieses*, but in *My New Curate* we have genuine types of the priest in the ordinary routine of his ministry. The old pastor of Kilonan, Daddy Dan, as he is familiarly known, and his new curate, Fr. Letheby, are drawn from life, they are not described, but they are made to live and act before the interested reader. There is, of course, no intrigue of love, nor any other kind of intrigue, but the incidents of one year's ministry, exhibiting the honest zeal of the curate and the pastor's slower wisdom, the whole interspersed with sallies of native wit and humor. *Luke Delmege*, which appeared later on, is also a remarkable work. It vindicates the old faith of Ireland against the new-fangled theories of our time. *Glenanaar*, (1905) is a story of Irish life in the time of Daniel O'Connell.

## FATHER LETHEBY TELLS HIS EXCURSION WITH CAPTAIN CAMPION.

(From *My New Curate.*)

" 'We were near Davy Jones's locker there?' said Campion coolly.

" 'We wouldn't remain long together,' I (Fr. Letheby) replied.

" 'How?'

" 'Well, you know, you'd go a little deeper, and I should hope I would get a little higher.'

" 'You mean I'd have gone to Hell?'

" 'Certainly,' I replied.

" 'I'm not a bad man,' he said, taken aback.

" 'You are,' I replied, 'you persecute the poor and drag their faces through the dust. You're an irreligious man, because you never kneel to God; you're a dishonest man, because you profess to belong to a faith whose doctrines you do not accept, and whose commands you disobey.'

" 'Hallo, there!' said he, 'I'm not used to this kind of language.'

" 'Perhaps not,' I said; for with the thorough drenching and the fright I was now thoroughly angry. 'But you'll have to listen to it. You cannot put your fingers in your ears and steer the *Halcyone*. It will take us an hour to reach land, and you must hear what you never heard before.'

" 'I have a strong inclination,' he said, 'to pitch you overboard.'

" 'I'm quite sure you're perfectly capable of murder,' I said. 'But again, you cannot let go the ropes in this gale. Besides, there are two sides to that question.'"

Then and there I pitched into him, told him how he was breaking his child's heart, how he was hated all along the coast, etc., etc.; but I insisted especially on his dishonesty in professing a creed which he denied in daily practice. I was thoroughly angry, and gave my passion full swing. He listened without a word as we went shoreward. At last he said:

" 'By Jove! I never thought that a priest could speak to a gentleman so boldly.' " . . .

At last we pulled into the creek; I jumped ashore from the dingey, as well as my dripping clothes would let me, and lifting my hat, without a word, I walked towards home. He called after me:--

" 'One word, Father Letheby! you must come up to the house and dry yourself. You'll catch your death of cold.'

" 'Oh! 'twill be nothing,' I said. He had come up with me, and looked humble and crestfallen.

" 'You must pardon all my rudeness,' he said, in a shamefaced

manner. 'But, to be very candid with you, I was never met so boldly before, and I like it. We men of the world hate nothing so much as a coward. If some of your brethren had the courage of their convictions and challenged us poor devils boldly, things might be different. We like men to show that they believe in Hell by trying to keep us out of it.'

#### THE REV. DADDY DAN IN THE CHAIR.

"I move that the parish priest take the chair."

"I beg to second the proposal," said a dapper young fellow, who looked as if he had stepped out of a band-box. And before I knew where I was, I was on the stage ensconced in a comfortable chair; and then there was a burst of music around me, which gave me leisure to look around and take stock. It was all very nice. There was a great group of fine ladies in front, and they were all staring at me as if I were a dime-museum prodigy. I was "Gorgonized from head to foot with a stony, British stare"; a cool, unblushing, calculating stare, that made me feel as if I were turning into stone. I did not know what to do. I tried to cross my legs coolly, but the armchair was too low, and I fell back in a most undignified manner. Then I placed my hands on my knees, thinking that this was the correct thing; but it struck me immediately that this was the attitude at High Mass, and I gave it up as out of place. Then I assumed an air of frigid composure, and toyed with my watch-chain. But a little girl screwed her eyes into me, and said, evidently, in her mind: "That old gentleman is a fidget." Then I leaned back gracefully, but something whispered: "That's all right at home, Father Dan, but please remember that the *convenances* of society require a different posture"; and I sat bolt upright in a moment. My eye caught in a blissful moment my new handsome umbrella that lay against my chair. I took it up and leaned with dignity upon it; but that aforesaid little girl looked at me, and looked at her mamma, and said—I know she said in her own mind—"That old gentleman thinks it is going to rain, and he wants to open his umbrella. Mamma, tell him that there is no danger of rain here." I put down my umbrella. Then Miss Champion—God bless her! she always comes to my relief—tore her little fingers along the keys in a grand finale, and then tripped over to her old pastor, and said gayly:—

"Hurrah! Now, Father Dan, for the grand speech. Won't you astonish these heretics?"

## OTHER WRITERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

JAMES BEATTIE (1735-1803), a Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic in Aberdeen, Scotland, is chiefly known as the author of *The Minstrel*. This is a didactic poem, in the style and stanza of Spenser, designed 'to trace the progress of a poetical genius born in a rude age, from the first dawn of fancy and reason, till that period at which he may be supposed capable of appearing in the world as a minstrel.' The character of Edwin, the minstrel, is well drawn; and the work is remarkable throughout for harmony of style, the richness of the images, and the elevation of the moral tone. His *Essay on Truth*, which he wrote to counteract the infidel works of Hume, obtained great success during his lifetime, but is now almost forgotten. Beattie found friends and admirers, not only among his Scotch contemporaries, but also among the great wits of the time in England, as Burke, Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, and Reynolds.

JAMES MACPHERSON (1722-1808), a Scotch political writer, acquired great notoriety by publishing what he declared to be the translation of Ossian's poems, *Fingal* and *Temora*, from Gaelic materials gathered up in the Highlands. It is now generally believed that Macpherson was the principal author of these compositions. They are written in a florid prose, bordering on bombast, and describe stirring events of Celtic life.

RICHARD BRINSLEY B. SHERIDAN (1751-1816), the son of Thomas Sheridan, the actor and biographer, is justly celebrated as a writer of comedies and a parliamentary orator. He was born in Dublin, and educated at Harrow, in England. In his youth, he was for a long time thought to be an impenetrable dunce. In 1785, he published the earliest of his comedies, *The Rivals*, which was soon followed by *The Duenna*, a comic opera, *The School for Scandal*, a comedy, and *The Critic, a Tragedy Rehearsed*, a farce. These plays obtained immediate success, and have placed their author in the first rank of dramatists. He wrote also *Pizarro*, a tragedy, adapted from the German of Kotzebue, *A Trip to Scarborough*, a comedy, and many short poems. When he was at the height of his fame as a writer of dramas, Sheridan entered Parliament as a supporter of the Whig party. His reputation as an orator rests on his two speeches against Warren Hastings. Of the first of these, Burke declared it to be 'the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument, and wit, united, of which there was any record or tradition.' Unfortunately, the report of it was imperfect and incorrect. Byron thus expressed his opinion of Sheridan: "He has written the best comedy (*School for Scandal*), the best opera (*The Duenna*), the best farce (*The Critic*), the best monody (*Verses on Garrick*), and, to crown all, he has delivered the very best oration ever conceived or heard in this country." The fame of Sheridan was no check upon the extravagance and carelessness of his living. The latter years of his life were embittered by continual but useless struggles against poverty and disappointment.

MISS JANE AUSTEN (1775-1817) wrote six novels of great merit: *Pride and Prejudice*, *Sense and Sensibility*, *Mansfield Park*, *Emma*, *Northanger Abbey*, and *Persuasion*. Her peculiar gift lay, according to Scott, in the 'exquisite touch, which renders commonplace things and characters interesting, from the truth of the description and the sentiment.' Sir Walter mentions that he read three times her novel of *Pride and Prejudice*. Mr. Saintsbury



declares that "she is the mother of the nineteenth century novel, just as Scott is the father of the nineteenth century romance." \*

DR. JOHN MILNER (1752-1826), for twenty-three years Vicar Apostolic of the Midland District, was a stout and uncompromising defender of Catholic rights and principles. His principal writings are: an excellent *Life of Dr. Honyold*, one of his predecessors as Vicar Apostolic, and author of *Commandments and Sacraments*; a *History of Winchester*, a standard work of topography; *Letters to a Prebendary*; *Supplementary Memoirs*, intended to rectify Charles Butler's *Memoirs of English Catholics*; and, most important of all, *End of Religious Controversy*, an explanation of Catholic doctrines, which has done immensely to remove prejudices against the Church.

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1828), who lived in London, was original as an artist, poet, and would-be prophet. Swinburne says of him with much exaggeration that "he was the single Englishman of supreme and poetic genius of his time." The *Poetical Works of Blake* first edited in 1874 by W. M. Rosseti, have been re-edited by Sampson and by Ellis. The most remarkable pieces are the *Songs of Innocence* and the *Songs of Experience*.

WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778-1830), the son of a Unitarian clergyman, was a brilliant critic and essayist, whose works well repay the reading. They consist of the following: *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays* (1817); *A View of the English Stage* (1818); eight *Lectures on the English Poets* (1818); eight *Lectures on the English Comic Writers* (1819); eight *Lectures on the Literature of the Elizabethan Age* (1821); *Table Talk* (1824), which contains sixty-six *Essays on Books, Men, and Things* (1824); *The Spirit of the Age: or, Contemporary Portraits* (1825). Prominent among these last is Hazlitt's delineation of his friend Charles Lamb.

WILLIAM ROSCOE (1753-1831) was a banker of Liverpool, who devoted his leisure hours to the cultivation of art and literature. His reputation as a writer rests on two considerable works of biography, *The Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*, published in 1796, and *The Life and Pontificate of Leo X.*, in 1805. The first of these works, prepared with great care, gave him a rank among the most distinguished authors of the day. The second work, although not less elaborate, did not obtain the same success, numbers of its biassed readers being displeased with many admissions favorable to the Catholic Church. In 1827, the great gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature was awarded to Roscoe for his merits as a historian. Pecuniary embarrassments clouded his latter days, and compelled him to sell his library, pictures, and other works of art. Irving has left, in his *Sketch Book*, a touching testimony to the qualities of that good and honest writer.

CHARLES BUTLER (1750-1832), a nephew of Alban Butler, was the first English Catholic barrister since the Revolution of 1688, but he never argued but one case. His chief work is *Historical Memoirs of the English, Irish, and Scottish Catholics since the Reformation*. Useful as these *Memoirs* are in many respects, they so abound with inaccuracies that they seldom can be fully relied upon. His desire of compromise between Catholics and Protestants made him a forerunner of the so-called *Liberal Catholics*.

BISHOP JAMES DOYLE (1786-1834) made his name famous by the vigor and skill with which, at a period of great agitation, he defended the social and religious rights of his countrymen. Many of his writings appeared under



the signature of J. K. L. (James of Kildare and Leighlin). His *Letters in Reply to Dr. Magee*, Protestant Archbishop of Dublin; his *Vindication of Catholic Principles*, his twelve *Letters on the State of Ireland*, and many other productions, show a master mind, which was able to silence calumniators, undeceive the credulous, and instruct the ignorant, while his *Pastoral to Ribbonmen* discovers the enlightened zeal of the good prelate, bringing back to the spirit of the Gospel the straying sheep of his flock. His evidence before a Committee of the House of Lords gave the greatest credit to his ripe scholarship and vast knowledge. "You are examining Doyle," said a peer to the Duke of Wellington. "No, no," replied the Iron Duke dryly; "Doyle is examining us. That Doyle," he continued, "has a prodigious mind; his head is as clear as rock-water." He had been fifteen years a bishop, when he fell a victim to consumption. Doyle will remain one of the brightest and purest glories of the Green Isle, which was so dear to his heart.

JAMES HOGG (1770-1835), known as the Ettrick Shepherd, had no more than six months' schooling, and these before the age of eight. He wrote many works in verse and prose, the principal of which is *The Queen's Wake*. It contains seventeen ballads, the most popular of which is *Kilmeny*.

MRS. FELICIA HEMANS—Miss Browne—(1794-1835) is well known for many poems of great elegance and harmony. During her life and for many years after her death, she was a great favorite even with such severe critics as Lord Jeffrey; but, amidst the mass of writings that emerge daily from the press, her poems are now comparatively neglected.

GERALD GRIFFIN (1803-1840), the author of *The Collegians*, belonged to a respectable Irish family. Though he never enjoyed the benefits of a college course, he was able to produce, at eighteen, a drama which was highly appreciated by John Banim, his friend and compatriot, but which, with many other manuscripts, he afterwards destroyed. In his twentieth year, with but scanty resources, possessing no friends in London, unknown and unwilling to depend on patronage of any kind, Griffin came to the great metropolis, a seeker after literary fame. With unbent energy he struggled for several years, amidst distress of body and mind, obliged to write during entire days and the greater part of nights. The first considerable work that revealed his name and merit was *Hollandtide*, a series of Irish tales. His reputation was raised higher by the *Tales of the Munster Festivals*, and higher still by *The Collegians*. In the midst of his success, when a brilliant career was now opening before him, he began to see the hollowness of all human fame. He wrote other works, as *The Invasion*, a picture of ancient Irish life, *The Rivals*, *The Duke of Monmouth*, and *Tales of my Neighborhood*, but he could no longer throw his whole soul into his subject. In all his writings he had ever aimed at a moral end, but now he thought it almost impossible to compose a novel in which deep interest would be combined with perfect morality. As time advanced, he surrendered himself more and more to the impressions of faith; and finally, in 1838, he took the decisive step of entering the Institute of the Christian Brothers. The earnestness with which he sought perfection in his holy vocation, was rewarded with a sense of interior peace and contentment, which, in his own words, 'he would not exchange for the fame of all the Scotts and Shakespeares that ever strutted their hour upon the stage of this little brief play which they call life.' His religious career was fervent, but short. Before two years had elapsed,

he was carried off by a contagious fever. Besides his novels, Gerald Griffin wrote several plays, one of which, *Gysippus*, was performed with great success at Drury Lane, in 1842; it was one of the pieces selected by Macready at the time when he strove to restore the classical drama to the stage. Besides his plays, he composed many short poems, remarkable for purity and elegance of diction, elevation of thought, and a rare delicacy of sentiment. Had he not been taken off so soon after entering a religious life, we might have expected far higher products from a genius matured by the lessons of experience, and illumined by the pure lights of Christian spirituality.

THOMAS ARNOLD (1795-1842), the celebrated head-master of Rugby School, is the author of a standard *History of Rome*, which, however, extends no further than the second Punic War. He is also known for an edition of *Thucydides*, which is highly commended, and eight *Lectures on Modern History*, delivered at Oxford during the last two years of his life.

JOHN BANIM (1798-1842) is a celebrated writer of tragedies and novels of Irish life. It was by his sole merit that he made his way to literary distinction in the English metropolis. His best tragedy, *Damon and Pythias*, was introduced upon the stage by the celebrated actors Macready and Kemble. His novels are *The Tales of the O'Hara Family*; *The Boyne Water*; *The Croppy*; *The Anglo-Irish*; *The Ghost-Hunter*; *The Denounced*; *The Smuggler*; *The Mayor of Windgap*; and *Father Connell*. 'A sort of overstrained excitement, a wilful dwelling upon turbulent and unchastened passions,' disfigure his writings.

THOMAS HOOD (1798-1845), the famous humorist, tried the 'lofty desk' of the counting-house and the engraver's point, before he became a professional writer. He contributed many articles in verse and prose to various magazines, and edited for some time one of his own. The most popular of his compositions are the three tragic poems so well known as *The Song of the Shirt*, *The Bridge of Sighs*, and *The Dream of Eugene Aram*. His *Haunted House* is, in the language of Poe, most thoroughly artistic, both in its theme and execution. "Hood's various pen," as Jerrold prettily said, "touched alike the springs of laughter and the sources of tears."

THOMAS DAVIS (1814-1845), by his poems contributed to *The Nation*, did perhaps more than any other man, to "inspire the strong national feeling that possessed the Irish people in 1843, made O'Connell a true uncrowned king, and

Placed the strength of all the land  
Like a falchion in his hand."

The poems of Davis are especially characterized by that fervid passion which springs directly from an ardent nature. But he is unequal; sometimes he carries away his reader by the charm and beauty of his verse; sometimes he is weak and unmusical. Father Burke used to mention with what startled enthusiasm he, but a boy at the time, would arise from reading Davis's poems. Far-famed *Fontenoy*, *The Rivers*, the pathetic *Lament for the Death of Owen Roe O'Neill*, are among his best productions. Davis is also the author of *Literary and Historical Essays*. He was carried off by a short illness in 1845. "I cannot expect," wrote the great O'Connell, "to look upon his like again, or to see the place he has left vacant adequately filled up."

FREDERICK, known as CAPTAIN, MARRYAT (1792-1848), availed himself of his nautical knowledge to write many sea novels, of which the principal are: *Peter Simple*, *Jacob Faithful*, *Japhet in Search of a Father*, *Midshipman Easy*, and *The Phantom Ship*. A tinge of vulgarity is observable in his novels; and in such as describe American manners, he has comparatively failed.

MISS MARIA EDGEWORTH (1767-1849) rose to great distinction by her tales and novels, and works on education. Her novels, so much admired by Walter Scott, belong to the moral, though not religious kind, and deserve peculiar praise as exhibiting a union of sober sense with inexhaustible invention.

MISS JANE PORTER (1776-1850) is well known as the author of two novels, *The Scottish Chiefs*, and *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, both of which are eagerly read by the young who are not yet weaned from the sentimental.

RICHARD LAWLOR SHEIL (1793-1851), besides the celebrity he acquired by his political and patriotic speeches, deserves to be remembered in literature for his graphic *Sketches of the Irish Bar*.

JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771-1854), despite the censures and evil predictions of Lord Jeffrey, has continued to occupy public attention, especially by his religious poetry. The principal of his larger poems are: *The Wanderer in Switzerland*, *The World before the Flood*, *The Pelican Island*. His *Lectures on Poetry* are not devoid of interest.

JOHN WILSON (1785-1854), generally known by his pseudonym of Christopher North, was a leading power in the literary world. He studied at Glasgow, and afterwards at Oxford, where he gained the reputation of a scholar and athlete. Thrown by the loss of his moderate fortune upon the resources of his pen, he accepted the editorship of the lately-founded Blackwood's Magazine, and for thirty-five years, with but short interruptions, remained its soul and life. A warm imagination, vivacity, richness of expression, and a singular freedom from mere conventionality, are the characteristics of his writings. The more important pieces have been collected under the titles of *The Critical and Miscellaneous Articles of Christopher North*, *The Recreations of Christopher North*, and *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. The *Noctes* are fictitious conversations, forming an extraordinary combination of verse and prose, description and criticism, seriousness and wild fun. From 1820 to 1850, John Wilson occupied also the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. In his early life, he had composed two poems and a drama which are nearly forgotten.

SAMUEL ROGERS (1763-1855) combined the character of banker with that of poet. *The Pleasures of Memory*, *Human Life*, and *Italy*, are his three principal poems. The first is his best, and the only one that has been popular. Rogers had a classical taste, but lacked the power of imagination which makes the great poet. His mansion in St. James's Place, London, became famous for the attraction which it offered, and the liberal receptions it gave to the best artists and literary characters of the kingdom. He was noted for the prompt and substantial assistance which he ever rendered to persons in distress.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË (1816-1855) was the eldest and most distinguished of three sisters who rose to high fame as novelists. She wrote *Jane Eyre* (1848), *Shirley* (1849), *Villette* (1852), and a *Biographical Sketch* of her sisters, together with a selection of their Literary Remains. Charlotte Brontë is specially

remarkable for vigor and originality in delineating tragic characters. She was married to Rev. Mr. Nicholls, but she is known by her maiden name.

LEIGH HUNT (1784-1859) spent his life in literary activity, principally as a journalist, essayist, translator, and poet. *The Story of Rimini* and *The Palfrey* are his best poems. His *Autobiography* deserves also a special mention. In both his verse and prose he is picturesque and graceful.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1786-1859), with great natural powers of mind and scholarly acquirements, made a wreck of his literary career by his inveterate habit of eating opium. He first resorted to that poisonous drug in 1804, in order to assuage the pains of rheumatism. At one time he was wont to take as much as three hundred and twenty grains a day. After a long struggle, he overcame (1820) his besetting habit, but the baleful effects on body and mind remained. For want of steadiness, "he never finished anything except his sentences, which are models of elaborate workmanship." His best works are *The Confessions of an Opium-eater*, *Suspiria de Profundis*, the memoirs of *Shakespeare* and *Pope*, and his *Literary Reminiscences*, published in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. He is imaginative and interesting, but diffuse, digressive, and sentimental. His critical faculty is delicate and subtle, but not always reliable; his admiration of Wordsworth, for example, is simply extravagant. De Quincey, so like Coleridge in many particulars, had, like him, a rare talent of conversation.

MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING (1807-1861), the wife of the poet Robert Browning, holds a pre-eminent rank among female poets for genius and culture of mind. Besides many fugitive pieces, she wrote two large poems, *Aurora Leigh*, an autobiographical narrative in nine books, and *Casa Guidi Windows*, which describes 'the impressions of the writer upon events of which she was a witness.' The latter is a fair specimen of the injustice and abuse to which well-endowed minds may descend, when they have once surrendered themselves to prejudice and bigotry. All the acrimony of her heart is poured upon the venerable head of the Church, Pio Nono; all her sympathies are reserved for Mazzini. The *Sonnets* of Mrs. Browning have great merit of diction; those called *From the Portuguese*, which in reality are original, appeal to the most delicate and tender feelings of the soul. Her poetical *Translations* from the Greek show an intimate familiarity with the original writers.

EUGENE O'CURRY (1796-1862) deserves to be mentioned as the prince of Irish antiquarians. He did more than any one else to make known the existing manuscripts of his country's history. A self-made man, he became a perfect master of the ancient language of Erin, and was Professor of Irish history and literature in the Catholic University of Dublin from the year 1854 till his death. The two works which he has left are *Lectures on the MS. Materials of Irish History*, and *Lectures on the Social Customs, Manners, and Lives of the Ancient Irish*.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775-1864) spent his long life in the pursuit of literature. He wrote some poems and dramas, but gained his fame by his *Imaginary Conversations*. These comprise classical dialogues, as those of Diogenes and Plato, Virgil and Horace; dialogues of sovereigns and statesmen, as those of Wallace and Edward I., Washington and Franklin; dialogues of literary men, as those of Steele and Addison, Delille and Walter Landor; dialogues of famous women, as that of Anne Boleyn with Henry VIII.; and miscellaneous, as that of Pope Pio Nono and Cardinal Antonelli. The range of subjects introduced into these dialogues, and the easy famil-



arity which deals with public and private history of all ages, make these *Conversations* a wonderful and interesting work. The author is sometimes betrayed by his religious prejudices, as may be seen in the dialogue between Fra Filippo Lippi and Pope Eugenius IV., which contains absurd and revolting slanders against the monks.

MISS ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER (1824-1864), daughter of Barry Cornwall, has been a favorite with all lovers of chaste, refined, and sweet poetry. Her poems appeared under the title of *Legends and Lyrics*, and *A Chaplet of Verses*. She did not disguise the Catholic faith, to which she had become a convert in 1851; but, unaffectedly, made her verse echo the sentiments of piety which animated her life. As instances of her spirit, we may refer to such Christian poems as *The Peace of God*, *Ministering Angels*, *Thankfulness*, *Our Titles*, *Incompleteness*, *Links with Heaven*, and her many hymns to the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Frail in health all her lifetime, and confined to her bed during her last fifteen months, she ever remained patient, resigned, and even cheerful. Her fame, far from fading since her death, has been growing with the decrease of anti-Catholic prejudices in England and the United States.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER (1785-1866), a native of Ireland, is the author of an accurate and graphic *History of the Peninsular War*.

JOHN KEBLE (1792-1866), a man of superior talents and winning disposition, had a large share in the Tractarian movement with Newman and Pusey. He is principally known as the author of *The Christian Year*. This is a collection of 109 religious poems, adapted to the liturgical services of the year. The tone of reverence, even of piety, which is expressed in these poems, loses its significance when breathed forth by an Anglican clergyman, whose Church repudiates the doctrines which he professes in her name, as, for instance, when he speaks of 'holy communion,' 'the dread altar,' and the Creator becoming the 'bread of man,' or of the minister's 'gracious arm stretched out to bless.' John Keble, less fortunate than Cardinal Newman, never reached the goal, but died in the *Via Media*.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON (1792-1867) has fairly gained a high reputation in the field of history. He devoted thirty years to the preparation and composition of his great work, *The History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons*, afterwards continued till the year 1852. His *Life of the Duke of Marlborough* is intended as an introduction to the History. Alison's account of events is minute, and generally impartial; but he is far from doing justice to the Irish people and the Catholic religion. His reflections, at one time strikingly true, are, at another, utterly false. The general style is not attractive, the sentences are cumbrous, unwieldy, and not unfrequently slovenly and obscure. Alison wrote also some treatises on law, which are standard authorities in Scotland. His numerous political and historical essays, contributed to Blackwood's Magazine, have been republished in three volumes; they lack the vivacity of style expected in this kind of composition. As an acknowledgment of his literary merit, Alison was, in 1852, created baronet.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (1790-1868), known as 'Barry Cornwall,' deserves to be mentioned as a poet of distinguished merit. He was a barrister by profession, and possessed ample means from inheritance and lucrative appointments. His best work, *Dramatic Scenes*, of which the larger portion appeared as early as 1820, was a successful attempt to imitate the best features of the Elizabethan drama. His other publications are: *A Sicilian*

*Story, and Other Poems*; *Marcian Colonna*, a tale; *Mirandola*, a tragedy, which was acted in London with great success; *The Flood of Thessaly*; *The Girl of Provence, and Other Poems*; *Portraits of the English Poets*; *Essays and Tales in Prose*; *Life of Edmund Keane*; *Memoir of Charles Lamb*.

SAMUEL LOVER (1797-1868), a native of Dublin, wrote songs and novels of Irish life, celebrated for their broad fun. His best novels are: *Rory O'Moore*, *Handy Andy*, and *Treasure Trove*.

WILLIAM CARLETON (1798-1869) was a native of Ireland and a popular writer of Irish tales. His chief works are *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, *Fardorougha*, *the Miser*, *Valentine McClutchy*, and *Willy Reilly*.

CHARLES LEVER (1806-1870), at first a successful practitioner of medicine, is far better known as one of the best and most popular novelists of this century. With a dashing style and incomparable wit and humor, he has delineated the funny side of Irish life and character. His principal works are *Harry Lorrequer*, *Arthur O'Leary*, *Charles O'Malley*, *Jack Hinton*, *Tom Burke*, *Maurice Tierney*. Lever was for many years editor of the *Dublin University Magazine* and a contributor to *Blackwood*.

GEORGE GROTE (1794-1871), amidst the affairs of a banking-house, found leisure to write one of the most learned and reliable histories of the nineteenth century. Without a University education, he made himself master not only of the Greek language, but Greek manners, literature, and philosophy. He completed, in 1856, *The History of Greece, from the Earliest Period to the Death of Alexander the Great*, a work in ten volumes, which obtained for him the title of the historian of Greece. His sympathies are on the side of Athenian democracy. In 1865, he published another remarkable work on *Plato and the other Companions of Socrates*. At the time of his death he was engaged upon a similar work on Aristotle.

MILES GERALD KEON (d. 1875) is remembered, especially among Catholics, for his story of *Dion and the Sibyls, a Romance of the First Century* (1866). He wrote also *The Life and Times of the Roman Patrician Alexis* (1847).

MISS HARRIET MARTINEAU (1802-1876) gained considerable celebrity by her varied writings. Chief among them are *Deerbrook*, and *The Hour and the Man*, two novels; *The History of the Thirty Years' Peace* (1815-1846); and *Society in America*. To magazines she contributed many papers on political economy. Her style is pleasing, but her statements are not always accurate. In religious matters, above all, she is not to be trusted; her correspondence proves her a decided atheist.

KENELM DIGBY (1800-1880), of an ancient and highly-connected family, was educated at Cambridge University, where he was graduated in 1823. About that time or soon after, he became a convert to the Catholic Church. The remainder of his life was spent in retirement, in study and literary compositions. His numerous books are remarkable for their vast erudition, lofty aim, and Christian spirit; but, notwithstanding these substantial qualities, they are not attractive, for want of method, of unity, lucidity, and airiness of style. The earliest of Digby's works was *The Broad Stone of Honor*, in which he treats of the origin, spirit, and practices of Christian chivalry. In 1831, he published *Mores Catholici or the Ages of Faith*. This is a comprehensive study of the habits of faith in mediæval times—the largest repertory of connected facts that can be found on this subject. A portion of the work has been re-edited in America in two volumes. The *Compitum* is another extensive work, which shows that the various circumstances of man's life,



the family, the school, the various trades and professions, the various situations in society, the various moods of mind—all should be roads leading to a common centre, the Catholic Church. The *Evenings on the Thames* are lucubrations on literary and moral subjects, which have little to do with the London River. We may mention also *The Lovers' Seat*, *Children's Bower*, *The Temple of Memory*, and two or three books of poetry not above the average.

Keneilm Digby died in the fervent profession of that faith which he had toiled so earnestly to promote.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Earl Beaconsfield (1805-1881), amidst the turmoil of his political life, found leisure to compose many works, most of which are fiction. To speak only of a few, we may name *Virian Grey*, *The Young Duke*, *Voyage of Captain Popanilla*, *Alroy*, *Lothair*, and *Endymion*. They show great powers, but are sensational and more or less tainted with immorality. The publication of *Lothair* and *Endymion* produced much excitement, from the fact that under a thin disguise they portrayed living characters of the highest society in England. "*Lothair* remains one of the rare English novels of the period which have lasted." \*

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY (1818-1882) was a Catholic poet, distinguished for the grace, the tenderness, and religious tone of his verse. With Davis, McGee, O'Hagan, and Duffy, he contributed many articles to the *Nation* at its origin. He was highly appreciated by O'Connell, for whom in return he professed a profound admiration. Florence MacCarthy excelled in lyric poetry, and had for composition a facility rarely surpassed. His original works appeared under the following titles: *Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics*; *Bell Founder*; *Under Glimpses, and other Poems*; *Shelley's Early Life*; *Centenary Odes* on O'Connell in 1875, and on More in 1879. On the latter occasion, he was publicly crowned by the Lord Mayor of Dublin as Poet Laureate of Ireland. We have not yet named the most solid ground of his fame, his translations from Calderon, the 'Spanish Shakespeare,' fifteen of whose dramas he rendered into assonant English lines, 'the largest amount of translated verse by any one author that has ever appeared in English.' It cost the Irish poet hard toil during the best portion of his life, but it was a labor of love.

Denis Florence MacCarthy was of a genial, amiable, but retiring disposition. The readiness of his wit, and 'his playful sense of humor, ever keen without bitterness,' left the most favorable impression even on casual acquaintances. In his last moments 'he was consoled by the ministrations of that faith which inspired his genius and shaped his whole life.'

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (1828-1882) was a distinguished poet and painter. His poetical works embrace *The Early Italian Poets*, translations which reappeared under the title of *Dante and his Circle, Poems*, the principal of which was *The Blessed Damozel* and *Ballads and Sonnets*. "As an Italian translator, Rossetti is unsurpassed." † His own poems are imaginative and artistic. We subjoin the first lines of his *Ave to Mary*:

Mother of the Fair Delight,  
Thou handmaid perfect in God's sight,  
Now sitting fourth beside the Three,  
Thyself a woman—Trinity,—

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\* Athenæum, November, 1900.

† Steadman.

Being a daughter borne to God,  
 Mother of Christ from stall to rood,  
 And wife unto the Holy Ghost:—  
 Oh, when our need is uttermost,  
 Think that to such as death may strike  
 Thou once wert sister sisterlike!  
 Thou headstone of humanity,  
 Groundstone of the great Mystery,  
 Fashioned like us, yet more than we.

*Christina Georgina Rossetti* (1830-1894), who also published several remarkable volumes of verse and prose, was the sister of Dante G. Rossetti.

LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON (1814-1885), a daughter of Earl Granville, and wife of Captain Alexander Fullerton, held a high rank among the novelists of her day. *Ellen Middleton*, published in 1841, and *Grantley Manor* were her first works. After her conversion to the Catholic faith (about 1846), she wrote *Lady-Bird*, a narrative of her religious struggles. *Constance Sherwood*, her most esteemed novel, describes, in the form of an autobiography and a somewhat archaic style, the sufferings of the Catholics under Elizabeth. *Too Strange not to be True*, *A Stormy Life*, and *Mrs. Gerald's Niece*, are the chief of her works not already mentioned. Her pen was constantly employed in the promotion of works of charity and edification.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR (1800-1886), an English dramatist and essayist, wrote one of the best plays of the nineteenth century, *Philip van Artevelde*. Among his prose works the most notable are *The Statesman*, *Notes from Life*, *Notes from Books*, *The Ways of the Rich and Great*.

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888), the eldest son of the famous headmaster of Rugby, was a good poet and a remarkable critic, but he unfortunately drifted to the negation of Christianity, of all revelation, and of a personal God. "As there is not," he says, "even a degree of probability that God in the old sense exists, let us do all that we can do with streams of tendency, and morality touched with emotion, to supply his place." Such was the reactionary attitude of the new leader of Oxford after the Tractarian Movement and the departure of Newman. Arnold was educated at Winchester, Rugby, and Oxford, and was elected Fellow of Oriel College. During two terms of five years (1857-1867) he held the chair of Poetry—a branch to which his lectures gave greater importance. In his opinion, "poetry supplies the place of religion, which is only a divine illusion." During many years of his life Arnold filled the office of school inspector, and made great efforts to raise the middle classes of English society from the slough of traditional ignorance and moral obtuseness which he stigmatized as *philistinism*. The poems of Matthew Arnold were published in three volumes. The most noted pieces are *The Scholar-gypsy*, in which are recalled the pleasant days of the Oxford undergraduate; *Thyrsis*, an elegiac tribute to the memory of his intimate friend Arthur Hugh Clough; *Sohrab and Rustum* and *The Sick King of Bokhara*, narrative poems of the East; *Empedocles on Aetna*, a dramatic poem; *Rugby Chapel*, in which he recalls the noble work of his father; *Dover Beach*; and *The Grande Chartreuse*. He published also *Merope*, a tragedy of the classical school, which obtained an indifferent success. The principal of his prose works are *Essays in Criticism*; *Lectures on Translating Homer*; *Study of Celtic Literature*; *Literature and Dogma*; *God and the Bible*; *Last Essays on Church and Religion*; *Culture and Anarchy*; *St. Paul and Protestantism*; *Mixed Essays*; *American Lectures*; and *Civilization in the United*

*States*. In this last "he severely criticizes American habits, manners, literature, morals, and general want of interest to the traveller." While many of Matthew Arnold's prose compositions are subtle defences of infidelity and agnosticism, his poems are comparatively free from such aim.

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889) is the most metaphysical poet of the nineteenth century. He was born in London, and educated by private teachers under the eye of his father, himself a man of cultivated taste. To prepare for a literary career, the son travelled extensively abroad, and finally settled in Italy, paying at intervals long visits to London. In 1846, he married Elizabeth Barrett, better known in the world of letters as Mrs. Browning, whom he survived twenty-eight years. The published work of Browning extends over twenty volumes, from *Pauline*, in 1833, to *Assolando*, which was announced on the day of his death. The longest of his poems, and that which contributed most to his literary fame, is *The Ring and the Book* (1868-69), containing twenty thousand lines in blank verse. *Paracelsus* (1835), *Strafford* (1837), *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon* (1843), and *Colombe's Birthday*, are the chief dramas of Browning. None of them has kept the stage. *Sordello* (1840), the story of a soul, in six thousand lines, is by common consent the most obscure of his poems. Tennyson, it is said, found but two intelligible lines in it, and these not true, viz., the first and the last:

Who will may hear Sordello's story told.  
Who would has heard Sordello's story told.

The most popular pieces of Browning are *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, *How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix*, *The Lost Leader*, *Saul*, *The Glove*. *Christmas Eve* and *Easter Day* perhaps reveal more positive religious opinions than do any others of his poems, but we are not sure that the sentiments expressed are his own. Nothing is more striking than the description he gives of the consecration at the midnight Mass in St. Peter's:

I, the sinner that speak to you,  
Was in Rome this night, and stood, and  
knew

Both this and more. For see, for see,  
The dark is rent, mine eye is free  
To pierce the crust of the outer wall,  
And I view inside, and all there, all,  
As the swarming hollow of a hive,  
The whole Basilica alive!

Men in the chancel, body, and nave,  
Men on the pillars' architrave,  
Men on the statues, men on the tombs,  
With popes and kings in their porphyry  
wombs,

All famishing in expectation  
Of the main altar's consummation.  
For see, for see, the rapturous moment  
Approaches, and earth's best endowment  
Blends with Heaven's; the taper-fires  
Pant up, the winding brazen spires  
Heave loftier yet the baldachin;  
The incense-gasings long kent in,

Suspire in clouds; the organ blatant  
Holds his breath and grovels latent,  
As if God's hushing finger grazed him  
(Like Behemoth when He pruned him).  
At the silver bell's shrill tinkling,  
Quick cold drops of terror sprinkling  
On the sudden pavement strewn  
With faces of the multitude.  
Earth breaks up, time drops away,  
In flows Heaven, with its new day  
Of endless life, when He who trod,  
Very man and very God,  
This earth in weakness, shame, and pain,  
Dying the death whose signs remain  
Up yonder on the accursed tree,—  
Shall come again, no more to be  
Of captivity the thrall,  
But the one God, All in all,  
King of kings, Lord of lords,  
As his servant John received the words,  
"I died, and live forevermore!"

*La Saisiaz*, the name of a villa, contains Browning's arguments for the immortality of the soul. He is a strong defender of theism, but seems to have been undecided about Christianity. Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless a fact that the poet, in spite of his long residence in Italy, fails to represent the true Catholic character. "I am compelled to remark," says Dr. William Barry, "that I have never come across a Catholic who, even distantly, resembled the figures in the crowds of painters, priests, bishops, peasant-girls, and indigenous Italian women filling the long gallery of portraits de-

voted to a religion of which Robert Browning must have had living examples before him for years together." \*

It is impossible to determine the niche which Browning is destined permanently to occupy in the temple of Fame. Many critics would rank him next to Tennyson, others, more enthusiastic, reckon him the greatest poet that England has produced since Shakespeare, while not a few contend that his art is so deficient as almost to exclude him from the circle of poets. He is certainly very obscure, rugged, redundant, unmusical, but original, strong, and earnest. When he studies the development of a soul, he forgets that the soul must be painted intelligibly to the eye, that the forms of things unknown must be distinctly bodied forth, and that the poet's pen must turn them to visible shape. "Verse and diction are the bodily organism of poetry. This body ought to be soft, bright, lovely, carrying with it an influence and impression of delightfulness. Defects in poetical organism are inimical to the enduring life of poetry." †

WALTER HORATIO PATER (1839-1894), an artist in English prose, who lived at Oxford and London, published *Studies in the History of Renaissance* (1873) and *Marius the Epicurean* (1885). These works are remarkable for elegance of style, but unfortunately are pervaded by a pagan spirit. His other productions, not equal in merit to the first two, are: *Imaginary Portraits* (1887) and *Appreciations: With an Essay on Style* (1889).

COVENTRY PATMORE (1823-1896) is the poet of Christian conjugal love. In the early part of his life, he had to win his bread by his writings. Through the influence of Lord Houghton, he obtained in 1846 an office in the British Museum. He became a Catholic after the death of his first wife. The fortune of his second wife allowed him to resign his office in 1868. He then bought a large estate in Sussex, and subsequently removed to Hastings, where he built a Catholic church. He is the author of the following works: *Tamertown Church-Tower and Other Poems* (1853); *The Angel in the House, The Betrothal* (1854); *The Espousals, Faithful for Ever* (1860); *The Victories of Love* (1863); *Odes* (1868); *The Unknown Eros and Other Odes* (1877); *Principle in Art* (1889); *The Rod, the Root, and the Flower* (1893); *The Toys. Of The Angel in the House*, Ruskin said: "It is a most finished piece of writing, and the sweetest analysis we possess of quiet, modern domestic feeling." Another critic ‡ justly speaks of *The Unknown Eros* "with its extraordinary subtlety of thought and emotion, rendered with the faultless simplicity of an elaborate and conscious art." Born with a poetical genius, the master of a finished style, with a perfect ear for musical verse, he yet failed to reach the highest rank, being too mystic for many, too prolix and obscure for most readers. Among many poetical gems of Coventry Patmore, perhaps the most remarkable is the ode *To the Body*.

THOMAS E. BRIDGETT (1829-1899) deserves a notable place among ecclesiastical writers of England. Brought up as a Baptist, and a student of St. John's College, Cambridge, he became a convert to the Catholic Church and a Redemptorist. His works are distinguished by thoroughness and accuracy. He is the author of *Ritual of the New Testament, Our Lady's Dowry* (1875); *The Discipline of Drink* (1876); *The History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain*, 2 vols., (1881); *The Defender of the Faith* (1885); *Life of Blessed*

\* In London *Tablet*, Dec. 21, 1889.

† *Memoirs and Letters of Sarah Coleridge*, Harper edit., p. 517.

‡ *Athenæum*, December 20, 1893.

§ *Life of Fisher*, p. 45.



*John Fisher* (1888); *Life and Writings of Sir Thomas More*. These two last biographies have been praised equally by Protestant and Catholic critics.

LADY HERBERT OF LEA (1822- ), who is connected with the highest nobility in England, has been indefatigable in the composition of useful and edifying books. Some of them are original, as *Cradle Lands*; *Impressions of Spain*; *A Search after Sunshine*; *Love, or Self-Sacrifice*; *Wayside Tales*; *Geronimo*; *Anglican Prejudice*; *Mentana*; *Three Phases of Christian Love*; *Life of St. Monica*; *The Mission of St. Francis of Sales in the Chablais*. Many more are translations or adaptations from the French and the Italian, as Hübner's *Round the World*, *Twenty five Years of Lamartine's Life and Memoirs of his Mother*, *Life of Théophraste Vénard*, *Life of Dom Barthélemy des Martyrs*. She has also been a constant contributor to various periodicals. Her writings not only breathe a spirit of piety, but are distinguished by elegance and freshness of style.

ALFRED AUSTIN (1835- ) was chosen Poet Laureate by Queen Victoria in 1895, three years after the death of Tennyson. He was educated at Stonyhurst and Oscott, took his degree at the University of London at the age of eighteen, and was admitted to the bar of the Inner Temple in 1857. He began early to write, and has written much, especially in verse. We subjoin the titles of his poems, which were collected in six volumes in 1892: *The Season, a Satire* (1861); *The Human Tragedy* (1862); *The Golden Age, a Satire* (1871); *Interludes* (1872); *The Tower of Babel, a Poetical Drama* (1874); *Swonarola, a tragedy* (1881); *Love's Widowhood and Other Poems* (1881-90); *Birthday Ode* (the eightieth birthday of the Queen, 1899). Besides, Mr. Austin has published three novels and many articles in journals and magazines.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE (1837- ) is a remarkable poet, who has not reached the eminence which his early poetry promised. His excellence lies more in the rhythmical beauty of his verse and the wonderful marshalling of his words than in the higher regions of poetry. Morally, he offends us at one time by his extreme sensuousness, at another by his eulogy of such men as Saffi, the Italian triumvir of 1849, and Giordano Bruno, the apostate monk and pantheistic philosopher. Swinburne was educated partly in France, partly in England, and equally mastered the language of each country. His poetical productions are principally lyrical and dramatic. We give a list of his most remarkable works: *The Queen Mother and Rosamund* (1860); *Atalanta in Calydon* (1865), a tragedy constructed according to the rules of the classical school; *Chastelar* (1865), *Bothwell* (1874), and *Mary Stuart* (1881), three dramas bearing on the same Scottish period; *Poems and Ballads* (1866); *Second Series* (1878); *Third Series* (1889); *Ode on the French Republic* (1870); *Eretheus* (1876), a tragedy on the Greek model; *Songs Before Sunrise* (1871) and *Songs of the Spring-Tides* (1880); *A Century of Roundels* (1883); *Marino Faliero, a drama* (1885); *Locrine* (1887), a tragedy; *A Study of Ben Jonson* (1889); *Astrophel, and Other Poems* (1894); *A Channel Passage and Other Poems* (1904). We subjoin a few lines from *Eretheus*, which for richness of rhythm and strength of expression can be compared with the most happy strains in the language:

Mine ears are amazed with the terror of trumpets, with darkness mine eyes,  
At the sound of the sea's host charging that deafens the roar of the sky's.  
White frontlet is dashed upon frontlet, and horse against horse reels hurled,  
And the gorge of the gulfs of the battle is wide for the spoil of the world.

And the meadows are cumbered with shipwreck of chariots that founder on  
land  
And the horsemen are broken with breach as of breakers, and scattered as  
sand.  
Through the roar and recoil of the chargers that mingle their cries and con-  
found,  
Like fire are the notes of the trumpets that flash through the darkness of  
sound.

As the swing of the sea churned yellow that sways with the wind as it swells  
Is the lift and relapse of the wave of the chargers that clash with their bells;  
And the clang of the sharp shrill brass through the burst of the wave as it  
shocks,  
Rings clean as the clear wind's cry through the roar of the surge on the  
rocks;  
And the heads of the steeds in their headgear of war, and their corsleted  
breasts,  
Gleam broad as the brows of the billows that brighten the storm with their  
crests,  
Gleam dread as their bosoms that heave to the shipwrecking wind as they  
rise,  
Filled full of the terror and thunder of water, that slays as it dies.

WILLIAM HURRELL MALLOCK (1849- ), nephew of Hurrell and Anthony Froude, was educated at Oxford, where he won the Newdigate prize by a poem on *The Isthmus of Suez*. His principal works are the following: *The New Republic* (1876); *The New Paul and Virginia* (1877); *Is Life Worth Living?* (1879); *A Romance of the Nineteenth Century* (1881); *Social Equality* (1882); *Property and Progress, Atheism and the Value of Life* (1884); *The Old Order Changes*, a novel (1886). In his early works—especially in *Is Life Worth Living?*—Mr. Mallock proved to be an able auxiliary of the Catholic Church against positivism and anglicanism, but in his last work, *Religion as a Credible Doctrine* (1902), he falls into palpable errors about the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and free-will.

LADY ROSA GILBERT (Miss Rosa Mulholland), born in Belfast, Ireland, has been before the public of letters since 1869. She has written many stories and novels, of which *Granny Grogan*, *The Wicked Woods*, *A Fair Emigrant*, are fair specimens. Her husband, Sir John F. Gilbert, has published the *History of Dublin* and other works bearing on Ireland.

WILLIAM BARRY, D.D., is the author of *The New Antigone*, three novels, *Arden Massiter*, *The Two Standards*, and *The Wizard's Knot* (1901), and four short stories under the title of *Place of Dreams*. He has lately contributed to the *Story of the Nations*, *The Papal Monarchy from St. Gregory the Great to Boniface VIII*, and *Heralds of Revolt*, (1904.)

MRS. KATHARINE TYNAN HYNKSON, born in Ireland in 1861, has obtained considerable fame in literature, both by her poems and prose writings. Among her poems are: *Louise de la Vallière and Other Poems* (1885); *Shamrocks* (1887); *Ballads and Lyrics* (1892); *Cuckoo Songs*. In prose she has published: *The Life of Mother M. Xaveria Fallon* (1892); *A Cluster of Nuts*; *The Land of Mist and Mountain*; *An Isle in the Water*, a collection of short stories; *Oh, What a Plague is Love!* besides many articles and stories contributed to magazines, both in England and America.



RUDYARD KIPLING (1865- ) was born at Bombay, India. His father was head master of the Lahore School of Art. Young Kipling was sent to England for his education, and returned to India at the age of seventeen. He had already begun a literary life as correspondent of some Indian newspapers, but now he became regularly associated with the Lahore Civil and Military Gazette. His first book, *Departmental Ditties and Other Verse*, appeared in 1886, and has been followed by many others, which we give in their chronological order: *Plain Tales from the Hills* (1887); *Soldiers Three, In Black and White, The Story of the Gadsbys, Under the Deodars, Phantom Rickshaw, Wee Willie Winkie* (1889); *Life's Handicap* (1890); *The Light that Failed* (1891); *Barrack-room Ballads* (1892); *Many Inventions* (1893); *The Jungle Book and Second Jungle Book* (1894); *The Seven Seas* (1896); *Captains Courageous* (1897); *The Day's Work* (1898); *Kim* (1900), considered generally as Kipling's best work. Three of his poems—*Recessional*, *Truce of the Bear*, and *The White Man's Burden*—have attracted more general attention on account of the circumstances which called them forth—viz., the Jubilee of Queen Victoria, the disarmament of the Czar, and the advocacy of imperialism. The list of his works proves clearly that Mr. Kipling is prolific. He is a born story-teller, original, terse, always remarkable for the local coloring of his style. He is realistic, but his realism seems to find out only the grovelling tendencies of human nature, not the higher, more ennobling types. His verse has the characteristics of his prose, direct, nervous, graphic, but never inspiring, never elevating. His first stories took the world by surprise on account of their freshness and originality, but some of his later productions have been met with indifference, if not disgust.

WILLIAM WATSON published in 1899 a volume of his *Collected Poems*, which are remarkable for fancy, wealth of diction, and perfection of verse, but lack inspiration and the substance of great truths. He has no religious convictions, but he says that he is 'sincere in his quest of truth.' He is too often the poet of doubt, of disappointment, of atheism. He writes to Aubrey de Vere:

Not mine your mystic creed; not mine, in prayer  
And worship, at the ensanguined Cross to kneel;  
But when I mark your faith how pure and fair,  
How based on love, on passion for man's weal,  
My mind, half envying what it cannot share,  
Reveres the reverence which it cannot feel.

We may call attention, among his various poems, to *Wordsworth's Grave*, *The Tomb of Burns*, *Apologia*, and *Columbus*.



## PART II.

### AMERICAN LITERATURE.

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#### FIRST PERIOD.

THE COLONIAL ERA, 1607-1761.

(From the Colonization of Virginia to the Speech of Otis.)

*Character of the Period—The first Book published in British America—George Sandys—Roger Williams—Michael Wigglesworth—James Logan—Cadwallader Colden.*

THE intellect of this period manifested itself chiefly in religious disputations among the various sects of Protestantism. The New England Puritan school was prominent for the number of its writings and the narrowness of its ideas. Its partisans despised literature and the arts as useless, if not tending to debase manners and create a false polish. The most noted names among them were those of Cotton, Wigglesworth, Hooker, the Mathers, and Jonathan Edwards. The beginnings of our literature are marked by rudeness of diction and a servile imitation of English models. The metrical compositions are, for the most part, formal, pedantic, and quaint. Many turned their hand to poetry ‘*invitâ Minervâ* ;’ and the best praise that can be awarded to American verses, before the harmonies of Dryden and Pope were known, is that they were ‘ingeniously grotesque.’ The poetry, however, of George Sandys, if he can be claimed as an American poet, is not liable to this faint commendation. Ac-

according to James Montgomery, his version of the Psalms of David is 'incomparably the most poetical in the English language, and yet, at the present day, scarcely known.'

The intolerance of which Catholics were the victims in the Colonial times, not only prevented the existence of a literature congenial to their taste, but did not even allow the reprinting of their Bible or any other religious book. We have, however, from the pen of Catholic missionaries, important contributions to the early history of America; but these works were neither composed in English, nor published on this side of the Atlantic. Of this kind are the histories of Lafitau and Charlevoix, the French Relations of the Jesuits, and White's Latin Narrative of the Voyage and Settlement of the Maryland Pilgrims. The only English work published by a Catholic in the Colonies, previous to 1760, is the small poem of Father Lewis on his Journey from Patapsco to Annapolis.

#### THE FIRST BOOK PUBLISHED IN AMERICA.

The first book published in British America, according to Griswold, was *The Psalms in Metre, faithfully translated for the Use, Edification, and Comfort of the Saints, in Public and Private, especially in New England*, printed at Cambridge, in 1640. The translators seem to have been aware that "the verses were not always so smooth and elegant as some might desire and expect." The following specimen is from the second edition:

#### PSALM CXXXVII.

The rivers on of Babilon  
There when wee did sit downe,  
Yea, even then, wee mourned when  
Wee remembered Sion.

Our harp wee did hang it amid,  
 Upon the willow tree,  
 Because there they that us away  
 Led in captivitee,

Required of us a song, and thus  
 Askt mirth us waste who laid,  
 Sing us among a Sion's song,  
 Unto us then they said.

The first newspaper published in the Colonies, was the *Boston Weekly Newsletter*. The first number was issued on the 24th of April, 1704; and the first sheet printed was taken damp from the press by Chief Justice Sewell, to exhibit as a curiosity to President Villard of Harvard University. The *Newsletter* was continued seventy-two years. Only one complete copy of it is preserved.

#### GEORGE SANDYS, 1577-1643.

"The first English literary production penned in America," says Duyckinck, "at least which has any rank or name in the general history of literature, is the translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, by George Sandys, printed in folio in London, in 1626." This early American writer was a son of the Anglican Archbishop of that name, and was born in England, in 1577. In the Colony of Virginia he held the post of Treasurer; and it was on the banks of the James River, as he informs us in his dedication of the work to King Charles I., that his poem 'was limned by that imperfect light which was snatched from the hours of night and repose.' Bancroft says of him: "His verse was tolerated by Dryden and praised by Izaak Walton." Michael Drayton, author of the *Polyolbion*, addressed to him an epistle in which he says:

"My worthy George, by industry and use,  
 Let's see what lines Virginia can produce;  
 Go on with Ovid, as you have begun  
 With the first five books: let your numbers run  
 Glib as the former: so it shall live long  
 And do much honor to the English tongue."

Like Sir John Mandeville, the first English prose writer, Sandys was a distinguished traveller, and his book on the countries of the Mediterranean and the Holy Land enjoyed great popularity. It is said that Addison, in the history of his Italian tour, took Sandys as his model. Sandys seems to have been one of the first to quote the allusions of the ancient poets to the places through which he passed, a plan so successfully adopted by Dodwell in his *Classical Tour through Greece*, and by Eustace in his *Classical Tour through Italy*.

We may quote a few lines from his Ovid, as a pleasing memorial of his classic labors in the Colony of Virginia.

The Golden Age was first; which uncompeld,  
And without rule, in faith and truth exceld,  
As then, there was nor punishment nor fear;  
Nor threatening laws in brass prescribed were;  
Nor suppliant crouching prisoners shook to see  
Their angrie judge. . . .

In firm content

And harmless ease their happy days were spent,  
The yet-free Earth did of her own accord  
(Untorn with ploughs) all sorts of fruit afford.  
Content with nature's unenforced food,  
They gathered wildings, strawb'ries of the wood,  
Sour cornels, what upon the bramble grows,  
And acorns which Jove's spreading oak bestows.  
'Twas always Spring; warm Zephyrus sweetly blew  
On smiling flowers, which without setting grew.  
Forthwith the earth, corn unmanured bears;  
And every year renews her golden ears:  
With milk and nectar were the rivers filled;  
And yellow honey from green elms distilled.

#### ROGER WILLIAMS, 1606-1683.

After the illustrious founder of Maryland, Sir George Calvert, who, in the words of Bancroft, 'was the first to plan the establishment of popular institutions with the enjoyment of liberty of conscience,' the name of Roger Williams holds the most distinguished rank among the champions of civil and religious liberty in this country. Both were educated at Oxford; both crossed the Atlantic for conscience' sake; both maintained the equality before the law of religious rights; both succeeded in obtaining charters of incorporation in which their liberal views were embodied, Calvert for Maryland in 1632, Williams for Providence Plantations in 1644.\*

Very few incidents of his life are to be collected from his writings; and the prejudices of contemporary and even later historians who have mentioned

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\* The clause in the Charter of Rhode Island respecting religious freedom, is in the following broad terms: "No person shall at any time hereafter be, anyways called in question for any difference of opinion in matters of religion." The exception, however, of Roman Catholics, which Bancroft supposes was subsequently made by committees that revised the laws, is a blot upon the escutcheon of the State. Nor is the excuse of the historian either very plausible or satisfactory. "The exception," he says, "was not the act of the people of Rhode Island; nor do the public records indicate what committee of revisal made the alteration, for which the occasion grew out of English politics. The exception was harmless (?); for there were no Roman Catholics in the Colony. When, in the war for independence, French ships arrived in the harbors of Rhode Island, the inconsistent exception was immediately erased by the Legislature."—Vol. 2, p. 65.



him, render it difficult to form a true estimate of his character. He appears to have been a man of unblemished morals, and not to be diverted, either by threats or flattery, from what he believed to be duty. He was at all times the fearless advocate of religious freedom; and, strange as it may seem, this was probably the first thing that excited against him the persecuting spirit of the Massachusetts and Plymouth rulers. Banished from Salem in the depth of winter in 1636, he found hospitality among the neighboring Indians. In the following June, the lawgiver of Rhode Island embarked on a frail Indian canoe with his five companions, and landed near a place which was called by him Providence, in order to express his unbroken confidence in the mercies of God. "I desired," said he, "it might be for a shelter for persons distressed for conscience."

Of the publications of Williams that have reached us, the first, in order of time, is his *Key into the Language of America*, printed in London in 1643, and reprinted in Boston in 1827. "A little key," he says, "may open a box where lies a bunch of keys." The book is a series of thirty-two chapters, each containing a vocabulary, with occasional observations at a suggestive word, relating to manners or notions; and concluding with a set of verses.

In 1683, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, the founder of Rhode Island, the friend of peace and assertor of liberty, died at Providence, on the spot which his genius and labors had consecrated.

#### MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH, 1631-1705.

Michael Wigglesworth was, in his day, one of the most successful of our verse-writers. He was born about 1631. On completing his studies at Harvard, he was appointed Tutor in the College; but he soon removed to Malden, where, for nearly fifty years, he exercised the functions of the ministry. Being of a delicate constitution, he had frequent attacks of illness from an affection of the lungs, which made him occasionally suspend his pulpit exertions. During these intervals, he composed his *Day of Doom*, a poetical description of the last judgment. It passed through six editions in this country, and was reprinted in London. He is also the author of a poem entitled *Meat out of the Eater*, or *Meditations concerning the Necessity, End, and Usefulness of Afflictions*. It is divided into a number of sections of some ten or twelve eight-line stanzas each. The style is in general quaint and harsh.

The latter work is followed by a collection of verses, from which we quote the contents, printed on the back of the title-page:

#### RIDDLES UNRIDDED; OR, CHRISTIAN PARADOXES.

Light in Darkness,  
Sick men's Health,  
Strength in Weakness,  
Poor men's Wealth,  
In confinement  
Liberty,  
In solitude  
Good company.

Joy in sorrow,  
 Life in Death's  
 Heavenly Crowns for  
 Thorny Wreaths  
 Are presented to thy view  
 In the Poems that ensue.

A few verses from the *Meat out of the Eater* will show the best manner of this early poet:

Soldier, be strong, who fightest  
 Under a Captain stout;  
 Dishonor not thy conquering Head  
 By basely giving out.  
 Endure awhile, bear up,  
 And hope for better things;  
 War ends in peace, and morning light  
 Mounts upon midnight's wings.

Wigglesworth lived to the good old age of seventy-four, dying in the year 1705. Cotton Mather wrote his funeral sermon, and the following

#### EPITAPH.

*"The excellent Wigglesworth remembered by some good tokens.*

His pen did once meat from the eater fetch,  
 And now he's gone beyond the eater's reach  
 His body once so thin, was next to none;  
 From hence, he's to embodied spirits flown;  
 Once his rare skill did all diseases heal,  
 And he does nothing now uneasy feel.  
 He to his paradise is joyful come,  
 And waits with joy to see his day of Doom."

#### JAMES LOGAN, 1674-1751.

James Logan, founder of the Loganian Library in Philadelphia, was distinguished for his literary and scientific accomplishments and writings. He was born at Lurgan, in Ireland, of Scottish parents. He was engaged in the trade between Dublin and Bristol, when he determined to accompany William Penn to Pennsylvania. He was afterwards invested with many important offices, which he discharged with fidelity and judgment. He spent the latter part of his life at Stanton, his country-seat, near Germantown, in the enjoyment of his library, the composition of his works, and correspondence with the learned of foreign countries. He was "master of the Greek, Latin, French, and German languages, and was well acquainted with mathematics, natural and moral philosophy, and natural history."

He published an excellent translation of Cicero's *De Senectute*, with extensive familiar notes; also, *A Translation of Cato's Distichs into English Verse*. His *Experimenta et Meletemata de Plantarum generatione*, written in 1739, entitles its author to be ranked among the earliest improvers of botany. He left in manuscript *A Defence of Aristotle and the Ancient Philosophers*; *Essays on Languages and the Antiquities of the British Isles*.

Logan was a man of uncommon natural and acquired abilities; of great wisdom, moderation, and prudence; well acquainted with the world and mankind as with books; of unblemished morals, and inflexible integrity. He died at Stanton in 1751, having just completed his 77th year.

CADWALLADER COLDEN, 1688-1776.

C. Colden, for fifteen years lieutenant-governor of New York and the earliest author of note in that city, was a Scotchman by birth. He was prepared by the private instructions of his father for the University of Edinburgh, where he was graduated in 1705. After three years devoted to medical studies, he emigrated to America, and practised medicine with great success in Philadelphia. In 1718, he settled in New York, where he abandoned his profession for the service of the state. He filled the office of lieutenant-governor from the year 1760 until his death, in 1776.

The work for which Colden deserves a place in American literature is a *History of the Five Indian Nations*, which has passed through several editions. It gives an account of the intercourse between the Aborigines and the Europeans, from the settlement of the country to the period of publication, in 1727. Bancroft, in the preface to the sixth volume of his *History*, acknowledges his especial indebtedness to 'the manuscript of Lieutenant-Governor Colden, covering a period in New York history of nearly a quarter of a century.' He wrote a philosophical treatise, *The Principles of Action in Matter*, and numerous botanical and medical essays. He also maintained an active correspondence with Linnæus and other leading scientific men of Europe and America.

## SECOND PERIOD.

### THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD, 1761-1800.

(From the Speech of Otis to the end of the Century.)

*The Literary Character of the Period—James Otis—Benjamin Franklin—Francis Hopkinson—Jeremy Belknap—Alexander Hamilton—David Ramsay—Hugh Henry Brackenridge—Thomas Jefferson—John Jay—John Trumbull—Philip Freneau—James Madison.\**

#### THE LITERARY CHARACTER OF THE PERIOD.

THIS period may be said to have begun with the discussion of legal constitutional principles. Political and judicial arguments form its staple. It was inaugurated by Otis, Adams, and Patrick Henry; and it closed soon after the labors of Hamilton, Madison, and Jay, in *The Federalist*. Of the orations of Otis, which were described as 'flames of fire,' we have but a few meagre reports. We are persuaded of the superior eloquence of Henry only by the history of its wonderful effects. The passionate appeals of the elder Adams, which 'moved his hearers from their seats,' are not in print. But for tradition, it would be unknown that Rutledge of South Carolina was one of the greatest of our orators. There is scarcely a vestige of the resistless declamation and argument of Pinkney. Some of the speeches of Fisher Ames have come down to us

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\* Hamilton, Ramsay, Brackenridge, Jefferson, Jay, Trumbull, Freneau, and Madison, although they partly lived in the nineteenth century, belong so essentially to the Revolutionary Period by the character of their writings, that we have not, in this instance, followed our ordinary arrangement.

with their passages of chaste and striking beauty, and they constitute nearly all the recorded eloquence of the time in which he was an actor.

In the first rank of our great legislators stand Jefferson, the framer of the Declaration, and Hamilton, the vindicator of the Constitution. The latter was the soul and power of *The Federalist*, which, in the words of the *Edinburgh Review*, 'would have done honor to the most illustrious statesman of ancient or modern times.' The writings of Madison show great extent of information, combined with soundness of reasoning and rare practicalness of mind.

"Nor was the literature," says Duyckinck, "confined to didactic political disquisitions. In Francis Hopkinson, it had a polished champion, who taught by wit what Dickinson and Drayton unfolded by argument and eloquence, while Trumbull, Freneau, and Brackenridge, caught the various humors of the times, and introduced a new spirit into American literature."

Various circumstances connected with the Revolution opened the dawn of liberty for Catholics, and from this period may be dated the birthday of Catholic literature in America; but the wretched consequences of long-standing intolerance, and the small number of Catholics scattered over the Union, precluded the possibility of any considerable development. We may, however, mention with respect the controversial works of the patriarch of the American Church, the Most Reverend Archbishop Carroll, and of the Rev. John Thayer, a converted Puritan; whilst, in politics, the able and patriotic pen of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, in defence of Colonial rights, made his name popular many years before he was called to sit in the Congress of the nation. The Abbé Robin's *New Travels through*

North America, and the early productions of Mathew Carey, complete the series of the principal works published by Catholics during the forty years of the period.

JAMES OTIS, 1724–1783.

James Otis, the distinguished American patriot, the first writer of the Revolution, was born in what is now called West Barnstable, Massachusetts. His family, of English origin, was one of the most respectable in the colony. In June, 1739, he was entered at Harvard College. The first two years of his collegiate course are said to have been given more to amusement than to study; but, subsequently, he was distinguished for his application and proficiency. After finishing his course at the University, he devoted eighteen months to the pursuit of various branches of literature, and then entered upon the study of the law. Having removed to Boston, he at once assumed a high rank in his profession, and acquired a very extensive practice. In the midst of his professional engagements, he cultivated his taste for literature; and, in 1760, published a treatise, entitled *The Rudiments of Latin Prosody, with a dissertation on Letters, and the Principles of Harmony in poetic and prosaic composition, collected from the best writers*. He also composed a similar work on Greek prosody, but it was never printed because, as he said, "there were no Greek types in the country; or, if there were, no printer knew how to set them."

His public career dates from the famous speech which he delivered in February, 1761, against the 'writs of assistance.' These were search warrants, introduced by the English government, by means of which the courts were called upon to protect the officers of the customs in forcibly entering and searching the premises of mer-



chants in quest of dutiable goods. Referring to that discourse, President Adams, the elder, says: "Otis's was a flame of fire; with a promptitude of classical allusions, a profusion of legal authorities, a prophetic glance of his eyes into futurity, and a rapid torrent of impetuous eloquence, he hurried all away before him. American Independence was then and there born." At the next election of members of the Legislature, in the same year, he was chosen almost unanimously a representative from Boston, and soon became the leader, in the House, of the popular party.

Otis was the author of several political pamphlets, greatly applauded and widely circulated at the time. Perhaps the most important of them is the *Rights of the British Colonies asserted and proved*, which appeared in 1764. The argument of it is summed up at the close with admirable conciseness. An advertisement from his pen in the Boston Gazette of 1769, denouncing the commissioners of the customs, gave rise to an altercation, in which he received a severe wound in the head, that impaired his intellectual faculties for life. His last years were passed at Andover, where he was struck by lightning in 1783, and died instantaneously. It is greatly to be regretted that, during his derangement, he destroyed all his papers.

#### BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, 1706-1790.

Benjamin Franklin, whose name is equally illustrious in statesmanship and philosophy, was born in Boston on the seventeenth of January, 1706. He could boast of no ancestral dignities, and claim no other nobility than 'in nature's heraldry of honest labor.' His father, a tallow-chandler, was too poor to give him the advantages of a collegiate education. It was whilst

attending to his trade, first with his father, and afterwards as printer with his brother, that he managed to employ his leisure moments in reading the best books he could find, in order to improve his English style, direct and mature his early studies.

Among his first literary efforts were some specimens of ballad poetry. "They were wretched stuff," says he in his Memoirs, "in street-ballad style. . . . Their success flattered my vanity; but my father discouraged me by criticising my performances, and telling me verse-makers were generally beggars. Thus I escaped being a poet, and probably a very bad one."

Franklin left Boston for Philadelphia in 1723; went to London the following year, and worked there at his trade of printer for about two years. During his stay in that capital, he wrote a treatise of infidel metaphysics, entitled *A Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain*. "It is not to be doubted," says Allibone, "that intimacies with English freethinkers at this period, and with French deists and atheists at a later stage of his life, did much to engender those latitudinarian sentiments upon religious subjects which Franklin is known to have entertained."

In 1729, we find him established as a printer in Philadelphia, and publisher of the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, then recently started. In 1732, he first issued his celebrated *Almanac*, commonly known as *Poor Richard's Almanac*, under the assumed name of 'Richard Saunders.' Besides the usual tables and calendar, it contained a fund of useful information and proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality. He was the founder of the American Philosophical Society, in 1743; and he established, in 1749, the Academy which in the course of time has grown to be the University of Pennsylvania. In 1752, he de-

monstrated his theory of the identity of lightning with electricity, by his famous kite experiment in a field near Philadelphia. He spent five years in Great Britain (1757–1762) as agent for the colony of Pennsylvania; and, in 1764, again visited England with a petition for a change in the charter of the Province. Whilst abroad he was not forgetful of the interests of the Colonies at large; and it was, doubtless, owing in a great measure to the effect produced by his celebrated examination before the Parliament in 1766, that the obnoxious Stamp Act was repealed. When the difficulties between the mother country and her Colonies had been aggravated to a state of open hostility, Franklin was elected a member of the American Congress. After signing the Declaration of Independence, he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to France, where he arrived in December, 1776. His success in enlisting the sympathies and substantial assistance of the French people in behalf of the American Colonies is well known.

After signing the definitive treaty of peace with Great Britain, he landed at Philadelphia in the eightieth year of his age, on the spot where, sixty-three years before, he stood a poor and friendless youth,—and was greeted with the ringing of bells, the discharge of artillery, and the acclamations of a grateful and admiring people.

For three years, he filled the dignified office of President of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and, in 1787, sat with Washington and Hamilton in the Federal Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States.

The finest study of Franklin is in his *Autobiography*. Simple in style, it is tinged by the peculiar habit of the author's mind, and shows his humor of character

to perfection. His voluminous correspondence would alone have given him high literary reputation as a letter-writer. His philanthropy, good humor, wit, and ready resources, are everywhere apparent in his letters. But it is to the perspicuity, method, and ease of Franklin's philosophical writings, that his solid reputation will remain greatly indebted. "The style and manner of his publication on Electricity," says Sir Humphrey Davy, "are almost as worthy of admiration as the doctrines which they contain." His moral writings are distinguished for what is called common sense. Educated as a Presbyterian, he soon abandoned Christianity altogether, because *he could not understand its dogmas*. He never doubted the existence of God, His providence, and the immortality of the soul; but, denying the divinity of Christ, he arranged for himself a system of natural religion, in which he tried earnestly to reach moral perfection. His warning hand, raised to Paine on the eve of the latter's infamous publication entitled *Age of Reason*, deserves to be remembered.

"I would advise you not to attempt unchaining the tiger, but to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person. If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it? Perhaps you are indebted to her originally, that is, to your religious education, for the habits of virtue upon which you now justly value yourself. You might easily display your excellent talents of reasoning upon a less hazardous subject; and thereby obtain a rank with our most distinguished authors: for, amongst us, it is not necessary, as among the Hottentots, that a youth, to be raised to the company of men, should prove his manhood by beating his mother."

The last year of his presidency ended in October, 1788; and, after that time, though he was often con-

sulted on public affairs, he held no office, under the government. He resided in Philadelphia with his daughter and grandchildren, and died there on the seventeenth of April, 1790, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, retaining his full powers of mind to the last.

A new and complete edition of Franklin's writings was published in Philadelphia, 1858. The materials have been classified under the following heads :

1. *Autobiography.*
2. *Essays on Religious and Moral Subjects and the Economy of Life.*
3. *Essays on General Politics, Commerce, and Political Economy.*
4. *Essays and Tracts, Historical and Political, before the American Revolution.*
5. *Political Papers during and after the American Revolution.*
6. *Letters and Papers on Electricity.*
7. *Letters and Papers on Philosophical Subjects.*
8. *Correspondence.*

#### A PETITION TO THOSE WHO HAVE THE CARE OF YOUTH.

I address myself to all the friends of youth, and conjure them to direct their passionate regards to my unhappy fate, in order to remove the prejudices of which I am the victim. There are twin sisters of us; and the eyes of men do not more closely resemble, nor are capable of being upon better terms with each other, than my sister and myself, were it not for the partiality of my parents, who make the most injurious distinctions between us.

From my infancy, I have been led to consider my sister as a being of a more elevated rank. I was suffered to grow up without the least instruction, while nothing was spared in her education. She had masters to teach her writing, drawing, music, and other accomplishments; but if I, by chance, touched a pencil, a pen, or a needle, I was bitterly rebuked; and, more than once, I have been beaten for being awkward, and wanting a graceful manner. It is true, my sister associated me with her, upon some occasions; but she always made a point of tak-



ing the lead, calling upon me only from necessity, or to figure by her side.

But conceive not, sirs, that my complaints are instigated merely by vanity. No; my uneasiness is occasioned by an object much more serious. It is the practice in our family, that the whole business of providing for its subsistence falls upon my sister and myself. If any indisposition should attack my sister (and I mention it in confidence upon this occasion, that she is subject to the gout, the rheumatism, and cramp, without making mention of other accidents), what would be the fate of our poor family! Must not the regret of our parents be excessive, at having placed so great a difference between sisters who are perfectly equal? Alas! we must perish from distress; for it would not be in my power even to scrawl a suppliant petition, having been obliged to employ the hand of another in transcribing the request which I have now the honor to prefer you.

Condescend, sirs, to make my parents sensible of the injustice of an exclusive tenderness, and of the necessity of distributing their care and affection among all their children equally.

I am, with profound respect,

Sirs, your obedient servant,

THE LEFT HAND.

#### APOTHEGMS.

God helps them that help themselves.

Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright.

Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

The sleeping fox catches no poultry.

There will be sleeping enough in the grave.

If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be the greatest prodigality.

Lost time is never found again; and, what we call time enough, always proves little enough.

Sloth makes all things difficult; but industry, all easy.

He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night.

Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him.

Drive thy business, let not that drive thee.



Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Industry needs not wish; and he that lives on hope will die fasting.

He that hath a trade, hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honor.

Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

Plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you will have corn to sell and to keep.

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.

The cat in gloves catches no mice.

Constant dropping wears away stones.

By diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable.

Little strokes fell great oaks.

Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.

A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things.

Three removes are as bad as a fire.

Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.

If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.

He that by the plough would thrive,  
Himself must either hold or drive.

The eye of a master will do more work than both his hands.

Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge.

Not to oversee workmen, is to leave them your purse open.

If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.

A fat kitchen makes a lean will.

If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting.

What maintains one vice would bring up two children.

A small leak will sink a great ship.

Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing, goes a sorrowing.

When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy two more, that your appearance may be all of a piece.

It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.

## FRANCIS HOPKINSON, 1737-1791.

Francis Hopkinson, the celebrated wit, judge, statesman, and writer, was born in Philadelphia. He was educated at the College, now the University, of Pennsylvania, and subsequently studied law. He visited England in 1765; and on his return to America, after an absence of two years, fixed his residence at Bordentown, New Jersey. In 1774, he published the *Pretty Story*, a political allegory, in which he held up to ridicule the encroachments of the British Parliament upon the rights of the American settlers. He followed up this first pamphlet with two others, *The Prophecy* and *The Political Catechism*. These writings met with great success, and helped not a little to educate the American people for political independence. Hopkinson represented New Jersey in the Congress of 1776, and was one of the signers of the Declaration. In 1779, he was Judge of the Admiralty of Pennsylvania; and, in 1790, passed to the Bench of the District Court of the United States.

Besides his political writings, he is the author of many poems and satirical pieces. The best known of his poems are *The Battle of the Kegs*, *The Treaty*, *A Camp Ballad*, the *Description of the Church*, and *The New Roof*.

His *Battle of the Kegs* has been considered the most popular of the American Revolutionary ballads. *The New Roof* is a remarkable allegory, containing the arguments of debate in the convention that framed the Constitution of the United States.

His satirical pieces are, chiefly, *The Typographical Mode of Conducting a Quarrel*, *Thoughts on the Diseases of the Mind*, *Essay on Whitewashing*, and *Modern*

*Learning.* The humor and ridicule displayed in these essays, did much to mitigate the violent party recriminations which disfigured the newspaper controversies of the day.

For wit and satire, he has been compared to Lucian, Swift, and Rabelais ; but, unlike to them, he is generally free from vulgarity, and always on the side of patriotism, virtue, and science.

Hopkinson was also a reformer in the cause of education. In various papers, as *Modern Learning*, and the *Ambiguity of the English Language*, he derides the puzzle and perplexities of the methods used in the study of grammar, metaphysics, and science.

At the end of his life, he carefully arranged his literary productions for a uniform edition ; but, before he had executed his project, he was struck dead with apoplexy, in 1791.

#### JEREMY BELKNAP, 1744-1798.

Jeremy Belknap, a local historian of some merit, was a native of Boston. After graduating at Harvard and teaching school for a few years, he became a Congregational minister in New Hampshire, where he resided during twenty years. He was one of the founders of the Massachusetts Historical Society, incorporated in 1794, which served as a precedent and example for similar organizations throughout the country. After years of research and study, Belknap produced *The History of New Hampshire*, which has had several editions. The candor and agreeable style of the author deserve no less praise than his tact and fidelity. He wrote also *The Foresters*, an allegory, in which the leading States and interests of the American continent are represented under catch-words of easy interpreta-

tion. The Foresters themselves are the people of the United States; Onontio is Canada; Peter Bull-Frog, New York; Robert Lumber, New Hampshire; Walter Pipeload, Virginia. There are found in this book some good specimens of sly humor, hit off in a neat, quiet style.

Belknap published also a number of fugitive essays, biographies, and historical disquisitions.

His death, caused by paralysis, occurred suddenly in 1798, in Boston, where he had spent the last eleven years of his life.

#### ALEXANDER HAMILTON, 1757-1804.

Alexander Hamilton, one of our best, if not the first of our political writers, the right arm of Washington in peace and war, was born in Nevis, one of the West India Islands, in 1757. At the age of fifteen, he came to New York and was entered as a private student in King's, now Columbia, College. When only seventeen, he published a series of admirable essays on the rights of the Colonies. Before he was nineteen, he joined the Revolutionary army as a captain of artillery, and, at twenty, he became aide-de-camp of General Washington. At the close of the year 1782, he took his seat in Congress, and, in 1787, he was a delegate to the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States. After the adjournment of the Convention, he wrote, in conjunction with Madison and Jay, a series of papers on the Constitution, which did much towards bringing about its adoption by the several States. These essays were afterwards collected, and published in a volume under the title of *The Federalist*. They form one of the most profound and lucid treatises on politics that have ever been written.\*

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\* J. B. McMaster, Hist., vol. i., p. 484.

Hamilton was the author of fifty-one out of the eighty-five numbers of *The Federalist*, and, remarkable as are those of his illustrious associates, his are easily distinguished by their superior comprehensiveness, practicalness, originality, and condensed and polished diction. Of his eloquence, we have traditions which represent it as fascinating; but few of his speeches were reported, and even these very imperfectly.

Hamilton was certainly a man of superior intellectual capacity, and of great firmness and energy of character, and no one, with the exception of the illustrious Washington, helped more to give a regular organization to the newly established government. The reports which he published, as Secretary of the Treasury, have given him the reputation of the best financier of the New World.

On the death of Washington, in 1799, Hamilton succeeded to the chief command of the national forces, raised for the purpose of carrying on war against the leaders of the French revolutionary government. On the disbanding of the army, he retired to private life, and practised at the bar until 1804, when his life was terminated by a wound received in a duel with Vice-President Aaron Burr. His death excited intense regrets, and his loss was at the time mourned as a national calamity.

#### DAVID RAMSAY, 1749-1815.

David Ramsay, one of our popular historians, was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, the son of an Irish emigrant. After graduating at Princeton College, in 1765, and teaching for two years, he commenced the study of medicine in Philadelphia under Dr. Rush, and entered upon its practice in Maryland, in 1772. In the following year, he removed to Charles-

ton, S. C., and soon rose to distinction by displaying great powers of mind, particularly in the cause of the Revolution. He was in Congress from 1782 to 1785, and served one year as its President.

From the pen of Ramsay we have a *History of the American Revolution*, said to be at once concise and complete; a *Life of Washington*, dedicated to the youth of the United States, a well-written abridgment of Marshall's; and a *History of South Carolina*, from its settlement in 1670 to the year 1808, a very interesting and faithful work. Besides these productions, he published a number of essays connected with the medical profession, and a *Eulogium on Dr. Rush*.

Dr. Ramsay was remarkable for the virtues of his private life. In every way that could advance the general welfare of society, he was active and zealous, even to imprudence, as the wreck of his private fortune bears witness. His industry was proverbial—carrying out to its maximum the economy of time as practised by Franklin and Rush. He slept but four hours, rose before daylight, and meditated, book in hand, while he waited for the dawn. In 1815, when he had completed his sixty-sixth year, he suddenly fell a victim to the murderous attack of a lunatic, by whom he was shot in open day in the streets of Charleston.

#### HUGH HENRY BRACKENRIDGE, 1748–1816.

Hugh Henry Brackenridge, well noted for his social wit and a fine political satire, was born in Scotland, in 1748. He was brought by his father to America when he was five years old. The family settled down on a small lease farm in York County, Pennsylvania, on the borders of Maryland. With the scanty means which he laid up by teaching a school in Maryland, he



made his way to the College of Princeton, and managed to support himself in the higher classes by teaching the lower. In conjunction with Freneau, he delivered at the Commencement, in 1771, a poem in dialogue on the *Rising Glory of America*. After taking his first degree, he continued a tutor in the College, and studied divinity. Like Dwight and Barlow, he was a chaplain in the Revolutionary army, preaching political sermons in the camp. But, unwilling publicly to maintain doctrines in which he could not privately believe, he relinquished the pulpit for the bar, and studied law with Samuel Chase at Annapolis, Maryland. In 1781, he established himself at Pittsburg, from which place he was sent to the State Legislature. The scenes which he passed through, and his experience of political life, gave him the material for his *Modern Chivalry, or the Adventures of Captain Farrago, and Teague O'Regan, his Servant*, the last portion of which was issued in 1806. In the West, *Modern Chivalry* is regarded as a kind of aboriginal classic. It has the rough flavor of the frontier settlement in its manly sentiment, and not particularly delicate expression. The story, with its few incidents, is modelled upon Hudibras and Don Quixote. The object of the author was to sow a few seeds of political wisdom among his fellow-citizens, then little experienced in the use of political power, and his lessons in this way are profitable still. Among his other works are *Incidents of the Insurrection in the Western Parts of Pennsylvania*, and numerous miscellanies which, 'if collected,' says Duyckinck, 'would form a pleasing and instructive commentary on his times.'

Having been appointed, in 1799, Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, he filled the office with honor till his death in 1816.

## CAPTAIN FARRAGO'S REPLY TO A CHALLENGE.

Sir: I have two objections to this duel matter. The one is, lest I should hurt you; and the other is, lest you should hurt me. I do not see any good it would do me to put a bullet through any part of your body. I could make no use of you, when dead, for any culinary purpose, as I would a rabbit or turkey. I am no cannibal to feed on the flesh of men. Why then shoot down a human creature, of which I could make no use? A buffalo would be better meat. For, though your flesh may be delicate and tender, yet it wants that firmness and consistency which takes and retains salt. At any rate, it would not be fit for long sea-voyages. You might make a good barbecue, it is true, being of the nature of a raccoon or an opossum; but people are not in the habit of barbecuing anything human now. As to your hide, it is not worth taking off, being little better than that of a year-old colt.

It would seem to me a strange thing to shoot at a man that would stand still to be shot at, inasmuch as I have been heretofore used to shoot at things flying, or running, or jumping. Were you on a tree now, like a squirrel, endeavoring to hide yourself in the branches, or like a raccoon, that after much eying and spying, I observe at length, in the crotch of a tall oak, with boughs and leaves intervening, so that I could just get a sight of his hinder parts, I should think it pleasurable enough to take a shot at you. But as it is, there is no skill or judgment requisite either to discover or take you down.

As to myself, I do not like to stand in the way of anything harmful. I am under apprehensions you might hit me. That being the case, I think it most advisable to stay at some distance. If you want to try your pistol, take some object, a tree or a barn-door, about my dimensions. If you hit that, send me word; and I shall acknowledge that, if I had been in the same place, you might also have hit me.

## THOMAS JEFFERSON, 1743-1826.

Thomas Jefferson, whose name is indissolubly connected with the Declaration of Independence, was born in Albemarle County, Virginia, in 1743. After receiving the lessons of private teachers at home, he com-

pleted his classical education at William and Mary College. He studied law under the celebrated George Wythe, and entered upon the practice of his profession in 1767. Two years after, he was elected to the Provincial Legislature, and then began to manifest the most advanced opposition to the colonial policy of England. In 1774, appeared in a pamphlet form his *Summary View of the Rights of British America*, which ably and boldly set forth our rights, and pointed out the various violations of those rights by the English government. Jefferson was one of the delegates from Virginia who moved that Congress should declare the United Colonies free and independent States. In the committee appointed to frame the declaration, and consisting of Adams, Franklin, Sherman, Livingston, and Jefferson, the last-named was made chairman, and requested to draw up a paper setting forth the causes and the necessity of resorting to arms. His draft was adopted, with some slight modifications, and, on the Fourth of July, 1776, was adopted by Congress.

Jefferson was successively Governor of his own State, Minister in Paris, Secretary of State, Vice-President, and, finally, in 1801, President of the United States. It was at the time he held the office of Secretary, that the rivalry broke out between him and Hamilton, which divided the country into two great parties, the Federalists and the Anti-Federalists.\* We may here be satisfied with the remark, that this division of parties has prompted the unbounded praise and censure respectively lavished upon their great leaders. After two terms of presidency, Jefferson retired to his coun-

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\* The Federalists, so far as the leading principle is concerned, are represented by the Republican party of to-day. The Anti-Federalists, called Republicans as early as 1798, have since 1832 come under the denomination of Democrats.

try-seat, at Monticello, and, for the remainder of his career, lived the life of a planter and student. The unstinted hospitality with which he received his numberless visitors, so much straitened his resources that he came to the determination of selling his library to Congress for twenty thousand dollars. It consisted of about seven thousand volumes, and was arranged under the Baconian classification of memory, reason or judgment, and imagination. His interest in the cause of education led to the foundation of the University of Virginia, of which he filled the duties of first Rector.

In the midst of his political strifes, Jefferson wrote his *Notes on Virginia*, which gave a favorable impression of the writer. His *Manual of Parliamentary Practice* is still referred to as an authority, at Washington and elsewhere. His *Autobiography*, coming up to the year 1790, and his *Correspondence* from 1775 to his death, were published in 1829 by his grandson, T. J. Randolph. The *Autobiography* is far from possessing the charm of Franklin's. The *Correspondence* seems to have been written with great care. It is indeed by his private letters, as much as by his public acts, that Jefferson wielded an effective power through the length and breadth of the country. In general, his style is easy, flexible, and familiar; at times, very vigorous; at others, diffuse. The reader of his works should be on guard against those portions of them in which he assails Christianity, and, in particular, the authority of the Scriptures. "But, indeed, it is hardly conceivable," says Allibone, "that any intelligent and candid mind could be perverted by the crudities and self-contradictory sophisms which distinguish the theological speculations of the sage of Monticello." Many of his views on religion, morals, and politics, were but reflexes of the radicalism of the

French revolution, of which he had been a sympathizing spectator.

Thomas Jefferson died on the Fourth of July, 1826, just half a century from the date of the Declaration of Independence.

PASSAGE OF THE POTOMAC THROUGH THE BLUE RIDGE.

(From *Notes on Virginia*.)

The passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge is perhaps one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain a hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Potomac, seeking a passage also. In the moment of their juncture, they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea. The first glance at this scene hurries our senses into the opinion that this earth has been created in time; that the mountains were formed first; that the rivers began to flow afterwards; that, in this place particularly, they have been dammed up by the Blue Ridge Mountains, and have formed an ocean which filled the whole valley; that, continuing to rise, they have at length broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down from its summit to its base. The piles of rocks on each hand, but particularly on the Shenandoah, the evident marks of their disrapture and avulsion from their beds by the most powerful agents of nature, corroborate the impression. But the distant finishing which Nature has given to the picture is of a very different character. It is a true contrast to the foreground. It is as placid and delightful as that is wild and tremendous. For, the mountain being cloven asunder, she presents to your eye, through the cleft, a small catch of smooth blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you, as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring around, to pass through the breach, and participate of the calm below. Here the eye ultimately composes itself; and that way, too, the road happens actually to lead. You cross the Potomac above its junction, pass along its side through the base of the mountain for three miles, its terrible precipices hanging in fragments over you, and within about twenty miles reach Fredericktown, and the fine country round that. This scene is worth a voyage across



the Atlantic. Yet here, as in the neighborhood of the Natural Bridge, are people who have passed their lives within half a dozen miles, and have never been to survey these monuments of a war between rivers and mountains, which must have shaken the earth itself to its centre.

#### CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and, as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. He was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and, certainly, no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But, if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in a readjustment. The consequence was, that he often failed in the field, but rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration was maturely weighed; refraining, if he saw a doubt; but, when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was the most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man.

His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bounds, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility, but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine; his stature exactly what one



would wish; his deportment easy, erect, and noble; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although, in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world; for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying, at a late day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors. On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect; in nothing bad, in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said, that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of her government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down to a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

### JOHN JAY, 1745-1829.

John Jay, one of our leading statesmen and political writers, was born in the city of New York, in 1745. After graduating at King's College, he entered upon the study of the law. In 1774, he was chosen a delegate to the first American Congress, and as a member of a committee wrote the *Address to the People of Great Britain*, one of the most eloquent productions of the time. He contributed five numbers to *The Fed-*

*eralist*. These and other political papers of Jay are no less distinguished for purity of style than for depth of reasoning. We must, however, take exception to his spirit of bigotry, which made him an advanced scout of Knownothingism.

Jay filled important posts, as those of Minister to Spain, negotiator of the peace with Great Britain, Secretary of State, Chief Justice of the United States, and Governor of his own State—abundant honors and employments, which left him nearly thirty years of rural retirement at Bedford, N. Y., where he died in 1829.

(From the *Address of the New York Convention to the People of that State*, 1775.)

Under the auspices and direction of Divine Providence, your forefathers removed to the wilds and wilderness of America. By their industry, they made it fruitful—and by their virtue, a happy country. And we should still have enjoyed the blessings of peace and plenty, if we had not forgotten the source from which these blessings flowed; and permitted our country to be contaminated by the many shameful vices which have prevailed among us.

It is a well-known truth, that no virtuous people were ever oppressed; and it is also true, that a scourge was never wanting to those of an opposite character. Even the Jews, those favorites of Heaven, met with the frowns, whenever they forgot the smiles, of their benevolent Creator. By tyrants of Egypt, of Babylon, of Syria, and of Rome, they were severely chastised; and those tyrants themselves, when they had executed the vengeance of Almighty God, their own crimes bursting on their own heads, received the rewards justly due to their violation of the sacred rights of mankind.

You were born equally free with the Jews, and have as good a right to be exempted from the arbitrary domination of Britain, as they had from the invasions of Egypt, Babylon, Syria, or Rome. But they, for their wickedness, were permitted to be scourged by the latter; and we, for our wickedness, are scourged by tyrants as cruel and implacable as those. Our case, however, is peculiarly distinguished from theirs. Their enemies were strangers, unenlightened, and bound to them by

no ties of gratitude or consanguinity. Our enemies, on the contrary, call themselves Christians. They are of a nation and people bound to us by the strongest ties—a people, by whose side we have fought and bled; whose power we have contributed to raise; who owe much of their wealth to our industry, and whose grandeur has been augmented by our exertions. . . .

You may be told that your forts have been taken; your country ravaged; and that, therefore, God is not with you. It is true that some forts have been taken, that our country hath been ravaged, and that our Maker is displeased with us. But it is also true that the King of Heaven is not, like the King of Britain, implacable. If we turn from our sins, He will turn from his anger. Then will our arms be crowned with success, and the pride and power of our enemies, like the arrogance and pride of Nebuchadnezzar, will vanish away. Let a general reformation of manners take place—let universal charity, public spirit, and private virtue be inculcated, encouraged, and practised. Unite in preparing for a vigorous defence of your country, as if all depended on your own exertions. And when you have done all things, then rely upon the good providence of Almighty God for success, in full confidence that without his blessing, all our efforts will inevitably fail. . . .

### JOHN TRUMBULL, 1750–1831.

John Trumbull, the author of *McFingal*, was the son of a Congregational minister, in the district of Watertown, Connecticut. Sent to Yale, he was graduated with great honors at the age of seventeen, and then remained three years longer at the institution, devoting himself principally to the study of polite letters. In 1771, he became tutor at the College, and, in the following year, published his *Progress of Dulness*, a satirical poem in octo-syllabic measure. In the first part, he exposes to ridicule the methods of education that then prevailed. Tom Brainless, a country clown, too indolent to follow the plough, is sent by his weak-

minded parents to a college, where a degree is gained by a residence; and, soon after, he appears as a full-wigged parson, half-fanatic, half-fool, to do his share towards bringing Christianity into contempt. "In the second part, a blow is aimed at the coxcombrity of fashionable life in the person of Dick Hairbrain, a conceited and idle fop. The third part describes the life and fortunes of Miss Harriet Simper, who, in ignorance and folly, if not in hooped rotundity, is the counterpart of the said Hairbrain, by whose charms she is captivated. But, failing in her efforts, she consoles herself, in later years, with the love of the profound Brainless, and their marriage concludes the poem."

At the termination of the war, in 1782, Trumbull completed *McFingal*, the first part of which he had published as early as 1775. This poem is modelled upon Hudibras in the construction of its verse and many of its turns of humor; but it is American in its ideas and subject-matter. President Dwight of Yale College says of it, that "it is not inferior in wit and humor to Hudibras, and in every other respect is superior." The hero, *McFingal*, is a Scottish justice of the peace, residing in the vicinity of Boston, an unyielding loyalist, who endeavors to make proselytes to the British cause by arguments which militate against himself. His zeal and logic are together irresistibly ludicrous, but there is nothing in its character unnatural, as it is common for men who read more than they think, or attempt to discuss questions they do not understand, to use arguments which refute the positions they wish to defend. In the midst of his discussion, *McFingal* is seized by his enemies of the opposite political party, "tried by the mob, convicted of violent Toryism, and tarred and feathered. On being set at liberty, he assembles his friends around him in his cel-

lar, and harangues them until they are dispersed by the Whigs, when he escapes to Boston. These are all the important incidents of the story, yet it is never tedious ; and few commence reading it, who do not follow it to the end and regret its termination."

For many years, Trumbull was a member of the State Legislature of Connecticut, and, in 1801, was appointed a judge of the Superior Court. In 1825, he removed to the residence of his daughter in the city of Detroit, where he died in 1831.

#### PHILIP FRENEAU, 1752-1832.

Philip Freneau, a popular political versifier in the period of the American Revolution, was born in New York city of a Huguenot family. In 1771, we find him a graduate of Princeton College, in the same class with James Madison, with whom he continued afterwards to be in close intimacy. During the Revolutionary war, he published those pieces of political burlesque and invective, which made his name familiar and popular throughout the country. He parodied in an amusing manner the speeches of the king and his ministers; and every event on sea or land he celebrated in verses easily understood, and none the less admired, perhaps, for a dash of coarseness, by which most of them are characterized.

In the editorials of the *National Gazette*, in 1792 and 1793, the first examples were given by Freneau of that partisan abuse which has ever since been the shame of American politics. For many years he was engaged in seafaring. The second war with Great Britain, in 1812, gave him a new occasion to write songs and ballads.

Freneau was a man of considerable genius ; his ap-

preciation of nature was tender and sympathetic; his classical knowledge extensive, his pen versatile and ever ready; but his execution was oftentimes careless. He wrote many small poems, some of them of uncommon freshness and originality, but he left no great work, standing as a monument to his memory. His best pieces are *The Pictures of Columbus*, *The Indian Student*, *The Indian Burying-ground*, *The Man of Ninety*, and *May to April*. Philip Freneau died near Freehold, New Jersey, December, 1832.

## MAY TO APRIL.

Without your showers  
I breed no flowers;  
Each field a barren waste appears:  
If you don't weep,  
My blossoms sleep,  
They take such pleasure in your tears.

As your decay  
Makes room for May,  
So I must part with all that's mine;  
My balmy breeze,  
My blooming trees,  
To torrid zones their sweets resign.

For April dead  
My shades I spread,  
To her I owe my dress so gay;  
Of daughters three  
It falls on me  
To close our triumphs on one day.

Thus to repose  
All nature goes,  
Month after month must find its doom;  
Time on the wing,  
May ends the Spring,  
And Summer frolics o'er her tomb.



## THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE.

Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,  
 Hid in this silent dull retreat,  
 Untouched thy honeyed blossoms blow,  
 Unseen thy little branches greet:  
 No roving foot shall crush thee here,  
 No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,  
 She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,  
 And planted here the guardian shade,  
 And sent soft waters murmuring by;  
 Thus quietly thy summer goes,  
 Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with these charms that must decay,  
 I grieve to see your future doom,  
 They died,—nor were those flowers more gay,  
 The flowers that did in Eden bloom;  
 Unpitying frosts and Autumn's power  
 Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews  
 At first thy little being came:  
 If nothing once, you nothing lose,  
 For when you die you are the same;  
 The space between is but an hour,  
 The frail duration of a flower.

## JAMES MADISON, 1751–1836.

James Madison, the fourth President of the United States, was born in King George County, Virginia, in 1751. Whilst at Princeton College, he so conducted himself as to merit this honorable testimonial from its President, Witherspoon, that, in his whole career at the College, he had never known him to say or do an indiscreet thing. The excessive application of Madison to his studies injured his health. He at times allowed himself but three hours' sleep, giving to his books

the rest of the twenty-four hours. He held several important offices in his own State, was a Member of Congress in 1780, and a Delegate to the Convention appointed to frame the Constitution. The notes which he took of the proceedings of the Convention are, with Yates' Secret Debates, among the most valuable materials of our country's history. They were published in 1840. It is no mean part of his glory, as a patriot and constitutional writer, that twenty-nine essays of *The Federalist* are from his pen. All his writings would make about fifteen octavo volumes. They are chiefly on constitutional, political, and historical subjects, but among them are some relating to eminent persons and of a miscellaneous character, which on this account are more generally interesting. His style is clear, exact, and justly modulated.

After serving two presidential terms, Madison retired to his home in Virginia. With the exception of his visits to Charlottesville, in his capacity of Rector of the University of Virginia, he passed his time in his retreat, in the pursuits of literature and the study of natural history. He expired calmly, in 1836, at the age of eighty-five. Shortly before his death, as if to gather up the great constitutional lessons of his life, he penned these sentences of advice to his countrymen: "The advice nearest to my heart, and dearest to my convictions is, that the union of the States be cherished and perpetuated. Let the avowed enemy to it be regarded as a Pandora, with her box opened; and the disguised one, as the serpent creeping with deadly wiles into Paradise."

## THIRD PERIOD.

## THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

*Character of the Period—Charles Brockden Brown—Joseph Dennie—William Wirt—John Marshall—James Hillhouse—John England—Washington Allston—Edgar Allan Poe—John C. Calhoun—Fenimore Cooper—Daniel Webster—Lydia H. Sigourney—William H. Prescott—Washington Irving—Robert Walsh—James Paulding—Nathaniel Hawthorne—Fitz-Greene Halleck—Jared Sparks—George Ticknor—Archbishop Spalding—O. A. Brownson—William C. Bryant—Richard H. Dana—Ralph Waldo Emerson—Henry W. Longfellow—Isaac T. Hecker—George Bancroft—Francis Parkman—Charles Warren Stoddard—Francis Marion Crawford—Other Writers.*

## CHARACTER OF THE PERIOD.

DURING the nineteenth century, our literature has developed in all branches, and assumed vast proportions. The periodical literature, especially as seen in the essay, criticism, or the short story, has spread everywhere through the country. Journals, magazines, reviews are published even in the remotest and smallest towns. In quantity, therefore, the literature of America may fairly compete with that of other countries; but it has not as yet reached the distinctive tone and dignity of a national literature. It is still more English than American. The United States as yet have produced no acknowledged great master in any kind of poetry, in history, in fiction. We may, however, congratulate ourselves on respectable names, which Europe has not hesitated to recognize, as Poe, Bryant, and Longfellow, in poetry; Prescott, Irving, and Bancroft, in history; Hawthorne, Cooper, and Crawford, in fiction. In review-writing, there is one writer, Orestes A. Brownson, who, for depth of thought, for strength and limpidity of language, may compare favorably with English writers in the same line. The utilitarian, rather

than imaginative or artistic, turn of the American mind; the superficial education of the upper classes, which renders them easily satisfied with crude productions, the haste of the writers themselves, apparent in their want of thoroughness and finish, the comparative youth of a country inhabited by many races that have not yet perfectly coalesced—these and other causes have made our literature rather provincial and feeble. But we may expect that the more general and more intense eagerness after knowledge, which is felt in all classes of society, will produce greater results than those already achieved.

The multiplication of our colleges and universities, the founding especially of the universities of Chicago, California, and Johns Hopkins, with their powerful means of investigation, their scientific methods, their facility of imparting and spreading knowledge, give great promise for the future. But there are two great evils—a growing spirit of infidelity and a morbid appetite for the sensational novel—which, by their mischievous influence on the mind and the heart, may thwart our best hopes, and disappoint us of the precious fruits of literature which we had a right to expect. Besides the causes that have impeded the progress of non-Catholic writers, Catholics have heretofore met with peculiar disadvantages, such as the hostility of the Protestant press, the small number of Catholic writers, and the difficulty, with the present legislation, of having flourishing schools of their own. As representatives of the period, we may name Matthew Carey, Robert Walsh, John England, O. A. Brownson, John Hughes, F. P. Kenrick, M. J. Spalding, I. T. Hecker, John Boyle O'Reilly, Brother Azarias, besides many living writers. The periodicals most conspicuous in directing and representing Catholic opinion were or are: *The U. S. Catholic Miscellany*, *The Metropolitan*, *The U. S. Catholic Magazine*, *Brownson's Review*, *The Catholic World*, and the *Catholic*

Quarterly. The Catholic University, at Washington, by elevating and centring the educational efforts of Catholics, will prepare the way for higher intellectual results.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN, 1771-1810.

Charles Brockden Brown, descended from a highly respectable Quaker family, whose ancestors emigrated with William Penn, was born in Philadelphia, in 1771. It is somewhat remarkable that the first of our novelists, as well as the first of our painters, Benjamin West, should have sprung from a sect, which, in principle and practice, eschews imagination. Brown was not only the first person in America that ventured to pursue literature as a profession, but almost the first to make an attempt in the field of purely imaginative writing. We find him in 1798 contributing a series of papers, entitled *The Man at Home*, to the Weekly Magazine, a miscellany of some merit, published in Philadelphia. In the same year appeared *Wieland*. The success of this novel was immediate, and so stimulating to its author that, in the December after its publication, he wrote *Ormond, or The Secret Witness*. Then came in close succession the first part of *Mervyn ; Edgar Huntly, or Adventures of a Sleep-Walker* ; the second part of *Mervyn ; Clara Howard*, and *Jane Talbot*. All these novels are of the intensely terrific school, and such as do not leave the most pleasant impressions on the mind. Extravagant and consummate depravity actuates too many of the characters. The scenes may rivet attention, and the plots excite the keenest curiosity ; yet, they pain the heart beyond the privilege of fiction, and leave in the imagination only a crowd of terrific phantasms. None of Brown's novels can be said to possess unity in the details, or to be finished in the general design and execution.

In 1799, he published the first number of *The Monthly Magazine and American Review*. This work he continued with great industry and ability until the end of the year 1806. In 1805, he commenced another journal with the title of *The Literary Magazine and American Register*. In 1806, he entered upon a new work, a semi-annual *American Register*, five volumes of which he lived to complete and publish; it is now and must long be consulted as a valuable body of annals.

JOSEPH DENNIE, 1768–1812.

Joseph Dennie, the author of *The Lay Preacher*, was born in Boston, in the year 1768. He studied the classics at Harvard, where he was graduated in 1790. Having found little encouragement in the profession of the law, which he had adopted, he relinquished it for literary pursuits, and established in Boston a weekly paper, called *The Tatler*. But it lived scarcely three months; and Dennie, upon invitation, became, in 1795, the editor, and afterwards, the conductor of the *Farmers' Museum*, published at Walpole, New Hampshire. In this periodical appeared his *Lay Preacher*, or short sermons for idle readers, which had the fault of irreverence in taking from Scripture its texts for familiar discussion; and *The Farrago*, a series of essays full of warm apprehension of the poetic beauties of life and literature. In the year 1799, he moved to Philadelphia, where, in 1801, he established *The Portfolio*, first issued as a weekly publication, afterwards changed to a monthly magazine, which he conducted until his death, in 1812, and which was continued with varied success till 1827.

“He enjoyed,” says Allibone, “great reputation as a writer during his life and for some years after his



decease. Patriarchs of the 'lean and slippered pantaloons'—who perhaps composed a part of the 'mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease' about the beginning of the nineteenth century—still extol the melodious cadence and liquid flow of the essays of the American Addison. We ourselves are so old-fashioned as to consider Dennie a charming writer." Dennie possessed a delicate taste, a polished style, a rich fund of information; he did much to refine the taste of the people and give them a relish for literary pursuits; but he was deficient in industry and discretion, and gradually destroyed, by his imprudence, his bodily constitution as well as all hopes of fortune. He died in absolute poverty, at the early age of forty-four—a victim to anxiety and complicated disease.

#### WILLIAM WIRT, 1772-1834.

William Wirt, a distinguished lawyer, author of the *Life of Patrick Henry*, was born in Bladensburg, Maryland, in 1772. At fifteen, he had qualified himself to become a private tutor in the family of a schoolmate, who had sounded the praises of his companion to his father. In 1795, he took up his residence in Virginia, and entered upon public life as clerk of the House of Delegates. Under the presidency of Monroe, he became Attorney-General of the United States, an office which he filled for twelve years. The earliest of his literary productions was his *Letters of the British Spy*, ten in number, mainly occupied with the writer's studies of eloquence, and observations of the leading public speakers of the country. He published a large number of short essays in the *Richmond Enquirer*. His *Life of Patrick Henry*, the most important, in its subject and interest, of his literary productions, was published in 1817.

In the latter part of the year 1828, Wirt removed to Baltimore, where he resided for the remainder of his life. The Anti-Masonic Convention that assembled in that city in 1831, nominated him as their candidate for the presidency of the United States. Although he obtained the vote of but a single State, it was generally admitted that the election of such a man would have been an honor to the country. He died of an attack of erysipelas, in February, 1834. "The Southern temperament," says Duyckinck, "lives in Wirt's writings—luxuriant, prodigal, self-reproachful for its uncertain pursuit of advantages, imperfect because its own standard is high—but colored with a warm flush of feeling. At the bar, his eminent professional reputation is preserved with the annals of our highest courts, and in some of their most important causes."

### JOHN MARSHALL, 1755-1835.

John Marshall, author of the *Life of Washington*, for thirty-five years Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, was born in Fauquier County, Virginia, September 24th, 1755. Although his early education was that of a soldier, and comparatively limited, his vigorous intellect and judicial mind soon gained him eminence in another field of action—the bar. When the Constitution of the United States was ratified, in 1788, by the Virginia Convention, he was a member of that body, and he ably seconded its provisions. In 1797, he was sent in conjunction with Pinkney and Gerry on a mission to the French Directory; and, although the attempt at negotiation was unsuccessful, his letters to the subtle Talleyrand, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, are considered as admirable specimens of diplomacy. During the short period

that he was in Congress, he ranked among the ablest of that body. In 1801, he became Chief Justice of the United States, an office with which his name is inseparably connected, on account of the learning, intelligence, and integrity with which he preserved unsullied till his death the purity and sanctity of the ermine. 'The idea of the Supreme Court having power to set aside legislative acts as unconstitutional and void, is due principally to the views and interpretations of Chief Justice Marshall.\*' In 1805, appeared his *Life of Washington* in five octavo volumes, for the composition of which he obtained valuable original papers. As a narrative, it is faithful, conscientious, reliable, and interesting.

It is impossible to speak too highly of the public and private worth of this illustrious man. Remarkable for simplicity of manners and kindness of heart, he bore public honors as no one more meekly. Anecdotes of the simplicity of Chief Justice Marshall are numerous. On one occasion, at the old market in Richmond, meeting a fashionably dressed youth who was putting on the airs of an exquisite, and hearing him call for some one to take home for him a turkey which he had just purchased, the judge humorously offered himself. He was in his usual plain dress, and the youth, taking him for a countryman, accepted his services. The judge carried the turkey home, and actually received for his trouble a coin, which proved a costly retainer to the young man in the chagrin he endured, when he found that his porter was the Chief Justice of the United States.

Towards the close of his life, having been for some months in feeble health, he visited Philadelphia, that he might have the benefit of the most skilful medical aid, and died in that city on the sixth of July, 1835.

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\* Words, in substance, of William Pinkney White.

Four years later, in 1839, there was published in Boston a work upon *The Federal Constitution*, comprising Marshall's leading decisions in the Supreme Court, a lasting monument of his learning and wisdom.

JAMES A. HILLHOUSE, 1791-1841.

James A. Hillhouse, principally known as a dramatic writer, was born in New Haven, in 1789. He was remarkable in his boyhood for his strength and dexterity in athletic exercises, and for the grace of his deportment. At the age of fifteen he was entered at Yale, and maintained a high rank in his studies, particularly in English composition. The literary credit which he obtained at college by his oration *On the Education of a Poet*, took wider proportions when, in 1812, he published his first poem, *The Judgment, a Vision*, which describes the awful scenes of the Last Day. It was received with enthusiastic praise on both sides of the Atlantic, but it has not kept its ground. For twelve years our poet then engaged in commercial pursuits, meanwhile producing *Percy's Masque*, a drama in five acts. In the language of W. C. Bryant, his fellow-poet, 'there is no powerful development of character, but the characters are consistent and well sustained.' He was congratulated on having escaped a florid and declamatory manner, and advised to study a style still more idiomatic and easy. In 1824 came *Hadad*, a sacred drama, much praised at the time, and still generally considered as his best poem. Hillhouse is also the author of several orations, the principal of which are the Phi Beta Kappa discourse *On some of the Considerations which should influence an Epic or a Tragic writer in the Choice of an Era*; the *Discourse on the Relations of Literature to a Republican Government*,

and that in *Commemoration of the Life and Services of General Lafayette*; they are all characterized as thoughtful, energetic, and very polished.

He died in 1841.

### JOHN ENGLAND, 1786-1842.

John England, Bishop of Charleston, a man of transcendent and varied ability, was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1786. He received all the advantages that the schools of his native city afforded before he reached his fifteenth year; and, having consecrated himself to the service of the sanctuary, he completed his education at the theological college of Carlow. Among his early ministerial functions, are mentioned his appointment as lecturer at the Cathedral of Cork, and his superintendence, in 1809, of a monthly periodical, *The Religious Repertory*, which he originated with the object of supplanting, by a more healthy nutriment, the corrupt literature current among the people. He was also active in various charitable works, and indefatigable in his attendance on the victims of pestilence and the inmates of prisons. In 1812, he took a conspicuous part, as a political writer, in the discussion of the subject of Catholic emancipation. In 1817, he was appointed parish priest of Bandon, where he remained until made by the Pope bishop of the newly established See of Charleston, embracing the two Carolinas and Georgia. He was consecrated in Ireland, but refused to take the oath of allegiance to the British government, customary on such occasions, declaring his intention to become naturalized in the United States. He arrived at Charleston, December 31st, 1820. One of his first acts was the establishment of a theological seminary, to which a classical and scientific academy was attached. Corre-

sponding exertions in behalf of Protestants in the matter of education, acquired for the bishop the honorable title of Restorer of classical learning in Charleston.

He also rallied about him the chivalry of South Carolina, in the formation of an Anti-duelling Society, of which Gen. Thos. Pinckney, of Revolutionary fame, was the venerable president; and found time, amidst his various occupations, to establish the *United States Catholic Miscellany*, and supply its columns with a vast amount of original matter.

He was so active in the discharge of his duties and in his ordinary movements, that, on his visits to Rome, four of which occurred during his episcopate, he was called by the Cardinals *il vescovo a vapore*. It was on his return from the last of these journeys that, in consequence of his exertions as priest and physician among the steerage passengers of the ship in which he sailed, he contracted a disease which impaired his health, and terminated fatally in 1842.

The collected works of Bishop England bear testimony to his literary industry as well as ability. They extend to five large octavo volumes of five hundred pages each, closely printed in double column. They treat principally of controversial and historical matters. Among the spirited addresses printed in these volumes, we may point particularly to those *On Classical Education*, *On the Pleasures of the Scholars*, *On the Origin and History of the Duel*, *On the Character of Washington*. All his writings, marked as they are by force and elegance of style, give but a faint idea of that stirring eloquence, interspersed with genuine Celtic wit, which seemed ever ready to come forth, and was sure to bring together crowds of admiring hearers.



## THE DUELLIST'S HONOR.

Honor is the acquisition and preservation of the dignity of our nature: that dignity consists in its perfection; that perfection is found in observing the laws of our Creator; the laws of the Creator are the dictates of reason and of religion: that is, the observance of what He teaches us by the natural light of our own minds, and by the special revelations of His will manifestly given. They both concur in teaching us that individuals have not the dominion of their own lives. . . .

Man, then, has not power over his own life; much less is he justified in depriving another human being of life. Upon what ground can he who engages in a duel, through the fear of ignominy, lay claim to courage? Unfortunate delinquent! Do you not see by how many links your victim was bound to a multitude of others? Does his vain and idle resignation of his title to life absolve you from the enormous claims which society has upon you for his services,—his family for that support, of which you have robbed them, without your own enrichment? Go, stand over that body; call back that soul which you have driven from its tenement; take up that hand which your pride refused to touch, not one hour ago. You have, in your pride and wrath, usurped *one* prerogative of God—you have inflicted death. At least, in mercy, attempt the exercise of *another*; breathe into those distended nostrils,—let your brother be once more a living soul! Merciful Father! how powerless are we for good, but how mighty for evil! Wretched man! he does not answer,—he cannot rise. All your efforts to make him breathe are vain. His soul is already in the presence of your common Creator. Like the wretched Cain, will you answer, “Am I my brother’s keeper?” Why do you turn away from the contemplation of your own honorable work? Yes, go far as you will, still the admonition will ring in your ears: *It was by your hand he fell!* The horrid instrument of death is still in that hand, and the stain of blood upon your soul. Fly, if you will,—go to that house which you have filled with desolation. It is the shriek of his widow,—they are the cries of his children,—the broken sobs of his parent;—and, amidst the wailings, you distinctly hear the voice of imprecation on your own guilty head! Will your *honorable* feelings be content with this? Have you *now* had abundant and gentlemanly satisfaction?

## WASHINGTON ALLSTON, 1779-1843.

Washington Allston, a writer of elegance, both in poetry and prose, and a great historical painter, was born at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1779. At the age of seventeen, he was sent to New England to complete his education, and was graduated at Harvard College, in 1800. He then returned to Charleston, and disposing of his share of the paternal inheritance at some sacrifice, with a view to the support of his studies abroad, he embarked for London in 1801, and became a student of the Royal Academy of Painting, at that time under the presidency of Benjamin West. For three years, he applied himself closely to the more secret labors of his art, and laid securely the foundations of his future eminence. In 1804, he visited Paris, where so many masterpieces of art were then collected, and after a few months proceeded to Rome to study the great masters. In 1811, he resumed his residence in London, and produced his first historical picture, the *Dead Man Revived*, which was purchased by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Several others of his finest paintings he likewise executed during his sojourn in Europe, which extended to 1818. Nor was his pencil alone busy; in 1813, he published a small volume entitled *The Sylphs of the Seasons, and other Poems*, which was republished in this country and gave him a high rank among the poets of America. About the year 1830, he began the preparation of a course of lectures on art to be delivered before a select audience in Boston; but only four were completed, and these did not appear until after his death. They show the vigorous grasp, the intense love, the keen perception which we should naturally look for from such a mas-

ter. In 1841, he published *Monaldi*, an Italian story of jealousy, murder, and madness, much praised for its conception and language.

In the latter part of his life, he was chiefly engaged on his great unfinished painting of Balthasar's Feast, though enfeebled by ill health and advancing years. Amidst days passed in the exercise of his beautiful art, and evenings occupied with literary recreations, or in delighting by his conversation and singular amenity of manners a circle of chosen friends, or of younger artists, his life was closed by a sudden but gentle death, in 1843, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

#### AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

All hail! thou noble land,  
 Our fathers' native soil!  
 O, stretch thy mighty hand,  
 Gigantic grown by toil,  
 O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore;  
 For thou with magic might  
 Canst reach to where the light  
 Of Phœbus travels bright  
 The world o'er!

The genius of our clime,  
 From his pine-embattled steep,  
 Shall hail the guest sublime;  
 While the Tritons of the deep  
 With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.  
 Then let the world combine,—  
 O'er the main our naval line  
 Like the milky way shall shine  
 Bright in fame!

Though ages long have past  
 Since our fathers left their home,  
 Their pilot in the blast,  
 O'er untravelled seas to roam,

Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!  
And shall we not proclaim  
That blood of honest fame,  
Which no tyranny can tame  
By its chains?

While the language free and bold  
Which the Bard of Avon sung,  
In which our Milton told  
How the vault of heaven rung,  
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host:—  
While this, with reverence meet,  
Ten thousand echoes greet,  
From rock to rock repeat  
Round our coast;—

While the manners, while the arts,  
That mould a nation's soul,  
Still cling around our hearts,—  
Between let Ocean roll,  
Our joint communion breaking with the sun:  
Yet still from either beach  
The voice of blood shall reach,  
More audible than speech,  
“We are one.”

EDGAR ALLAN POE, 1809-1849.

This genius, of strange and melancholy interest, was born in Boston. His father, a well-born native of Maryland, had married, at the early age of eighteen, a young English actress. At their death, Edgar, then two years old, was adopted by a wealthy merchant of Richmond, and the name of his kind benefactor, Allan, was thereafter given him.

His adopted parents having no children, petted the beautiful boy, and indulged him in every wish. In 1816, he was taken to England and placed at a school, where he stayed for some years. Returning to America, he continued his studies at the University of Vir-

ginia. It was here that the fatal fruit of indulgence developed into a passion for gambling, whence arose the first rupture between the young student and his liberal patron. The difficulty reconciled, Poe was permitted to go to West Point, where, soon disgusted with military restraints, he deliberately effected his own expulsion. After this, came a final breach with Mr. Allan, and all hopes of inheritance were blasted forever.

Sensitive, proud, wayward, and melancholy, pampered in all the requirements of wealth to the utter neglect of his moral education, Poe was thus suddenly thrown on the world. One of the saddest defects in his nature was a piteous susceptibility to the influence of liquor, in which the slightest indulgence was sure to result in excess.

Under such shadows, the genius of Poe was extorted, rather than called into play. His literary record is one of long suffering, want, and discouragement; yet no American author perhaps has left so enduring a name to posterity. "A man," says Lowell, "whose remarkable genius it were folly to deny," his works have attracted much notice abroad, where the kindred spirit of Gustave Doré has thrown a new lustre upon them.

Poe's writings bear always the stamp of originality. His *Poems* and *Tales* are alike characterized by a keen sense of beauty, and subtle power of analysis, and a masterly skill of forcible expression. A morbid delight in the sombre-grotesque, a 'revel in the region of sighs,' as he terms it, depresses and thrills with the strange power of dreams, and leaves us in almost unmitigated gloom. His *Hymn* to the Mother of God, if it truly expresses the author's religious convictions, is the one star that 'flickers up to heaven through the

night' of his clouded existence. *The Raven*, *The Bells*, and *Annabel Lee*, are his best-known poems. Among his tales, *The Fall of the House of Usher*, *The Gold Bug*, *The Black Cat*, *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, and *The Purloined Letter*, are perhaps the most celebrated.

As a critic, Poe is sometimes a cold and cruel dissector; but he is never commonplace, never vague, never personal, nor cringing. In his short essay on *The Poetic Principle* he justly points to supernal Loveliness as the ideal which the poet's soul must struggle to apprehend. "Thus, when by poetry, or when by music, the most entrancing of the poetic moods, we find ourselves melted into tears, we weep then, not through excess of pleasure, but through a certain petulant, impatient sorrow at our inability to grasp now, wholly, here on earth, at once and for ever, those divine and rapturous joys of which, *through* the poem or *through* the music, we attain to but brief and indeterminate glimpses. All that the world has ever been enabled to understand and to feel as poetic is the result of a wild effort to reach the Beauty above." Poetry he defines as the *rhythmical creation of beauty*. This highly-gifted but unfortunate poet was carried away by brain fever, the effect of supposed drugging and exposure. The estimate of Poe's genius has steadily increased, and a monument has been solemnly erected over his tomb in the city of Baltimore.

#### THE HAUNTED PALACE.

In the greenest of our valleys,  
By good angels tenanted,  
Once a fair and stately palace—  
Radiant palace—reared its head.  
In the monarch Thought's dominion—  
It stood there!  
Never seraph spread a pinion  
Over fabric half so fair!



Banners yellow, glorious, golden,  
On its roof did float and flow,  
(This—all this—was in the olden  
Time long ago.)  
And every gentle air that dallied,  
In that sweet day,  
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,  
A winged odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,  
Through two luminous windows, saw  
Spirits moving musically,  
To a lute's well-tuned law,  
Round about a throne where, sitting  
(Porphyrogene!)  
In state his glory well-befitting,  
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing  
Was the fair palace door,  
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,  
And sparkling evermore,  
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty  
Was but to sing,  
In voices of surpassing beauty,  
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,  
Assailed the monarch's high estate,  
(Ah, let us mourn!—for never morrow  
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)  
And round about his home the glory  
That blushed and bloomed,  
Is but a dim-remembered story  
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers, now, within that valley,  
Through the red-litten windows see  
Vast forms, that move fantastically  
To a discordant melody,  
While, like a ghastly, rapid river,  
Through the pale door,  
A hideous throng rush out forever  
And laugh, but smile no more.

## JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN, 1782-1850.

John C. Calhoun, one of the most influential orators and statesmen that the South has produced, was descended from an Irish family settled in the district of Abbeville, S. C. From his boyhood, he was serious, ardent, tenacious, and an assiduous reader of history and metaphysics. At the age of twenty, he joined the Junior class at Yale, and, two years later, was graduated with first honors. He studied law and practised at the bar, but soon he entered the political field, where, for forty-two years, he labored diligently as Representative, Secretary of War and of State, Vice-President, and Senator. "His eloquence was part of his intellectual character. It was plain, strong, terse, condensed, concise; sometimes impassioned, still always severe."\* During the last two years of his life, he composed *A Disquisition on Government, and a Discourse on the Constitution and Government of the United States*, which appeared only after his death together with his *Speeches delivered in the House of Representatives, and in the Senate of the United States*. Calhoun was ever the most decided and uncompromising advocate of free trade and State sovereignty. His private life was remarkable for the simplicity and purity of his tastes, the courtesy of his manners, and the force of his conversation.

(From the *Speech on the Force Bill*.)

It is said that the bill ought to pass, because the law must be enforced. The law must be enforced! The imperial edict must be executed! It is under such sophistry, couched in general terms, without looking to the limitations which must ever exist in the practical exercise of power, that the most cruel and despotic acts ever have been covered. It was such sophistry as this that cast Daniel into the lions' den, and the three

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\* Daniel Webster.

innocents into the fiery furnace. Under the same sophistry, the bloody edicts of Nero and Caligula were executed. The law must be enforced. Yes, the act imposing the 'tea-tax must be executed.' This was the very argument which impelled Lord North and his administration to that mad career which forever separated us from the British crown. Under a similar sophistry, 'that religion must be protected,' how many massacres have been perpetrated? and how many martyrs have been tied to the stake? What! acting on this vague abstraction, are you prepared to enforce a law without considering whether it be just or unjust, constitutional or unconstitutional? Will you collect money when it is acknowledged that it is not wanted? He who earns the money, who digs it from the earth with the sweat of his brow, has a just title to it against the universe. No one has a right to touch it without his consent except his government, and this only to the extent of its legitimate wants; to take more is robbery, and you propose by this bill to enforce robbery by murder. Yes: to this result you must come, by this miserable sophistry, this vague abstraction of enforcing the law, without a regard to the fact whether the law be just or unjust, constitutional or unconstitutional.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, 1789-1851.

James Fenimore Cooper, the most national of our novelists, was born at Burlington, New Jersey, in 1789. His boyhood was passed in the neighborhood of Otsego Lake, New York, at a frontier homestead surrounded by noble scenery, and a population composed of adventurous settlers, and the remnant of the Indian tribes that were once sole lords of the domain. At thirteen, he entered Yale College, where he remained three years. Having obtained a midshipman's commission, he spent the following six years in the service of the navy, and was thus early familiarized with the two great fields of his future literary career. His first production, entitled *Precaution*, made comparatively but little impression. In 1821, he published *The Spy*, a tale of the neutral ground, a region familiar to him by his residence with-

in its borders. It was followed, two years later, by *The Pioneers, or the Sources of the Susquehanna*. In this also the author drew on the early recollections of his life. *The Pilot*, the first of his sea-novels, next appeared. *Lionel Lincoln* was a second attempt in the Revolutionary field of *The Spy*, but not so successful. Then came, in succession, *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Prairie*, *The Pathfinder*, *The Deer Slayer*, all picturing with spirit and originality scenes of the forest and prairie, and incidents of Indian warfare and border life. *The Red Rover*, *The Water Witch*, *The Two Admirals*, *Wing and Wing*, together with *The Pilot*, have placed him at the head of sea novelists, where he still stands perhaps without a rival. He represents the American mind in its adventurous character. He paints the movements of a ship at sea, as if she were indeed a thing of life. He follows an Indian trail with the sagacity of a forest-king. His scenes and characters are indelibly engraven on the memory. His best creations are instinct with nature and truth.

Besides his novels, Cooper is the author of *A History of the Navy of the United States*, *Gleanings in Europe*, *Sketches of Switzerland*, and several smaller works, which have run through many editions.

He was of a manly, resolute nature; exact in all his business relations; generous and noble in the management of his means.

He had in press a historical work on the town of Manhattan, when he died of dropsy at his country estate at Cooperstown, in 1851, on the eve of his sixty-second birthday.

#### ESCAPE FROM A PANTHER.

Elizabeth Temple and Louisa had gained the summit of the mountain, where they left the highway, and pursued their course, under the shade of the stately trees that crowned the

eminence. The day was becoming warm; and the girls plunged more deeply into the forest, as they found its invigorating coolness agreeably contrasted to the excessive heat they had experienced in their ascent. The conversation, as if by mutual consent, was entirely changed to the little incidents and scenes of their walk; and every tall pine, and every shrub or flower, called forth some simple expression of admiration.

In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers, that rose from the valley, to mingle the signs of men with the scenes of nature, when Elizabeth suddenly started, and exclaimed, "Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain! Is there a clearing near us? or can some little one have strayed from its parents?"

"Such things frequently happen," returned Louisa. "Let us follow the sounds. It may be a wanderer, starving on the hill." Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low mournful sounds, that proceeded from the forest, with quick and impatient steps. More than once the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and, pointing behind them, cried, "Look at the dog!"

The advanced age of Brave had long before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery, or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground, and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by the cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, either through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter; for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth, in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not so well known his good qualities.

"Brave!" she said, "be quiet, Brave! what do you see, fellow?" At the sounds of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short, surly barking. "What does



he see?" said Elizabeth; "there must be some animal in sight."

Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the color of death, and her finger pointing upward, with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening instant destruction. "Let us fly!" exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow, and sunk lifeless to the earth.

There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple, that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity; and she fell on her knees, by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with an instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct respiration, and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sounds of her voice. "Courage, Brave!" she cried—her own tones beginning to tremble—"courage, courage, good Brave!"

A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling, that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant but vicious creature approached near to the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore paws, and play all the antics of a cat, for a moment; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrible.

All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles; but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless.



Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dried leaves, accompanied by loud and terrible cries, barks, and growls. Miss Temple continued, on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals, with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result.

So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe like a feather, and, rearing on his hind legs, rush to the fray again, with his jaws distended, and a dauntless eye.

But age, and a pampered life, greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In everything but courage, he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog—who was making a desperate, but fruitless dash at her—from which she alighted, in a favorable position, on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment only could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort.

But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the color of blood, and, directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay, prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild-cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed; but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened; when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded, announced the death of poor Brave.

Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker, that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation; and it would seem that some such power, in the present in-

stance, suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met, for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe; next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned however, with its eyes apparently emitting flames of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting for inches from its broad feet.

Miss Temple did not, or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer; but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy; her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination; and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves from behind seemed rather to mock the organs than to meet her ears.

"Hist! hist!" said a low voice; "stoop lower, gal; your bunnet hides the cretur's head." It was rather the yielding of nature, than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of Leatherstocking rushed by her; and he called aloud: "Come in, Hector; come in, you old fool; 'tis a hard-lived animal, and may jump ag'in."

Natty maintained his position in front of the maidens most fearlessly, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded, when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and, placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

### DANIEL WEBSTER, 1782-1852.

Daniel Webster, the most distinguished of American statesmen and orators, was born in the town of Salisbury, New Hampshire, in 1782. The future orator received his first education from his mother, and, after a short academical training, entered Dartmouth

College, in 1797. Here he overcame by his diligence the disadvantages of his hasty preparation, and took his degree with good reputation as a scholar, in 1801. Upon leaving college, he immediately commenced his legal studies, and was admitted to the Suffolk bar, in 1805. In 1807, he removed to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where he resided nine years. He was elected to Congress in 1813, and at once took his place with the solid and eloquent men of the House. In December, 1820, he delivered his Plymouth oration on the first settlement of New England. The first *Bunker Hill Speech* was delivered June 17th, 1825, when the corner-stone of the monument was laid; the second, exactly eighteen years afterwards, on its completion. His discourse in commemoration of Jefferson and Adams, was pronounced at Faneuil Hall, in 1826. In 1827, he was elected to the Senate of the United States, in which he continued for twelve years, during the administration of Jackson and Van Buren, and to which he was returned again in 1845. His celebrated oratorial passage with Hayne, of South Carolina, occurred in 1830 in reply to an attack upon New England, and in assertion of the nullification doctrine. The contest embodied the antagonism for the time between the North and the South. Hayne, rich in elocution and energetic in bearing, was met by the cool argument and clear statement of Webster rising to his grand peroration, which still furnishes a national watchword of union. Under the administration of Harrison, in 1841, Webster was appointed Secretary of State, and again under Fillmore in 1850. He was a candidate for the Whig nomination to the presidency, but the choice fell on General Scott. When Webster was called upon in the night, at Washington, by a crowd of citizens to receive the news of Scott's nomination for the presidency, he ad-

dressed them in the following beautiful strain: "Gentlemen, this is a serene and beautiful night. Ten thousand thousands of the lights of heaven illuminate the firmament. They rule the night. A few hours hence this glory will be extinguished.

‘ You, meaner beauties of the night,  
Which poorly satisfy our eyes,  
What are you when the sun doth rise ?’

Gentlemen: there is not one among you who will sleep better to-night than I shall. If I wake, I shall learn the hour from the constellations, and I shall rise in the morning, God willing, with the lark; and though the lark is a better songster than I, yet he will not leave the dew and the daisies, and spring upward to meet the purpling east, with a more blithe and jocund spirit than I shall possess." Yet it has been said and repeated that Webster felt a bitter disappointment.

In May, 1852, he made his last great speech in Faneuil Hall to the men of Boston. His death, which occurred in October of the same year, excited profound sorrow throughout the country. A numerous procession, including delegates from various public bodies of several States, followed his remains to the tomb built for his family and himself. A marble block, since placed in front of the tomb, bears the inscription: ‘ Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief.’

Webster's career, as a Senator and Secretary of State, was no less illustrious than his professional triumphs; but, as far as literature is concerned, he will be remembered for his state-papers and speeches. We extract from Brownson's Review the following appreciation, written in 1852: "We see in every page, every sentence of his [Webster's] writings, vast intellectual power, quick sensibility, deep and tender affection, and a rich and

fervid imagination; but we see also the hard student, the traces of long and painful discipline, under the tutelage of the most eminent ancient and modern masters. . . . He appears always greater than his subject, always to have the full mastery over it, and never to be mastered or carried away by it. . . . His elocution and diction harmonize admirably with his person and voice, and both strike you at once as fitted to each other. His majestic person, his strong, athletic frame, and his deep, rich, sonorous voice, set off with double effect his massive thoughts, his weighty sentences, his chaste, dignified, and harmonious periods."

The country is indebted to Mr. George Ticknor Curtis for an excellent biography of Daniel Webster, in which the statesman, the orator, and the private man, are faithfully portrayed.

#### TO THE SURVIVORS OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

(From *The First Bunker Hill Speech*.)

Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife of your country! Behold how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms, freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death;—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives, and children, and countrymen, in distress



and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave forever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

But, alas! you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! our eyes seek for you in vain amidst this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve that you have met the common fate of men. You lived at least long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of liberty, you saw arise the light of peace, like

‘another morn,  
Risen on mid-noon;’

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

But—ah!—him! the first great martyr in this great cause! him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart! him! the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands; whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit; him! cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling, ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage! how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name! Our poor work may perish: but thine shall endure! This monument may moulder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea; but thy memory



shall not fail! Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit!

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Veterans! you are the remnant of many a well-fought field. You bring with you marks of honor from Trenton and Monmouth, from Yorktown, Camden, Bennington, and Saratoga. Veterans of half a century! when in your youthful days you put everything at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this! At a period to which you could not reasonably have expected to arrive; at a moment of national prosperity, such as you could never have foreseen, you are now met here to enjoy the fellowship of old soldiers, and to receive the overflowings of a universal gratitude.

But your agitated countenances and your heaving breasts inform me that even this is not an unmixed joy. I perceive that a tumult of feelings rushes upon you. The images of the dead, as well as the persons of the living, throng to your embraces. The scene overwhelms you, and I turn from it. May the Father of all mercies smile upon your declining years and bless them! And when you shall here have exchanged your embraces; when you shall once more have pressed the hands which have been so often extended to give succor in adversity, or grasped in the exultation of victory; then, look abroad into this lovely land, which your young valor defended, and mark the happiness with which it is filled; yea, look abroad into the whole earth, and see what a name you have contributed to give to your country, and what a praise you have added to freedom; and, then, rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude which beam upon your last days from the improved condition of mankind.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY, 1791-1865.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney was born at Norwich, Connecticut, in 1791. Her father was a man of worth and benevolence, and her mother possessed those well-balanced unobtrusive virtues of character which marked the lady of the olden time.

In her earlier years, Miss Huntley gave evidences of uncommon abilities; and, after receiving the best advantages of education, she put in execution a plan, which she had long contemplated, of engaging in the work of instruction. In 1814, she was induced to commence a select school at Hartford. In 1815, she gave to the public her first productions under the title of *Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse*. The volume was well received, and led to the author's engagement as a contributor to various periodicals.

In 1819, she married Charles Sigourney, a thoroughly educated and accomplished merchant of Hartford. Her subsequent career was to be that of an author. The true interests of her own sex, and the good of the rising generation, led her to compose such works as *Letters to my Pupils*, *Letters to Young Ladies*, *Letters to Mothers*, *Child's Book*, *Girl's Book*, *Boy's Book*, *How to be Happy*, and many other popular juvenile works. In 1836, appeared her *Zinzendorf and other Poems*; and, in 1841, *Pocahontas and other Poems*. These productions display a warm sympathy with missionary effort, and with philanthropic labor of every description. A critic in the *North American Review*, pays the following tribute to her poetic talent: "The excellence of all her poems is quiet and unassuming. They are full of the sweet images and bright associations of domestic life—its unobtrusive happiness, its unchanging affections, and its cares and sorrows; of the feelings, naturally inspired by life's vicissitudes, from the cradle to the deathbed; of the hopes that burn, like the unquenched altar fire, in that chosen dwelling-place of virtue and religion." In merit, her prose writings equal her poetry, and even give promise of longer endurance.

Mrs. Sigourney has been one of the most voluminous

of American female writers, having published from forty to fifty different volumes. She died in her seventy-fourth year, at her residence in Hartford, in 1865, after an amiable life and cheerful old age, illuminated by deeds of kindness and charity.

#### SKETCH OF A FAMILY.

"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home; "we can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday, I was a rich man; to-day, there is nothing I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in these active hands and loving hearts."

"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sober. We will help you to get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?" said he.

"You shall see! you shall see!" answered several voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor? We shall work and make you rich again."

"I shall help," said a little girl, hardly four years old. "I shall not have any new things bought, and I shall sell my great doll."

The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

They left their stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpets and furniture, were sold, and she who had been mistress of the mansion shed no tears.

"Pay every debt," said she; "let no one suffer through us, and we may be happy."

He rented a neat cottage and a small piece of ground, a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons, he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and astonishment the economy of his wife, nurtured as she had been in wealth, and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired

under her training. The eldest assisted in the household, and also instructed the young children; besides, they executed various works which they had learned as accomplishments, but which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered with taste some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which were readily sold to a merchant in the city. They cultivated flowers, and sent bouquets to market in the cart that conveyed the vegetables; they plaited straw, they painted maps, they executed plain needlework. Every one was at her post, busy and cheerful. The little cottage was like a beehive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father.

"And I never was so happy before," said the mother.

"We never knew how many things we could do, when we lived in the grand house," said the children; "and we love each other a great deal better here. You call us your little bees."

"Yes," said the father; "and you make just such honey as the heart takes to feed on."

Economy, as well as industry, was strictly observed; nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecessary was purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished seminary, and the second took her place as instructress to the family. The dwelling, which had always been kept neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and the vines and flowering trees were replanted around it. The merchant was happier under his woodbine-covered porch on a summer's evening, than he had been in his showy dressing-room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said he; "shall we return to the city?"

"Oh, no!" was the unanimous reply.

"Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment."

"Father," said the youngest, "all we children hope you are not going to be rich again; for then," she added, "we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you or mother. Now we all live together, and sister, who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us happy, when we were rich and did not work. So, father, please not to be rich any more."

## WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT, 1796-1859.

William H. Prescott, the most eminent of our historians, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1796. He received his literary training chiefly in Boston and in Cambridge, where he was graduated in 1814. His original intention was to devote himself to the profession of the law, in the practice of which his father had risen to distinction; but an accident at college, caused by a crust of bread thrown at random, deprived him of the use of one eye, and greatly enfeebled the other. In order to procure some alleviation for his misfortune, he spent two years in travelling in England and on the Continent, consulting the best oculists; but obtained no relief. Finding that he could not enter upon a professional life, he applied his mind for ten years to a course of literary studies, with a view to fit himself for the office of historian. He chose for the subject of his first work, *The Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*. It was a noble subject, embracing the final overthrow of Moslem power in Western Europe, and the discovery of America, and was interesting alike to both hemispheres. It appeared in 1838, and has been translated into German, Italian, French, and Spanish.

The *Conquest of Mexico* was published in 1843; and, in 1847, the *Conquest of Peru*. Both of these works were composed largely from manuscript materials obtained in Spain. Both are written in Prescott's most attractive and brilliant style.

"The scenic descriptions and portraits of the Spanish leaders, and of Montezuma and Guatimozin, in the former work, give it all the charm of an effective romance."

His last work, the *History of the Reign of Philip the*

*Second*, he did not live to complete. The three published volumes comprise about fifteen years of Philip's reign, including in the narrative the battle of Lepanto.

As the reign of Charles V. is the intermediate link between those of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of Philip II., Prescott had also given, in 1856, an edition of Robertson's Charles V., with a supplement—*The Life of Charles V. after his Abdication*. A portion of Prescott's minor writings, chiefly contributions to the North American Review, were collected by him in one volume, under the title of *Biographical and Critical Miscellanies*.

Prescott's great merits as a historian have been recognized and extolled abroad as at home. We quote the testimony given by Alison in 1859: "Mr. Prescott was by far the first historian of America, and he may justly be assigned a place beside the very greatest of modern Europe. To the indispensable requisites of such an author—industry, candor, and impartiality—he united ornamental qualities of the highest grade; a mind stored with various and elegant learning, a poetical temperament, and great, it may almost be said, unrivalled, pictorial powers." We cannot admit in full the praise of impartiality here bestowed on the great historian. Indeed, religious prejudice not unfrequently mars the beauty of his Histories, and leads him (unwittingly, we like to think,) into manifest injustice to persons and things Catholic.\*

The character of Prescott was of singular worth. With a profound modesty he united a remarkable self-denial, and lofty perseverance in duty. Possessed of means which placed him above the necessity of labor, he devoted his life to one of the most onerous departments of literary research.

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\* See, in Archbishop Spalding's *Miscellaneous*, Nos. XI., XII., and XIII.



He was at his home in Boston when he died suddenly of paralysis.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE VALLEY OF MEXICO.

The Spaniards had not advanced far, when, turning an angle of the Sierra, they suddenly came on a view which more than compensated the toils of the preceding day. It was that of the Valley of Mexico, or Tenochtitlan, as more commonly called by the natives; which, with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland, and cultivated plains, its shining cities, and shadowy hills, was spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama before them. In the highly rarefied atmosphere of these upper regions, even remote objects have a brilliancy of coloring and a distinctness of outline which seem to annihilate distance. Stretching far away at their feet, were seen noble forests of oak, sycamore, and cedar, and beyond, yellow fields of maize, and the towering maguey, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens; for, flowers, in such demand for their religious festivals, were even more abundant in this populous valley than in other parts of Anahuac. In the centre of the great basin were beheld the lakes, occupying then a much larger portion of its surface than at present; their borders, thickly studded with towns and hamlets, and, in the midst,—like some Indian princess with her coral of pearls,—the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters,—the far-famed ‘Venice of the Aztecs.’ High over all, rose the royal hill of Chapultepec, the residence of the Mexican monarchs, crowned with the same grove of gigantic cypresses, which at this day fling their broad shadows over the land. In the distance, beyond the blue waters of the lake, and nearly screened by intervening foliage, was seen a shining speck, the rival capital of Tezeuco, and, still further on, the dark belt of porphyry, girdling the valley around, like a rich setting which Nature had devised for the fairest of her jewels.

Such was the beautiful vision which broke on the eyes of the Conquerors. And even now, when so sad a change has come over the scene, when the stately forests have been laid low, and the soil, unsheltered from the fierce radiance of a tropical sun, is, in many places, abandoned to sterility; when the waters have retired, leaving a broad and ghastly margin

white with the incrustation of salts, while the cities and hamlets on their borders have mouldered into ruins;—even now that desolation broods over the landscape, so indestructible are the lines of beauty which Nature has traced on its features, that no traveller, however cold, can gaze on them with any other emotions than those of astonishment and rapture.

What, then, must have been the emotions of the Spaniards, when, after working their toilsome way into the upper air, the cloudy tabernacle parted before their eyes, and they beheld these fair scenes in all their pristine magnificence and beauty!

It was like the spectacle which greeted the eyes of Moses from the summit of Pisgah, and, in the warm glow of their feelings, they cried out, “It is the promised land!”

#### WASHINGTON IRVING, 1783–1859.

Washington Irving, the Goldsmith of America, was born in the city of New York, in 1783. He enjoyed but an ordinary school education, and, at the age of sixteen, commenced the study of law. In 1804, led by some symptoms of ill health, he visited the South of Europe. Whilst at Rome, he became acquainted with Washington Allston, and even meditated for a time the profession of painter, for which he had naturally a taste. After an absence of two years he returned home, and, in conjunction with his brother, William Irving, and J. K. Paulding, published a semi-monthly magazine, the since famous *Salmagundi*. In 1809, was published his humorous *History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker*, the first part of which he had sketched in company with another brother of his, Dr. Peter Irving. Though one of the first fruits of Washington Irving's inventive talent, *The History of New York* was not surpassed by any later efforts—successful as they were—of its accomplished author. In 1820, appeared *The Sketch Book*, a series of short tales and essays, sentimental and humorous, which was received

with great favor both in England and in this country. *Bracebridge Hall, or the Humorists*, another series containing sketches of English rural life and holiday customs, was brought out in 1822. Two years after, followed the *Tales of a Traveller*; but this work was greatly inferior to its predecessors.

Having gone to Spain in connection with the United States embassy, he studied the history and antiquities of that romantic country, and published, in 1828, *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, to which he afterwards added the *Voyages of the Companions of Columbus*. He owed most of his materials to Navarrete's researches, but he had the undivided merit of that 'lucid and attractive form which engages the interest of every reader.'\* We would remark that in one thing the biographer of Columbus singularly failed, viz., in bringing home to the reader the spirit of faith which animated the breast of the great discoverer, which inspired him with the zeal to begin and the patience to prosecute his mighty design.

During a tour to the South of Spain, in 1829 and 1830, Irving procured the materials for his *Conquest of Granada*, and *The Alhambra*. *The Conquest* is vested with a richness of style and brilliancy of coloring not expected in history, and yet not unsuited to the romantic character of the scenes described. There is, running through the work, a vein of irony against priests and monks, that cannot be explained otherwise than by a spirit of bigotry, which the author of *The Conquest* so heartily deplores in others. *The Alhambra* is well appreciated in one word by Prescott, when he styles it 'the beautiful Spanish Sketch Book.' After an absence of seventeen years, Irving returned to America, where

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\* Prescott.

he was welcomed by his admiring countrymen as one who had conferred imperishable honor upon the American name. His pen, however, did not remain idle. The following are the principal works that he wrote in the latter part of his life: *Tour on the Prairies; Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey; Legends of the Conquest of Spain; Astoria; The Adventures of Captain Bonneville; Life of Goldsmith; Mahomet and his Successors*, an intermixture of fact and legend; *Wolfert's Roost*; and lastly, the *Life of Washington*, completed after the Psalmist's limit of threescore and ten, and when growing infirmities were gathering upon the writer. Having survived the summer after his last publication, he was suddenly called away, in November, 1859. He died at his cottage of Sunnyside, on the banks of the Hudson.

As a man, Washington Irving possessed a most genial disposition, which was sure to produce attachment and esteem. As an author, his merits have been duly appreciated by British readers, and warmly acknowledged by British critics, whilst at home he is by unanimous consent the most popular of our prose writers. If, however, we were to limit ourselves to the merits of Irving as a historian or biographer, and compare him with the historian of *Ferdinand and Isabella*, the latter must bear away the palm of superiority for extent and depth of research, for method and arrangement of materials, nay, even for propriety and beauty of historical style. We conclude by the following just remarks of Chambers: "Modern authors have too much neglected the mere matter of style, but the success of Mr. Irving should convince the careless that the graces of composition, when employed even on paintings of domestic life and the quiet scenes of nature, can still charm as in the days of Addison, Goldsmith, and Mackenzie."

## PORTRAIT OF WOUTER VAN TWILLER.

(From *Knickerbocker*.)

The renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam, and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety, that they were never either heard or talked of,—which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all magistrates and rulers. There are two opposite ways by which some men make a figure in the world: one, by talking faster than they think, and the other, by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first, many a smatterer acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts, by the other, many a dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be considered the very type of wisdom. This, by the way, is a casual remark, which I would not for the universe have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. It is true, he was a man shut up within himself, like an oyster, and rarely spoke except in monosyllables; but, then, it was allowed he seldom said a foolish thing. So invincible was his gravity, that he was never known to laugh, or even to smile, through the whole course of a long and prosperous life. Nay, if a joke was uttered in his presence, that set light-minded hearers in a roar, it was observed to throw him into a state of perplexity. Sometimes, he would deign to inquire into the matter; and when, after much explanation, the joke was made as plain as a pikestaff, he would continue to smoke his pipe in silence, and at length, knocking out the ashes, would exclaim, “Well! I see nothing in all that to laugh about!”

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was formed and proportioned as though it had been moulded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions that Dame Nature, with all her sex’s ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore, she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his backbone, just between the shoulders. His body was oblong,



and particularly capacious at the bottom, which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs were short, but sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain, so that, when erect, he had not a little the appearance of a beer-barrel on skids. His face—that infallible index of the mind—presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a Spitzenberg apple.

His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four-and-twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller,—a true philosopher; for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories, by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

### ROBERT WALSH, 1784–1859.

Robert Walsh was born in Baltimore, in 1784, and received his classical education partly at St. Mary's College, of that city, and partly at Georgetown. He was then sent to Europe to complete his studies, and remained abroad until his twenty-fifth year. On his return to America, he commenced the practice of the law, but soon turned his whole attention to the career of letters.

His first productions were contributed to Dennie's



Portfolio. In 1809, he published *A Letter on the Genius and Disposition of the French Government*, in which he commented severely on the measures of Napoleon. The *Letter* suggested to Lord Jeffrey the following words: "We must all learn to love the Americans, if they send us many such pamphlets as the present." Four editions in England are sufficient evidence of the favor obtained by the American work. In 1811, Walsh began *The American Review of History and Politics*, the first quarterly ever attempted in the United States. Most of the articles issued during the two years' existence of the *Review*, were from the pen of the editor. In 1813, he published his *Correspondence with Robert Goodloe Harper respecting Russia*, and *An Essay on the Future State of Europe*. Among the best efforts of his pen during the years that immediately followed, we must mention his elaborate biographical paper on Benjamin Franklin, which still remains one of the most interesting memoirs of the American sage. In 1819, came out his largest work, *An Appeal from the Judgments of Great Britain respecting the United States*. It was an able vindication of the Americans from the slanders set forth by hasty, ignorant, and irresponsible travellers, and too implicitly indorsed by the British press, particularly the London Quarterly and the Edinburgh Review.

In 1821, he started the *National Gazette*, and during his fifteen years' connection with this journal, did much to improve the literary character of daily newspapers. In the mean time, he wrote for several other periodicals, and revived his original *Review*, which he continued to edit for ten years with great success. In 1837, he published, under the title of *Didactics*, two volumes consisting of his select editorials and some unpublished pa-

pers. In the same year, he removed to Paris, where he continued to reside until his death, in 1859.

Few Americans ever enjoyed more intimate connection than Robert Walsh with the learned men and politicians of Europe, or traced with greater interest the progress of government and science. His love of letters accompanied him to the end; for years, his frail body had seemed to be kept alive by his active zestful intellect. An amiable trait in his character was "his readiness to advance young men. No petty jealousy ever stopped him from seeing and exciting talent in every form."

#### JAMES K. PAULDING, 1778-1860.

James Kirke Paulding, born in Dutchess County, New York, received at a village school the only education he ever acquired from the tuition of others, so that he may be fairly considered a self-made man. He remained at home until manhood, when he came to the city of New York. His sister had married William Irving, a merchant of high character, and brother to Washington Irving. The intimacy which he contracted with the two brothers, resulted in the publication of *Salmagundi*, already noticed on a preceding page. In 1816, he gave to the public *The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan*, in which England and the United States are represented as private individuals, father and son, engaged in a domestic feud. He, next, published a poem entitled *Lay of the Scotch Fiddle*, a free parody of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. It is clever as a parody, and contains many passages of considerable beauty. In 1818, appeared his principal poetical production, *The Backwoodsman*, an American poem in sentiment, scenery, and incidents. In 1822, he prepared a satire on English travellers in

the United States, *John Bull in America*. This was followed by the *Traveller's Guide*, a burlesque on the grandiloquence of the current Guide-Books. Paulding's first novel, *Königsmark*, was written in 1823. The scene is laid among the early Swedish settlers on the Delaware. In 1826, he wrote *Merry Tales of the Three Wise Men of Gotham*, satires on Owen's system of socialism, on phrenology, and on the legal maxim of *Caveat emptor*, each exemplified in a separate story. *The Dutchman's Fireside*, the best of his novels, was published in 1831, and was succeeded by *Westward Ho!* the scene of which is principally laid in Kentucky. The last of his avowed publications are *The Old Continental*, *The Puritan and his Daughter*, and some plays. In almost all the writings of Paulding, there is infused a vein of humorous satire and keen sarcastic irony; and it is sometimes difficult for one not familiarized with his manner, to decide when he is jesting, and when he is in earnest.

Paulding presided over the Navy department during almost the entire term of Van Buren's administration, after which he retired to his pleasant country residence on the east bank of the Hudson, in Dutchess County, where he died, in 1860, retaining his mental faculties to the last. The daily routine of Paulding's life in the country, was described by himself in the following cheerful summary: "I smoke a little, read a little, write a little, ruminate a little, grumble a little, and sleep a great deal. I was once great at pulling up weeds, to which I have a mortal antipathy. . . . But my working days are almost over. I find that carrying seventy-five years on my shoulders is pretty nearly equal to the same number of pounds; and, instead of laboring myself, sit in the shade, watching the labor of others, which I find quite sufficient exercise."

## MEMORY AND HOPE.

Hope is the leading-string of youth; memory, the staff of age. Yet, for a long time, they were at variance, and scarcely ever associated together. Memory was almost always grave, nay, sad and melancholy. She delighted in silence and repose, amid rocks and waterfalls; and, whenever she raised her eyes from the ground, it was only to look back over her shoulder.

Hope was a smiling, dancing, rosy boy, with sparkling eyes, and it was impossible to look upon him without being inspired by his gay and sprightly buoyancy. Wherever he went, he diffused gladness and joy around him; the eyes of the young sparkled brighter than ever at his approach; old age, as it cast its dim glances at the blue vault of heaven, seemed inspired with new vigor; the flowers looked more gay, the grass more green, the birds sung more cheerily, and all nature seemed to sympathize in his gladness. Memory was of mortal birth, but Hope partook of immortality.

One day they chanced to meet, and Memory reproached Hope with being a deceiver. She charged him with deluding mankind with visionary, impracticable schemes, and exciting expectations that led only to disappointment and regret; with being the *ignis fatuus* of youth, and the scourge of old age. But Hope cast back upon her the charge of deceit, and maintained that the pictures of the past were as much exaggerated by Memory, as were the anticipations of Hope. He declared that she looked at objects at a great distance in the past, he in the future, and that this distance magnified everything. "Let us make the circuit of the world," said he, "and try the experiment." Memory reluctantly consented, and they went their way together.

The first person they met was a schoolboy, lounging lazily along, and stopping every moment to gaze around, as if unwilling to proceed on his way. By and by, he sat down and burst into tears. "Whither so *fast*, my good lad?" asked Hope, jeeringly. "I am going to school," replied the lad, "to study, when I would rather, a thousand times, be at play; and sit on a bench with a book in my hand, while I long to be sporting in the fields. But, never mind, I shall be a man soon, and then I shall be as free as the air." Saying this, he skipped away merrily, in the hope of soon being a man.

"It is thus you play upon the inexperience of youth," said Memory, reproachfully.

Passing onward, they met a beautiful girl, pacing slowly and with a melancholy air, behind a party of gay young men and maidens. They were all gayly dressed in silks and ribbons; but the little girl had on a simple frock, a homely apron, and clumsy, thick-soled shoes. "Why do you not join yonder group," asked Hope, "and partake in their gayety, my pretty little girl?" "Alas!" replied she, "they take no notice of me. They call me a child. But I shall soon be a woman, and than I shall be so happy!" Inspired by this hope, she quickened her pace, and soon was seen dancing along merrily with the rest.

In this manner, they wended their way, from nation to nation, and clime to clime, until they had made the circuit of the universe. Wherever they came, they found the human race, who at this time were all young (it being not many years since the first creation of mankind), repining at the present, and looking forward to a riper age for happiness. All anticipated some future good, and Memory had scarce anything to do but cast looks of reproach at her young companion. "Let us return home," said she, "to that delightful spot where I first drew my breath. I long to repose among its beautiful bowers; to listen to the brooks that murmured a thousand times more musically; to the birds that sung a thousand times more sweetly; and to the echoes that were softer than any I have since heard. Ah! there is nothing on earth so enchanting as the scenes of my early youth!" Hope indulged himself in a sly, significant smile, and they proceeded on their return home.

As they journeyed but slowly, many years elapsed ere they approached the spot from which they had departed. It so happened, one day, that they met an old man, bending under the weight of years, and walking with trembling steps, leaning on his staff. Memory at once recognized him as the youth they had seen going to school, on their first onset in the tour of the world. As they came nearer, the old man reclined on his staff, and looking at Hope, who, being immortal, was still a blithe young boy, sighed, as if his heart was breaking.

"What aileth thee, old man?" asked the youth. "What aileth me!" he replied, in a feeble, faltering voice. "What should ail me, but old age! I have outlived my health and



strength; I have survived all that was near and dear; I have seen all that I loved, or that loved me, struck down to the earth like dead leaves in autumn, and, now, I stand like an old tree, withering, alone in the world, without roots, without branches, and without verdure. I have only just enough of sensation to know that I am miserable; and the recollection of the happiness of my youthful days, when, careless, and full of blissful anticipations, I was a laughing, merry boy, only adds to the miseries I now endure."

"Behold," said Memory, "the consequence of thy deceptions," and she looked reproachfully at her companion. "Behold!" replied Hope, "the deception practised by thyself. Thou persuadest him that he was happy in his youth. Dost thou remember the boy we met when we first set out together, who was weeping on his way to school, and sighed to be a man?" Memory cast down her eyes, and was silent.

A little way onward, they came to a miserable cottage, at the door of which was an aged woman, meanly clad, and shaking with palsy. She sat all alone, her head resting on her bosom, and, as the pair approached, vainly tried to raise it up to look at them. "Good-morrow, old lady, and all happiness to you," cried Hope, gayly; and the old woman thought it was a long time since she had heard such a cheering salutation. "Happiness!" said she, in a voice that quivered with weakness and infirmity; "happiness! I have not known it since I was a little girl, without care or sorrow. Oh, I remember those delightful days, when I thought of nothing but the present moment, nor cared for the future or the past, when I laughed, and played, and sung, from morning till night, and envied no one, and wished to be no other than I was. But those happy times are passed, never to return. Oh, could I but once more return to the days of my childhood!" The old woman sunk back on her seat, and the tears flowed from her hollow eyes. Memory again reproached her companion, but he only asked her if she recollected the little girl they had met a little time ago, who was so miserable because she was so young? Memory knew it well enough, and said not another word.

They now approached their home, and Memory was on tip-toe, with the thought of once more enjoying the unequalled beauties of those scenes from which she had been so long separated. But, somehow or other, it seemed that they were sadly changed. Neither the grass was so green, the flowers so sweet



and lovely, nor did the brooks murmur, the echoes answer, nor the birds sing half so enchantingly, as she remembered them in time past. "Alas!" she exclaimed, "how changed is everything! I alone am the same." "Everything is the same, and thou alone art changed," answered Hope. "Thou hast deceived thyself in the past, just as much as I deceive others in the future."

"What are you disputing about?" asked an old man, whom they had not observed before, though he was standing close by them. "I have lived almost fourscore and ten years, and my experience may, perhaps, enable me to decide between you." They told him the occasion of their disagreement, and related the history of their journey round the earth. The old man smiled, and, for a few moments, sat buried in thought. He then said to them: "I, too, have lived to see all the hopes of my youth turn into shadows, clouds, and darkness, and vanish into nothing. I, too, have survived my fortune, my friends, my children; the hilarity of youth, and the blessing of health." "And dost thou not despair?" said Memory. "No: I have still one hope left me." "And what is that?" "The hope of heaven!"

Memory turned toward Hope, threw herself into his arms, which opened to receive her, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed, "Forgive me, I have done thee injustice. Let us never again separate from each other." "With all my heart," said Hope, and they continued forever after to travel together, hand in hand, through the world.

### NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, 1804-1864.

Nathaniel Hawthorne stands out prominently among the most successful of American novelists. He was born in Salem, Mass., from parents whose ancestors took pride in persecuting Quakers and witches. He was graduated at Bowdoin in 1825, in the same class with Longfellow. After quitting college, he resided many years in Salem, living like a recluse and writing wild tales, most of which he burned. The first volume that he published, was his *Twice-told Tales*, so called

from having already appeared in periodicals. It was followed, in 1846, by *Mosses from an Old Manse*, another collection of tales and sketches composed during his residence at the 'Old Manse' of Concord. Having been appointed surveyor of the port of Salem, he drew a graphic picture of the old custom-house and its inmates, which served as an introduction to his *Scarlet Letter*. This is a romance of rare power, in which he describes the manners of early New England times.

The story, as in most novels, is far from edifying, and possesses no moral aim that can satisfy a Christian. *The Blithedale Romance*, which appeared in 1851, delineates the half-communistic scheme attempted ten years before at Brook Farm, in West Roxbury, Mass. The personages of the romance are fictitious, but illustrate 'the general tone, sentiment, hopes, fears, and character of the establishment.' Though himself one of the originators and actors in the enterprise, he indulges, throughout, in a gentle satire at the utopian projects of these would-be regenerators of society. *The House of the Seven Gables*, another homely narrative, increased still more his reputation.

In 1853, Hawthorne was appointed consul at Liverpool, a post which he filled for four years. After his return to America, he published, as the result of his observations, *The Marble Faun*, a romance of Italy, and *Our Old Home*, or sketches of English life. *The Marble Faun*, *The House of the Seven Gables*, and *The Scarlet Letter*, constitute the triple corner-stone of his fame. His style is that of a master, highly finished, pure, delicate, and forcible. Unfortunately, there runs through his writings a deep vein of melancholy, amounting to hopelessness, but the blame for this must rest with Protestantism, which has stripped Christianity of all that affords consolation to the soul.

Hawthorne is also the author of *Snow Image*; several volumes for young people, as *Grandfather's Chair*, *True Stories*, *Tanglewood Tales*; and *Note Books*, American, English, French, and Italian, edited after his decease. He was travelling through New Hampshire with Ex-President Pierce, his intimate friend, when, one morning, he was found dead in his bed. He has been thus described by one who knew him well: "He was tall and strongly built, with broad shoulders, deep chest, a massive head, black hair, and large, dark eyes. Wherever he was, he attracted attention by his imposing presence. He was the shyest of men. The claims and courtesies of social life were terrible to him."

THE INSPECTOR OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AT SALEM.

(From *The Scarlet Letter*.)

The father of the custom-house—the patriarch, not only of this little squad of officials, but, I am bold to say, of the respectable body of tide-waiters all over the United States—was a certain permanent inspector. He might truly be termed a legitimate son of the revenue system, dyed in the wool, or, rather, born in the purple, since his sire, a revolutionary colonel, and formerly collector of the port, had created an office for him, and appointed him to fill it, at a period of the early ages which few living men can now remember.

This inspector, when I first knew him, was a man of four-score years or thereabouts, and certainly one of the most wonderful specimens of wintergreen that you would be likely to discover in a lifetime's search. With his florid cheek, his compact figure, smartly arrayed in a bright-buttoned blue coat, his brisk and vigorous step, and his hale and hearty aspect, altogether he seemed—not young, indeed—but a kind of new contrivance of Mother Nature in the shape of man, whom age and infirmity had no business to touch. His voice and laugh, which perpetually re-echoed through the custom-house, had nothing of the tremulous quaver and cackle of an old man's utterance; they came strutting out of his lungs, like the crow of a cock, or the blast of a clarion. Looking at him merely as an animal,—and there was very little else to look at,

—he was a most satisfactory object, from the thorough healthfulness and wholesomeness of his system, and his capacity, at that extreme age, to enjoy all, or nearly all, the delights which he had ever aimed at or conceived of. The careless security of his life in the custom-house, on a regular income, and with but slight and infrequent apprehensions of removal, had no doubt contributed to make time pass lightly over him. The original and more potent causes, however, lay in the rare perfection of his animal nature, the moderate proportion of intellect, and the very trifling admixture of moral and spiritual ingredients; these latter qualities, indeed, being in barely enough measure to keep the old gentleman from walking on all-fours. He possessed no power of thought, no depth of feeling, no troublesome sensibilities; nothing, in short, but a few commonplace instincts, which, aided by the cheerful temper that grew inevitably out of his physical well-being, did duty very respectably and to general acceptance in lieu of a heart. He had been the husband of three wives, all long since dead; the father of twenty children, most of whom, at every age of childhood or maturity, had likewise returned to dust. Here, one would suppose, might have been sorrow enough to imbue the sunniest disposition through and through with a sable tinge. Not so with our old inspector! One brief sigh sufficed to carry off the entire burden of these dismal reminiscences. The next moment he was as ready for sport as any unbreeched infant; far readier than the collector's junior clerk, who, at nineteen years, was much the elder and graver man of the two.

I used to watch and study this patriarchal personage with, I think, livelier curiosity than any other form of humanity there presented to my notice. He was, in truth, a rare phenomenon; so perfect, in one point of view; so shallow, so delusive, so impalpable, such an absolute nonentity, in every other. My conclusion was that he had no soul, no heart, no mind; nothing, as I have already said, but instincts; and yet, withal, so cunningly had the few materials of his character been put together, that there was no painful perception of deficiency, but on my part, an entire contentment with what I found in him.

(From *Blithedale Romance*.)

“I have always envied the Catholics their faith in that sweet, sacred Virgin, intercepting somewhat of His awful splendor, but

permitting His love to stream upon the worshipper more intelligibly to human comprehension through the medium of a woman's tenderness."

### FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, 1795-1867.

Fitz-Greene Halleck, one of our best lyric poets, was born at Guilford, Connecticut, in 1795. When about eighteen years of age, he became clerk in one of the principal banking-houses of New York, and resided in that city, engaged in mercantile and kindred pursuits, until 1849, when he returned to his native town for the rest of his life. At an early age he wrote verses, but none that, in his maturer years, he deemed worthy of preservation. In New York, his first publication was that piece of exquisite versification and refined sentiment, the *Twilight*, contributed to *The Evening Post*, in 1818. His other best pieces are his elegies on *Burns* and on *Drake*; *Alnwick Castle*, in which he celebrates the memory of 'the Percy's high-born race;' *Fanny*, a playful satire upon the literature and politics of the day; *Red Jacket*, the portrait of an Indian chief; and, finally, *Marco Bozzaris*, which raised its author to the first rank among the authors of war lyrics.

Halleck wrote but little, thirty-two poems—about 4000 lines—forming the whole amount of his works. Few American poets, however, have been so highly lauded by American critics, few so often read and ardently admired in the social circles of the land. The following remarks of W. C. Bryant, thus account for certain rhythmical inequalities in Halleck's poetry, which have sometimes been censured as ungraceful: "He is familiar with those general rules and principles which are the basis of metrical harmony; and his own unerring taste has taught him the exceptions which a



proper attention to variety demands. He understands that the rivulet is made musical by obstructions in the channel. In no poet can be found passages which flow with more sweet and liquid smoothness; but he knows very well that to make this smoothness perceived, and to prevent it from degenerating into monotony, occasional roughness must be interposed."

## MARCO BOZZARIS.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,  
 The Turk lay dreaming of the hour,  
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,  
 Should tremble at his power.  
 In dreams, through camp and court, he bore  
 The trophies of a conqueror;  
 In dreams, his song of triumph heard;  
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring;  
 Then pressed that monarch's throne, a king;  
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,  
 As Eden's garden-bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,  
 Bozzaris ranked his Suliote band,  
 True as the steel of their tried blades,  
 Heroes in heart and hand.  
 There, had the Persian's thousands stood;  
 There, had the glad earth drunk their blood,  
 In old Plataea's day:  
 And now, there breathed that haunted air,  
 The sons of sires who conquered there,  
 With arms to strike, and souls to dare,  
 As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on; the Turk awoke;  
 That bright dream was his last:  
 He woke to hear his sentries shriek,  
 "To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"  
 He woke, to die mid flame and smoke,  
 And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,  
 And death-shots falling thick and fast,



As lightning from the mountain-cloud;  
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,  
     Bozzaris cheer his band;  
 Strike! till the last armed foe expires;  
 Strike! for your altars and your fires;  
 Strike! for the green graves of your sires;  
     God, and your native land!"

They fought like brave men, long and well;  
 They piled the ground with Moslem slain;  
 They conquered, but Bozzaris fell,  
     Bleeding at every vein.

His few surviving comrades saw  
 His smile, when rung their proud hurra,  
 And the red field was won:  
 They saw in death his eyelids close,  
 Calmly as to a night's repose,  
     Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death;  
 Come to the mother, when she feels  
 For the first time, her first-born's breath;  
 Come, when the blessed seals  
 Which close the pestilence, are broke,  
 And crowded cities wail its stroke;  
 Come, in consumption's ghastly form,  
 The earthquake's shock, the ocean storm,  
 Come, when the heart beats high and warm,  
 With banquet song, and dance, and wine,  
 And thou art terrible; the tear,  
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,  
 And all we know, or dream, or fear  
     Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword  
 Has won the battle for the free,  
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,  
 And in its hollow tones are heard  
     The thanks of millions yet to be.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave,  
 Greece nurtured in her glory's prime,  
 Rest thee; there is no prouder grave,  
     Even in her own proud clime.

We tell thy doom without a sigh,  
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's  
One of the few, the immortal names,  
That were not born to die.

JARED SPARKS, 1794–1866.

Jared Sparks, whose numerous literary labors are so honorably connected with American history and biography, was born at Willington, Connecticut, in 1794. Having, in early life, to contend with straitened circumstances, he spent several years in the work of a farm and in mechanical pursuits; and it was not till he had passed the age of boyhood, that he succeeded in obtaining a collegiate education. He was graduated at Harvard, in 1811, and, later on, studied divinity in the University. In 1819, he was appointed pastor of a Unitarian Church, in Baltimore, and, whilst there, published a number of controversial writings called forth by the necessity of maintaining and defending his religious views. In 1823, he resigned his pastoral charge, and, returning to the North, became sole proprietor and editor of the *North American Review*, which he conducted till 1830. He was McLean Professor of Ancient and Modern History at Harvard for eleven years, and the President of the same University from 1849 until 1853, when he resigned.

The following are Sparks's principal publications: fifty-two articles contributed to the *North American Review*; *Memoirs of Ledyard*, the American traveller; *Life and Writings of Washington*, in ten volumes; *Life and Writings of Benjamin Franklin*; *The Library of American Biography*, in twenty-five volumes, containing sixty lives, eight of which were written by the editor; *Diplomatic Correspondence of the American Revolution*, in twelve volumes, besides four others under

the title of *Correspondence of the American Revolution ; Life of Gouverneur Morris*, in three volumes. As a scholar, Sparks was remarkable for industry, perseverance, and patient research. No degree of labor could divert him from his task. His character was a union of simplicity and unassuming dignity, and his sweetness of temper made friends of all who knew him. The evening of his days was passed in the leisurely prosecution of the literary pursuits which had been the delight of his life. He died at Cambridge, in 1866.

#### GEORGE TICKNOR, 1791-1871.

George Ticknor, the distinguished historian of Spanish literature, was born in the city of Boston, in 1791. He received his degree at Dartmouth, at the early age of sixteen, and, justly considering this as the beginning only, not the completion, of his education, he occupied himself for the following three years in diligently studying the ancient classics. At the age of nineteen, he began to prepare for the profession of the law, and, after the usual term, was admitted to the bar ; his literary taste, however, led him in another direction, and he determined to become a scholar in the best sense of the term. With this view, he sailed for Europe, in 1815, and, during four years, he lost no time in availing himself of the precious advantages, which the well-filled libraries and university lectures afforded to his ardent zeal for instruction. During his absence, he was appointed the first incumbent of a new professorship, founded at Harvard, of French and Spanish literature. His lectures, delivered from year to year, on French and Spanish literature, on particular authors, as Dante and Goethe, on the English poets, and other kindred topics, excited the deepest interest, and en-

kindled among the students an enthusiasm for modern literature which formed an era in the history of that venerable seat of learning.

After fifteen years, passed in these literary studies at Harvard, Ticknor resigned his professorship, and paid a second visit to Europe. In 1840, after his return to America, he commenced his important work, *The History of Spanish Literature*, and published it in 1849, in three octavo volumes. The work at once took its position among the most valuable contributions to the history of literature. Humboldt has characterized it as a masterly work ; and the Edinburgh Review remarked that "perhaps of all the compositions of the kind, Mr. Ticknor's work has the most successfully combined popularity of style with sound criticism and extensive research within its own department." In addition to the research and display of critical powers required in such a work, Ticknor took no inconsiderable care in translating both prose and poetry. In this respect, his labors are acknowledged to be exact and felicitous.

Besides this history, Ticknor wrote a number of minor works and essays, among which we may notice a *Memoir of Nathan Appleton Haven*, and *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Daniel Webster*. But pre-eminent above all these, and next only to the *History of Spanish Literature*, is his *Life of Prescott*. It is perhaps the best biography in our literature. It is the work of an accomplished scholar, who draws his facts from intimate personal knowledge, inspired by sympathy of thought and feeling, and yet whose disciplined taste always keeps within the proper bounds of a discriminating biographer. We cannot conclude without mentioning the zeal displayed by Mr. Ticknor in the preparation and management of the Boston Public Library, which, under his fostering care, has grown to be

one of the best selected, and, next to that of Congress, the largest in the country.

MARTIN JOHN SPALDING, 1810-1872.

Martin John Spalding was born near Lebanon, Kentucky, in 1810. His parents were natives of Maryland, and removed to Kentucky, in 1790. He received his education at St. Mary's Seminary, in the latter State, and was afterwards admitted into St. Joseph's Seminary, Bardstown, as a student for Holy Orders. In 1830, he went to Rome and entered the celebrated Urban College of the Propaganda, where he passed four years in the diligent study of philosophy and theology. At the end of his course, he made a public defence of theology and canon-law, maintaining for seven hours, in the Latin language, two hundred and fifty-six propositions, or theses. Cardinal Angelo Mai presided at this interesting dispute, and Doctor, afterwards, Cardinal Wiseman, Monsignor Mezzofanti, and Father Perrone, were among the disputants whom the young American had to contend against. He did not fail or hesitate in a single answer. At the end of the discussion, "the Cardinals rose, and shook hands with the Kentuckian, who was carried away by his fellow-students in triumph."\* He entered on his missionary duties as pastor of St. Joseph's Church, at Bardstown, became President of St. Joseph's College in 1843, was transferred as assistant priest to the Louisville Cathedral, and, five years later, was consecrated as coadjutor of the venerable Bishop Flaget, of Louisville. Bishop Spalding spent sixteen years in Louisville, where he acquired great distinction by his many works of a re-

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\* Letter of Bishop England to the Catholic Miscellany, 1834.

ligious and literary character. In 1864, by his appointment as successor to Archbishop Kenrick, in the Metropolitan See of Baltimore, he became Primate of Honor of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, thereby enjoying official precedence on all the other prelates.

Dr. Spalding was a prolific writer of varied powers. His principal works are *Sketches of the Early Catholic Missions of Kentucky*; *The Life and Times of Bishop Flaget*; *A Review of d'Aubigné's History of the Reformation*, which he afterwards enlarged, making it embrace *The History of the Protestant Reformation in all Countries*; *Miscellanea*, a collection of the *Reviews*, *Essays*, and *Lectures*, prepared by the author at different times, and which, in their varied range, treat of some fifty different subjects; and his *Lectures on the Evidences of Catholicity*. One of his last productions was the *Pastoral on the Dogma of Infallibility*, written in Rome immediately after the Definition, and which has been widely read and admired in Europe and America. Some of Dr. Spalding's works are more profound, and display deeper research than the *Miscellanea*; but that is his most popular volume. It is written in a strain of discursive criticism, and is remarkable for its happy offhand treatment of the leading questions of the age, literary, religious, social, and historical. Perhaps the most elaborate of the essays in the *Miscellanea*, is the review of Daniel Webster's Second Bunker Hill Oration. The extract which we give below, will indicate the tone and style of its author.

Archbishop Spalding died at his mansion in Baltimore, on the 7th of February, 1872. No such widespread manifestations of regret as his death called forth, had been evoked in the Monumental City since the death of Charles Carroll of Carrollton.



(From *Lecture on Webster's Bunker Hill Speech.*)

Mr. Webster's Bunker Hill speech is emphatically a great oration. It bears the impress of his mighty mind. What, for instance, could excel in beauty and strength, his character of Washington? Or what could surpass, in stirring interest, his appeal to the feelings of his countrymen, in the peroration?

Notwithstanding our admiration of Mr. Webster's talents, we do not precisely place him at the head of the list of American orators. He wants the pathos of Preston, the electric rapidity of Calhoun, and the versatile graces and manifold excellences of Clay. But in massive volume of thought, in depth and closeness of reasoning, and in the eloquence of the *head*, he is scarcely equalled, certainly not surpassed, by any. This is his *forte*, and it manifests itself on all occasions, whether he is called on to defend the Union and the Constitution, or to vindicate his own State of Massachusetts. With him, the flowers of rhetoric and appeals to feeling are but secondary things; he uses them with considerable effect, when they come in his way, but he would not move one step from his path to cull all the flowers of a whole *parterre*. These remarks are intended to apply at least as much to the manner as to the matter of his Bunker Hill speech. This contains much that we admire, but much also to which a love of truth compels us to object. On the occasion of inaugurating a monument commemorative of a struggle which led to a nation's freedom, we could have wished to see greater enlargement of views in the orator selected to give expression to the feelings of the day. We would have looked for a loftier tone of moral feeling, as well for less sweeping and more accurate statements of facts. Why give so undue a prominence to the 'Pilgrim Fathers,' and their immediate Puritan descendants, who, if there be any truth in history, were anything but the friends of, at least, religious liberty? Why hold up this narrow-minded and exclusive people, of blue-law and witch-hanging memory, as very paragons of perfection for a nation of enlightened freemen? Why not at least temper their eulogy with some qualifying remarks? Why, in speaking of the origin and characteristics of our free institutions, pass over in utter silence William Penn and Lord Baltimore, who, in Pennsylvania and Maryland, did at least as much for civil liberty as the Pilgrims, and much more than they for religious liberty?

## ORESTES A. BROWNSON, 1803-1876.

The name of Dr. Brownson recalls to our memory one of the most powerful intellects that America has produced. Either in search after truth or in its defence, he wielded the pen with ceaseless activity for fifty years. In the maturity of his mind, he was forced to acknowledge the authority of the Catholic Church, and, from that moment till his death, he obeyed her precepts with the simplicity of a child. To sacrifice for her a wide popularity, the prospects of fortune, and the ties of old friendship, was as nothing to him. His highest ambition was to consecrate in her service his time, his strength, and the resources of his mind.

Dr. Brownson was born at Stockbridge, Vermont, but brought up at Royalton. The aged couple who adopted him, on account of his father's death and mother's poverty, trained him according to their own strict rule of old-fashioned Puritanism. He has recorded of himself that "debarred from all the sports, plays, and amusements of children, he had the manners, the tone, and tastes of an old man, before he was a boy." At an early age he had learned to read, but from his fourteenth year not only did he support himself by his own exertions, but even procured the means of studying for a time at an academy, in Ballston, N. Y. It was principally by his own private efforts, his constant application to reading, reflecting, and writing, that he brought out the latent genius that was in him.

We will not follow him through the various phases of his religious wanderings, which he has admirably described in *The Convert*. A Congregationalist, a Presbyterian, a Universalist, a Rationalist, and a Socialist, he was everything in turn and satisfied with

nothing, until he found in the Catholic Church the solution of all his doubts, and the solace of all his troubles. During the twenty years previous to his conversion, he was an assiduous contributor to many periodicals, and gradually rose to eminence and popularity both as a writer and a preacher.

In politics also, he took an active and prominent part, but was too independent to be held by the chains of partisanship. He was then "in the full enthusiasm of youth, with a magnificent physique, a powerful voice, unconquerable energy, fiery, fearless, and terribly in earnest." \* He successively edited the *Gospel Advocate* and the *Philanthropist*; and founded, in 1838, a Review of his own, the *Boston Quarterly*, which after five years he merged into the *Democratic Review*. What is known as Brownson's *Quarterly Review* was started in the beginning of 1844, nearly one year before his conversion. A writer in the *Catholic World* has said with truth that "it was only as a Catholic publicist that he became a truly great man, and achieved a great work, for which he deserves to be held in lasting remembrance." † Henceforward all the efforts of his pen were devoted to the defence of Catholic principles. He accomplished the enormous task of supporting his Review almost single-handed during twenty years; and after an interruption of nine years (1864-1873), during which he contributed many articles to the *Catholic World* and the *New York Tablet*, he revived its publication for three years more.

The power of Dr. Brownson as a writer lies princi-

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\* From a sketch of Dr. Brownson by his daughter, the late Mrs. Sarah Tenney.

† 1876, p. 369. The estimate there given of Dr. Brownson's character, with his merits and demerits, is a fair rendering of Catholic opinion. We owe credit to the writer for several of our remarks.

pally in the exposition of the fundamental principles of faith or reason. When he developed these principles and their consequences, he appeared as if armed with the club and might of Hercules, with which he crushed the Hydra of error with its several heads of heresy, infidelity, and atheism. "His style was as clear and forcible as the train of thought and reasoning of which it was the expression." A certain childlike simplicity and candor, an apparent love of truth which sought for no disguise, and a boldness of spirit which took no account of earthly considerations, gave to his writings a singular charm and influence.

There is, however, a shade in the picture of this great man. The want of a regular course of studies in his youth, the lack of a thorough Catholic training, and the necessity of hurrying his articles through the press, made him liable to "hasty and crude statements, to inaccuracies and errors, to changes and modifications in his views and opinions." At one period of his life, he so far leaned towards *Liberalism*, that Catholics nearly lost confidence in him, and the suspension of his *Review* became a necessity. His faith, however, never faltered for a moment, and his conduct in regard to the sacraments and practices of the Church, was always that of a fervent Christian. "I have," he said in 1875, "and I desire to have, no home out of the Catholic Church, with which I am more than satisfied, and which I love as the dearest, tenderest, and most affectionate mother."

Among the valuable essays published in the *Review*, we cannot appreciate too highly those that concern the nature and foundation of society, its relation to the Church of Jesus Christ, the duties of all governments towards the Church, and her visible head on earth. It was one of Brownson's favorite ideas, which

should be well weighed by students of history, that no history can be true, *i.e.*, can give a true account of facts in their real order and significance, which is not written from the Catholic point of view. Before his conversion, he wrote *Charles Elwood ; or, The Infidel Converted*, a philosophical treatise in the form of a novel, the object of which was to elicit thought on radical changes in society. In 1854, when the world was so much stirred by spiritism, he issued *The Spirit Rapper*, in which some of the chief phenomena produced by spirits, are narrated, analyzed, and traced to their real author, the arch-fiend, the father of lies, and enemy of the human race. In 1857, he published *The Convert*, which is a detailed account of his religious wanderings, and subsequent rest within the pale of the Catholic Church. *The American Republic* is Dr. Brownson's most remarkable production, the fruit of a lifetime of intellectual labors. After an extensive introduction on the nature and origin of political authority, whatever its form, he examines the Constitution, tendencies, and destiny of the United States, according to the principles furnished by Christian philosophy. It is undoubtedly the deepest and soundest work on American politics. It ought to be read and studied by every American who takes an interest in the history and destiny of his country. The work, dedicated to the historian Bancroft, was mainly written for the Catholic youth in our colleges, and to them the second edition (1873) was rededicated. *Liberalism and the Church* is a small volume of conversations, in which he refutes the false modern ideas of progress and civilization, and the errors peculiar to Liberal Catholics, so called. It showed that his former tendency to Liberalism was an accident of his life, in direct opposition to the deepest convictions of his soul.



At the end of 1875, the infirmities of old age compelled him to close the *Review*. He died, a few months later, provided with the last sacraments of the Church.

His works have since been collected and edited by one of his sons, Major H. F. Brownson. A great thinker, a great writer, and a great Christian, Orestes A. Brownson is justly looked upon as one of America's most illustrious sons.

#### THE POSITIVE OFFICE OF GOVERNMENT.

(From *The Republic*.)

Government exists in heaven as well as on earth, and in heaven in its perfection. Its office is not purely repressive, to restrain violence, to redress wrongs, and to punish the transgressor. It has something more to do than to restrict our natural liberty, curb our passions, and maintain justice between man and man. Its office is positive as well as negative. It is needed to render effective the solidarity of the individuals of a nation, and to render the nation an organism, not a mere organization—to combine men in one living body, and to strengthen all with the strength of each, and each with the strength of all—to develop, strengthen, and sustain individual liberty, and to utilize and direct it to the promotion of the common weal—to be a social providence, imitating in its order and degree the action of the Divine Providence itself; and, while it provides for the common good of all, to protect each, the lowest and meanest, with the whole force and majesty of society. It is the minister of wrath to wrong-doers, indeed; but its nature is beneficent, and its action defines and protects the right of property, creates and maintains a medium in which religion can exert her supernatural energy, promotes learning, fosters science and arts, advances civilization, and contributes as a powerful means to the fulfilment by man of the Divine purpose in his existence. Next after religion, it is man's greatest good; and even religion without it can do only a small portion of her work. They wrong it who call it a necessary evil; it is a great good, and instead of being distrusted, hated, or resisted, except in its abuses, it should be loved, respected, obeyed, and, if need be, defended at the cost of earthly goods, and even of life itself.



## LOYALTY TO GOVERNMENT.

Government being not only that which governs, but that which has the right to govern, obedience to it becomes a moral duty, not a mere physical necessity. The right to govern and the duty to obey are correlatives, and the one cannot exist or be conceived without the other. Hence loyalty is not simply an amiable sentiment, but a duty, a moral virtue. Treason is not merely a difference in political opinion with the governing authority, but a crime against the sovereign, and a moral wrong; therefore, a sin against God, the Founder of the moral law. Treason, if committed in other countries, unhappily has been more frequently termed by our countrymen patriotism, and loaded with honor, than branded as a crime, the greatest of crimes, as it is, that human governments have authority to punish. The American people have been chary of the word loyalty, perhaps because they regard it as the correlative of royalty; but loyalty is rather the correlative of law, and is in its essence love and devotion to the sovereign authority, however constituted or wherever lodged. It is as necessary, as much a duty, as much a virtue in republics as in monarchies; and nobler examples of the most devoted loyalty are not found in the history of the world than were exhibited in the ancient Greek and Roman republics, or than have been exhibited by both men and women in the young republic of the United States. Loyalty is the highest, noblest, and most generous of human virtues, and is the human element of that sublime love or charity which, the inspired Apostle tells us, is the fulfilment of the law. It has in it the principle of devotion, of self-sacrifice, and is, of all human virtues, that which renders man most Godlike. There is nothing great, generous, good, or heroic, of which a truly loyal people are not capable, and nothing mean, base, cruel, brutal, criminal, detestable, not to be expected of a really disloyal people. Such a people no generous sentiment can move, no love can bind. It mocks at duty, scorns virtue, tramples on all rights, and holds no person, nothing, human or divine, sacred or inviolable.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 1794-1878.

William Cullen Bryant, a poet of national reputation, was born at Cummington, Massachusetts, in 1794.

He began to write verses at nine; and, at the age of fourteen, published *The Embargo*, a poetical satire levelled at the Jeffersonian politics. Its success was such as to call for a second edition within a few months. At home, the genius of the young poet received a wise direction from the good taste of his father, and, at Williams College, he laid up a rich store of classical learning. He now turned his attention to the study of the law, was admitted to the bar, and practised for ten years with more than ordinary success.

Bryant did not, however, during the period of his professional studies, neglect the cultivation of his poetic talent. He was not yet nineteen, when he wrote *Thanatopsis*, a short poem of only eighty blank verses, but one that bids fair to win literary immortality for its author. Nor did this production stand alone: the *Inscription for an Entrance into a Wood* followed in 1813, and the *Waterfowl*, in 1816. In 1821, he wrote his longest poem, *The Ages*, which was delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College. It is a didactic poem: it reviews the progress of past ages, and closes with a fair picture of American scenery, and the present occupation of this country by a new race. In 1825, Bryant abandoned the law for literature, and became editor of a monthly periodical in New York; but, on the year following, he took the management of *The Evening Post*, a daily paper, which he kept till his death. His prose writings, including the *Letters of a Traveller*, which he sent to the *Post* in his visits of the Old World, are marked by neatness, simplicity, and purity of style. We must, however, take exception to another series of communications made in his paper, in which he seems to delight in disparaging the Catholic Church in Mexico.

At the request of the New York Historical Society,

he delivered, in 1860, an *Address on the Life, Character, and Genius of Washington Irving*.

Besides the poetical gems already mentioned, Bryant produced many others, such as *The Conqueror's Grave*, *June*, *The Land of Dreams*, *The Voice of Autumn*, *An Indian at the Grave of his Fathers*, the *Death of the Flowers*, *The Prairies*, the *Hymn of the City*, *The Battle-field*, *The Disinterred Warrior*. It has been justly observed that his poems are strictly American. In the words of his son-in-law, Parke Godwin, "They are American in their subjects, imagery, and spirit. . . . What the author has seen, or what has been wrought in his own mind, he has written, and no more. His skies are not brought from Italy, nor his singing birds from the tropics, nor his forests from Germany or regions beyond the pole." "Bryant's writings," says Irving, "transport us into the depths of the solemn primeval forest, to the shores of the lonely lake, the banks of the wild, nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland, rising like a promontory from amidst a wide ocean of foliage; while they shed around us the glories of a climate fierce in its extremes, but splendid in all its vicissitudes." We add that, from a religious point of view, Bryant, like so many other moralists of our time, does not rise above the teachings of natural religion.

By his translation of the *Iliad*, he proved that his scholarship was equal to his poetical genius. Indeed, it is confidently asserted that "he has made the best translation of Homer in our language, and, with one exception, the very best extant."

The regret has been frequently expressed that Bryant chose to scatter his brilliance amidst a constellation of little poetic stars, rather than to concentrate the light of his genius in some immortal work, which, as a planet in the literary horizon, should shine to the latest generation.

## THANATOPSIS.

To him, who, in the love of Nature, holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language; for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile,  
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
Into his darker musings, with a mild  
And gentle sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart;—  
Go forth into the open sky, and list  
To Nature's teaching, while from all around—  
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—  
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course; nor yet, in the cold ground,  
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,  
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
To mix forever with the elements,  
To be a brother to the insensible rock,  
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak  
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.  
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place  
Shalt thou retire alone, nor could'st thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,  
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,  
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales,  
Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
The venerable woods; rivers that move

In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all  
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
The globe, are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings  
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound  
Save its own dashing—yet—the dead are there;  
And millions in those solitudes, since first  
The flight of years began, have laid them down  
In their last sleep; the dead reign there alone.  
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw  
In silence from the living, and no friend  
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe  
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
Plod on, and each one as before will chase  
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave  
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come  
And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,  
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,  
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,—  
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,  
By those, who, in their turn, shall follow them.  
So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

## RICHARD HENRY DANA, 1787-1879.

Richard Henry Dana, Sr., favorably known as a poet and essayist, was born at Cambridge, of an old and honored family in Massachusetts. He spent three years at Harvard, after which he applied to the study of the law. He was admitted to practice; but he soon closed his office to follow another profession more congenial to his taste, that of writer.

The American Review had been started in 1815, and, in 1818, he became associate editor of the Review with his cousin, E. T. Channing. During the two years of this connection, he wrote five papers, chiefly on literary topics. In 1824, he began the publication of *The Idle Man*, a periodical in which he communicated to the public his *Tales* and *Essays*. But the general tone of it was too high to be popular, and its publication was relinquished. His first poem, *The Dying Raven*, was published in 1825 in the New York Review, then edited by the poet Bryant.

The work that has given most reputation to Dana, is *The Buccaneer*, which appeared in 1827 with some other poems. *The Buccaneer* is a philosophical tale in verse. In it the tragic and remorseful element exerts a powerful influence over the imagination, and elevates at the same time the aspirations of the human soul. The Blackwood Magazine of 1835 pronounced *The Buccaneer* the most powerful and original of American poetical compositions, and places its author in the same class, but in a lower rank, with the authors of Peter Bell and the Ancient Mariner.

In 1839, Dana delivered a course of eight lectures on Shakespeare in Boston and New York, and subsequently repeated them in other cities of the Union. Intense



interest was excited by these lectures, in which the excellences of the great dramatist were delineated with more than ordinary skill. The prose writings of Dana are in a simple, direct, and forcible style.

## DAYBREAK.

Now, brighter than the host that all night long,  
In fiery armor, far up in the sky  
Stood watch, thou comest to wait the morning's song,  
Thou comest to tell me day again is nigh,  
Star of the dawning! Cheerful is thine eye,  
And yet in the broad day it must grow dim;  
Thou seem'st to look on me, as asking why  
My mourning eyes with silent tears do swim;  
Thou bid'st me turn to God, and seek my rest in Him.

How suddenly that straight and glittering shaft  
Shot 'thwart the earth! In crown of living fire  
Up comes the day! as if they conscious quaffed  
The sunny flood, hill, forest, city spire,  
Laugh in the wakening light. Go, vain desire!  
The dusky lights are gone; go thou thy way!  
And pining discontent, like them, expire;  
Be called my chamber, Peace, when ends the day;  
And let me with the dawn, like Pilgrim, sing and pray.

## RALPH WALDO EMERSON, 1803-1882.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was no less distinguished for the rare beauty of his language than the obscurity and unsoundness of his thoughts. A native of Boston, the son of a Unitarian clergyman, he belonged to an old Puritan family. He was educated at Harvard, and in 1829, appointed minister to a Unitarian church in Boston. When, three years later, he could no longer hold the same belief as his congregation, he had the courage of sacrificing his position to his convictions. In 1835,

he settled in Concord, where, with the exception of some lecturing tours through England and the United States, he spent the remainder of his life. Emerson was, on his own admission, a transcendentalist, or extreme idealist, and pantheist. The soul of man, in as much as it is freed from personal limitations, he identified with God, and he assumed that whatever is distinguishable from God is unreal, phenomenal. Not being able to find universal truth in the shreds of revelation offered by Protestantism, he looked for it in nature alone; but he failed even to solve the problem of man's origin and destiny.

The sage of Concord "was not a profound student in anything. He had no peculiar gifts as a religious thinker or philosopher; neither was he learned in theology or philosophy." \* Yet he was dogmatic and oracular, never stopping to prove a statement or denial; indeed he was incapable of any reasoning. Writing to Henry Ware, his former colleague in the ministry, he said: "I could not possibly give you one of the arguments on which any doctrine of mine stands; for I do not know what arguments mean in reference to any expression of a thought. I delight in telling what I think; but if you ask me how I dare say so, or why it is so, I am the most helpless of mortals." The following are the productions of his pen: *Essays, Representative Men, English Traits, Lectures and Addresses, Poems*. His representative men are Plato, the Philosopher; Swedenborg, the Mystic; Montaigne, the Sceptic; Shakespeare, the Poet; Napoleon, the Man of the World; and Goethe, the Writer. Despite his bad philosophy and want of revealed religion, we discover in his verse and prose an exquisite sense of beauty, which ren-

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\* Rev. I. T. Hecker.

ders his works most enticing and most dangerous. His style is of a crystal transparency; and if at times his meaning is vague as a riddle, the fault must be laid to his cloudy ideas, not to obscurity in their expression.

## ENGLISH MANNERS.

I find the Englishman to be him of all men who stands firmest in his shoes. They have in themselves what they value in their horses, mettle and bottom. On the day of my arrival at Liverpool, a gentleman, in describing to me the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, happened to say, "Lord Clarendon has pluck like a cock, and will fight till he dies:" and, what I heard first I heard last, and the one thing the Englishman values, is pluck. The word is not beautiful, but on the quality they signify by it the nation is unanimous. The cabmen have it; the merchants have it; the bishops have it; the women have it; the journals have it; the Times newspaper, they say, is the pluckiest thing in England, and Sidney Smith had made it a proverb, that little Lord John Russell, the minister, would take the command of the Channel fleet to-morrow.

They require you to dare to be of your own opinion, and they hate the practical cowards who cannot in affairs answer yes or no. They dare to displease, nay, they will let you break all the commandments, if you do it natively, and with spirit. You must be somebody; then you may do this or that, as you will. . . . The mechanical might and organization require in the people constitution and answering spirits; and he who goes among them must have some weight of metal. At last, you take your hint from the fury of life you find, and say, one thing is plain, this is no country for faint-hearted people; don't creep about diffidently; make up your mind; take your own course, and you shall find respect and furtherance. . . .

This vigor appears in the incuriosity, and stony neglect, each of every other. Each man walks, eats, drinks, shaves, dresses, gesticulates, and, in every manner, acts, and suffers without reference to the bystanders, in his own fashion, only careful not to interfere with them, or annoy them; not that he is trained to neglect the eyes of his neighbors,—he is really occupied with his own affair, and does not think of them. Every man in this polished country consults only his convenience. as

much as a solitary pioneer in Wisconsin. I know not where any personal eccentricity is so freely allowed, and no man gives himself any concern with it. An Englishman walks in a pouring rain, swinging his closed umbrella like a walking-stick; wears a wig, or a shawl, or a saddle, or stands on his head, and no remark is made. And as he has been doing this for several generations, it is now in the blood.

In short, every one of these islanders is an island himself, safe, tranquil, incommunicable. In a company of strangers, you would think him deaf; his eyes never wander from his table and newspaper. He is never betrayed into any curiosity or unbecoming emotion. They have all been trained in one severe school of manners, and never put off the harness. He does not give his hand. He does not let you meet his eye. It is almost an affront to look a man in the face, without being introduced. In mixed or in select companies they do not introduce persons; so that a presentation is a circumstance as valid as a contract. Introductions are sacraments. He withholds his name. At the hotel, he is hardly willing to whisper it to the clerk at the book-office. If he give you his private address on a card, it is like an avowal of friendship; and his bearing on being introduced is cold, even though he is seeking your acquaintance, and is studying how he shall serve you.

#### HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, 1807-1882.

Henry W. Longfellow, the son of Hon. Stephen Longfellow, was born in Portland, Maine, in 1807. At the age of fourteen, he was entered at Bowdoin College, and, along with Hawthorne, was graduated in the famous class of 1825—the semi-centennial celebration of which event he lived to observe and to sing in his thoughtful poem *Morituri Salutamus*. After quitting college, Longfellow began the study of law in his father's office, in Boston; but, being called to the chair of modern languages in his Alma Mater, he went abroad in 1826, in order to qualify himself for the duties of professor. In England, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, and Holland, he spent three years and a half in the

prosecution of his special object. In 1829, he entered on his office at Bowdoin. In 1835, on the retirement of George Ticknor from Harvard College, Longfellow was elected Professor of Belles-lettres in that institution. A second trip to Europe with purposes similar to the first, was made. He held his professorship at Harvard until 1854, when he resigned in order to devote himself exclusively to literature.

Longfellow is the most remarkable man of letters that America has yet produced. An excellent linguist, a learned and cultured scholar, a versatile and popular poet, he has enriched the language with a profusion of poems interspersed with prose works and translations. His genius is characterized by breadth, strength, beauty, and unerring taste. Perhaps no other poet of this century has written so many things which have become the companion-pictures of scholars and unlettered people alike. We give his writings in the order in which they appeared before the public: *Coplas de Manrique*, translated from the Spanish; *Outre-Mer, a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea*, in poetical prose; *Hyperion, a Romance*; *Voices of the Night*; *Ballads and other Poems*; *Poems on Slavery*; *The Spanish Student, a Play*; *The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems*; *Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie*, the brightest gem of the whole casket; *Kavanagh, a tale*; *The Seaside and the Fireside*; *The Golden Legend*; *The Poets and Poetry of Europe*; *The Song of Hiawatha*; *The Courtship of Miles Standish*; *Tales of a Wayside Inn*; *New England Tragedies*; *The Divine Tragedy*; *Translation of Dante's Divina Commedia*; *Sonnets*.

Longfellow was not only the most popular poet of America, but perhaps, in a more marked degree, the most popular poet in Great Britain. We may take on this subject the following testimony from Cardinal

Wiseman: "There is no greater lack in English literature than that of a poet of the people—of one who shall be to the laboring classes of England what Goethe is to the peasant of Germany. He was a true philosopher who said, 'Let me make the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws.' There is one writer who approaches nearer than any other to this standard; and he has already gained such a hold on our hearts, that it is almost unnecessary for me to mention his name. Our hemisphere cannot claim the honor of having brought him forth; but still he belongs to us, for his works have become as household words wherever the English language is spoken. And whether we are charmed by his imagery, or soothed by his melodious versification, or elevated by the high moral teachings of his pure Muse, or follow with sympathizing hearts the wanderings of Evangeline, I am sure that all who hear my voice will join with me in the tribute I desire to pay to the genius of Longfellow." \*

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream!  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act that each to-morrow  
Finds us farther than to-day.

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\* Lecture on the Home Education of the Poor.



Art is long, and time is fleeting,  
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
 In the bivouac of life,  
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
 Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!  
 Let the dead past bury its dead!  
 Act,—act in the living present!  
 Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us  
 We can make our lives sublime,  
 And departing, leave behind us  
 Footprints on the sands of time ;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
 With a heart for any fate ;  
 Still achieving, still pursuing,  
 Learn to labor and to wait.

#### CONCLUSION OF EVANGELINE.

Still stands the forest primeval ; but far away from its shadow,  
 Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.  
 Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,  
 In the heart of the city they lie, unknown and unnoticed.  
 Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,  
 Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and  
 forever,  
 Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,  
 Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from  
 their labors,  
 Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed the  
 journey!

Still stands the forest primeval ; but under the shade of its  
branches

Dwells another race, with other customs and language.  
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic  
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile  
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.

In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy ;  
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of  
homespun,

And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,  
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring  
ocean

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the  
forest.

#### THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

(From the *Tales of a Wayside Inn—the Second Day.*)

“Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled !”  
That is what the vision said.

In his chamber all alone,  
Kneeling on the floor of stone,  
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition  
For his sins of indecision,  
Prayed for greater self-denial  
In temptation and in trial ;  
It was noonday by the dial,  
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,  
An unwonted splendor brightened  
All within him and without him  
In that narrow cell of stone ;  
And he saw the Blessed Vision  
Of our Lord, with light Elysian  
Like a vesture wrapped about him,  
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,  
Not in agonies of pain,  
Not with bleeding hands and feet,  
Did the Monk his Master see ;

But as in the village street,  
In the house or harvest-field,  
Halt and lame and blind he healed,  
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,  
Hands upon his bosom crossed,  
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,  
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.  
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,  
Who am I, that from the centre  
Of thy glory thou shouldst enter  
This poor cell, my guest to be ?

Then amid his exaltation,  
Loud the convent bell appalling,  
From its belfry calling, calling,  
Rang through court and corridor  
With persistent iteration  
He had never heard before.  
It was now the appointed hour,  
When alike in shine or shower,  
Winter's cold or summer's heat,  
To the convent portals came  
All the blind and halt and lame,  
All the beggars of the street,  
For their daily dole of food  
Dealt them by the brotherhood ;  
And their almoner was he  
Who upon his bended knee,  
Rapt in silent ecstasy  
Of divinest self-surrender,  
Saw the Vision and the Splendor.

Deep distress and hesitation  
Mingled with his adoration ;  
Should he go, or should he stay ?  
Should he leave the poor to wait  
Hungry at the convent gate,  
Till the Vision passed away ?  
Should he slight his radiant guest,  
Slight his visitant celestial,  
For a crowd of ragged, bestial  
Beggars at the convent gate ?

Should the Vision there remain ?  
Would the Vision come again ?  
Then a voice within his breast  
Whispered, audible and clear,  
As if to the outward ear:  
"Do thy duty ; that is best ;  
Leave unto thy Lord the rest !"

Straightway to his feet he started,  
And with longing look intent  
On the Blessed Vision bent,  
Slowly from his cell departed,  
Slowly on his errand went.  
At the gate the poor were waiting,  
Looking through the iron grating,  
With that terror in the eye  
That is only seen in those  
Who amid their wants and woes  
Hear the sound of doors that close,  
And of feet that pass them by ;  
Grown familiar with disfavor,  
Grown familiar with the savor  
Of the bread by which men die !  
But to-day, they know not why,  
Like the gate of Paradise  
Seemed the convent gate to rise,  
Like a sacrament divine  
Seemed to them the bread and wine.  
In his heart the Monk was praying,  
Thinking of the homeless poor,  
What they suffer and endure ;  
What we see not, what we see ;  
And the inward voice was saying :  
"Whatsoever thing thou doest  
To the least of mine and lowest,  
That thou doest unto me."

Unto me ! but had the Vision  
Come to him in beggar's clothing,  
Come a mendicant imploring,  
Would he then have knelt adoring,  
Or have listened with derision,  
And have turned away with loathing ?

Thus his conscience put the question,  
Full of troublesome suggestion,  
As at length, with hurried pace,  
Towards his cell he turned his face,  
And beheld the convent bright  
With a supernatural light,  
Like a luminous cloud expanding  
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling  
At the threshold of his door,  
For the Vision still was standing  
As he left it there before,  
When the convent bell appalling,  
From its belfry calling, calling,  
Summoned him to feed the poor.  
Through the long hour intervening  
It had waited his return,  
And he felt his bosom burn,  
Comprehending all the meaning,  
When the Blessed Vision said,  
"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled."

ISAAC THOMAS HECKER, 1819-1888.

The Very Rev. Isaac Thomas Hecker had, for many years, the utmost share in directing Catholic opinion and promoting literary interests among the Catholics of the States. He was born in New York of German parents, and educated in the same city. For a long time, he vainly sought an answer to the anxious aspirations of his soul; to no purpose, he became a member of Brook Farm Association, and joined the Conso-ciate Family, at Fruitlands, Mass.: in the Catholic Church alone did he find, in 1845, the haven of his desires. Admitted soon after into the Congregation of the most Holy Redeemer, he went abroad to make his novitiate, and was ordained in London by Cardinal

Wiseman. Returning to America in 1851, he was employed for the next seven years in giving missions throughout the States. In 1858, with the assent of the Pope, he left the Redemptorists to found the Congregation of St. Paul, over which he continued to preside till his death. The first work published by Father Hecker, was his *Questions of the Soul*, which appeared in 1855. It is addressed to non-Catholics, to whom he shows plainly, forcibly, but without a shadow of ill-temper, that only the Catholic Church adequately answers the paramount questions raised in the soul about man's destiny and the means to attain it. This book is admirably adapted to the American mind, and especially meets the wants of New England transcendentalists, whom the author knew so well. *The Aspirations of the Soul*, written two years after, may be considered as a sequel to the *Questions*, and equally bears the stamp of earnestness, originality, and zeal for the enlightenment of deluded souls.

Dr. Brownson having, at the end of 1864, interrupted his Review, Father Hecker supplied its place by that well-known magazine, *The Catholic World*, and founded at the same time the Catholic Publication Society. It is not easy to overrate the influence exerted by these two institutions, in spreading sound literature, in educating the Catholic taste, in commanding general attention and regard for Catholics. Father Hecker was indefatigable in his efforts to raise the *Catholic World* to the first rank of magazines, and fairly succeeded. His own numerous contributions to that periodical did much to bring about that result; one of the most remarkable is *The Catholic Church in the United States*, which appeared in 1879.

We have seldom seen a finer delineation of a good and gifted man, than that of Father Hecker drawn by



his intimate friend, Dr. Brownson, in his Review for April, 1855.

#### THE PORTRAIT OF A TRANSCENDENTALIST.

(From Hecker's *Diary*, June 14, 1844; *Catholic World*, 1890, p. 373.)

A transcendentalist is one who has keen sight, but little warmth of heart; who has fine conceits, but is destitute of the rich glow of love. He is *en rapport* with the spiritual world, unconscious of the celestial one. He is all nerve and no blood—colorless. He talks of self-reliance, but fears to trust himself to love. He never abandons himself to love, but is always on the lookout for some new fact. His nerves are always tight-stretched, like the string of a bow; his life is all effort. In a short period he loses his tone. Behold him sitting on a chair; he is not sitting, but braced upon its angles, as if his bones were of iron and his nerves steel; every nerve is drawn, his hands are closed like a miser's—it is the lips and head that speak, not his tongue and heart. He prefers talking about love to possessing it, as he prefers Socrates to Jesus. Nature is his church, and he is his own god. He is a dissecting critic—heartless, cold. What would excite love and sympathy in another, excites in him curiosity and interest. He would have written an essay on the power of the soul at the foot of the cross.

#### GEORGE BANCROFT, 1800–1891.

George Bancroft, our national historian, was born at Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1800. His father, a Congregationalist minister, spared nothing to give him a thorough education. In 1817, before he had completed his seventeenth year, young Bancroft received his degree of Bachelor of Arts at Harvard. The next year, having gone to Europe, he prosecuted his studies under eminent scholars at Göttingen and Berlin, and took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1820. After his return to America, he published in the *North American Review* some translations in verse of Schiller, Goethe, and other German authors. He also translated and edited several of Heeren's historical works. But Bancroft's fame as a writer rests upon his *History of the*

*United States.* It comprises ten volumes, three of which are occupied with the history of the Colonies, three with the disputes between the Colonies and the Mother Country, and four with the War for Independence. The tenth volume, published in 1874, concludes with the signing of the treaty of peace, November 30, 1782.\* Bancroft's *History* is, clearly, the most remarkable account of American affairs that has been yet written, and, considered as a whole, is certainly a great work. It is open, however, to very serious charges. It seems to be written, not simply for the sake of history, but with a view to set forth and confirm by history the author's theories on God, man, and society,—theories, moreover, that are unsound and in the last degree dangerous. "Mr. Bancroft's style," says Griswold, "is elaborate, scholarly, and forcible, though sometimes not without a visible effort at eloquence; and there is occasionally a dignity of phrase that is not in keeping with the subject-matter. It lacks the delightful ease and uniform proportion which mark the diction of Prescott." At the age of eighty-two, the venerable historian published a new work in two volumes, the *History of the Formation of the Constitution of the United States of America*. This is, in many respects, a valuable contribution to American history; but it gives an imperfect and sometimes erroneous view of the subject which it purports to treat.

As a politician and diplomatist, Bancroft acted a considerable part in the affairs of his country. He was Collector of the Port of Boston in 1835, Secretary of the Navy in 1845, Minister Plenipotentiary to Great

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\*The author's last revision gives us the *History* in six volumes, without the references to authorities which are found in the first edition. The changes, omissions, and alterations, made in the last revision, are, in many respects, offensive and unjust to Catholics. See three articles on this subject in the *Cath. World* for Sept., Oct., and Nov., 1863.

Britain in 1846, and for many years American Ambassador at the court of Berlin. The great accomplishments of Bancroft render only keener the regret that his great work—his history—should have failed to be a monument every way worthy of the national grandeur to which it was raised.

PEACE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN,  
1782.

(From Conclusion to the tenth volume of the *History of the United States*.)

The articles of peace, though entitled provisional, were made definitive by a declaration in the preamble. Friends of Franklin gathered around him, and as the Duke of Rochefoucauld kissed him for joy, "My friend," said Franklin, "could I have hoped at such an age to have enjoyed so great happiness?" The treaty was not a compromise, nor a compact imposed by force, but a free and perfect solution, and perpetual settlement of all that had been called in question. By doing an act of justice to her former colonies, England rescued her own liberties at home from imminent danger, and opened the way for their slow but certain development. The narrowly selfish colonial policy which had led to the cruel and unnatural war was cast aside and forever by Great Britain, which was henceforward as the great colonizing power to sow all the oceans with the seed of republics. For the United States, the war, which began by an encounter with a few husbandmen embattled on Lexington Green, ended with their independence, and possession of all the country from the St. Croix to the Southwestern Mississippi, from the Lake of the Woods to the St. Mary. In time past, republics had been confined to cities and their dependencies, or to small cantons; and the United States avowed themselves able to fill a continental territory with commonwealths. They possessed beyond any other portion of the world the great ideas of their age, and enjoyed the practice of them by individual man in uncontrolled faith and industry, thought and action. For other communities, institutions had been built up by capitulations and acts of authoritative power; the United States of America could shape their coming relations wisely only through the widest and most energetic exercise of the right inherent in humanity to deliberation, choice,

and assent. While the constitutions of their separate members, resting on the principle of self-direction, were, in most respects, the best in the world, they had no general government; and as they went forth upon untried paths, kings expected to see the confederacy fly into fragments, or lapse into helpless anarchy. But, for all the want of a government, their solemn pledge to one another of mutual citizenship and perpetual union made them one people; and that people was superior to its institutions, possessing the vital force which goes before organization, and gives to it strength and form. Yet, for success, the liberty of the individual must know how to set to itself bounds; and the states, displaying the highest quality of greatness, must learn to temper their rule of themselves by their own moderation.

FRANCIS PARKMAN, 1823-1893.

Francis Parkman has obtained a high rank among the historians of America. Like Bancroft, he confined himself to an American subject; but, unlike Bancroft, he did not make facts subserve his own theories. Yet, in some cases, his inveterate prejudices against priests and ministers alike, led him astray. Parkman was the son of a Unitarian Boston minister, but through life he cared for no religion in particular, and ended in pure agnosticism. From his boyhood, when a mere student at Harvard, Parkman conceived the idea of writing the history of the rise and fall of the French power in North America. This idea gave unity to his life and shaped the course of his occupations and studies. Before he left college, he had made himself master of the French language, and had spent one year in Europe enlarging his knowledge of French institutions. Graduated in 1844, his matriculation as a law-student in no way prevented his favorite studies. In 1846, in company with a friend, he spent the whole summer with the Dakotahs, the better to understand the character and habits of the North American Indian. The hardships and privations which attended this experiment impaired his health for life and left him partly blind. He now began

the writing of his various monographs, which, by themselves independent, together form one complete history. They were published under the following titles and dates: *The California and Oregon Trail* (1849); *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* (1851); *The Pioneers of France in the New World* (1865); *The Jesuits in North America* (1867); *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West* (1869); *The Old Régime in Canada* (1874); *Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.* (1877); *Montcalm and Wolf* (1884); *The Oregon Trail* (1890); and, finally (1892), his last work in two volumes, *A Half-Century of Conflict*, completing the series, which, in the correct phrase of the historian himself, "now forms a continuous history of the efforts of France to occupy and control the North American Continent." Thus, in spite of his chronic ill-health, did he carry out the earliest dream of his youth. As to the writer's style, "it is picturesque, full of graphic descriptions of nature, giving exact pictures of the forests, the localities, the battle-fields, the persons, and the thrilling moments of the narrative." The four cornerstones on which, says his biographer, Parkman built his work were sincerity, industry, scholarship, and identification with his theme. The first of these qualities, *sincerity*, is considerably undermined by his soft treatment of the infamous deportation of the Acadians in 1755.\* The last quality, *identification with his theme*, must have been nigh impossible to a writer who had no sense of the supernatural and yet had to describe the character and the supernatural work of Catholic missionaries. If Parkman sincerely admired the Jesuit missionaries of Canada, they were to him, after all, only enthusiasts and dupes of superstition.

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\* In *Montcalm and Wolf*. See detailed proofs of Parkman's insincerity in Edouard Richard's *Acadia*, vol. I., ch. xvi., and vol. II., ch. xxx. See also the *Acadians of Madawaska, Me.*, by Rev. Charles Collins, Boston, 1902.



A Life of Francis Parkman, by Charles Haight Farnham, was published in 1901.

THE JESUIT MISSIONARIES OF CANADA.

(From *The Jesuits in North America*, chaps. viii. and ix.)

They were no stern exiles, seeking on barbarous shores an asylum for a persecuted faith. Rank, wealth, power, and royalty itself, smiled on their enterprise, and bade them God-speed. Yet, withal, a fervor more intense, a self-abnegation more complete, a self-devotion more constant and enduring, will scarcely find its record on the page of human history. . . . When we see them, in the gloomy February of 1637, and the gloomier months that followed, toiling on foot from one infected town to another, wading through the sodden snow, under the bare and dripping forests, drenched with incessant rains, till they descried at length through the storm the clustered dwellings of some barbarous hamlet—when we see them entering, one after another, these wretched abodes of misery and darkness, and all for one sole end, the baptism of the sick and dying, we may smile at the futility of the object, but we must needs admire the self-sacrificing zeal with which it was pursued. . . . In these enthusiasts we find striking examples of one of the morbid forces of human nature; yet in candor let us do honor to what was genuine in them—that principle of self-abnegation which is the life of true religion, and which is vital no less to the highest forms of heroism.

FORT DUQUESNE.

(From *Montcalm and Wolf*.)

Fort Duquesne stood on the point of land where the Alleghany and Monongahela join to form the Ohio, and where now stands Pittsburg, with its swarming population, its restless industries, the clang of its forges, and its chimneys vomiting foul smoke into the face of heaven. At that early day (1755) a white flag fluttering over a cluster of palisades and embankments betokened the first intrusion of civilized men upon a scene which, a few months before, breathed the repose of a virgin wilderness, voiceless but for the lapping of waves upon the pebbles or the note of some lonely bird. But now the sleep of ages was broken, and bugle and drum told the astonished forest that its doom was pronounced and its days numbered. The fort was a compact little work, solidly built and strong, compared with others on the continent. It was a square of four bastions, with the water close on two sides and the other two protected by ravelins, ditch, glacis, and covered way. The ramparts on



these sides were of square logs filled in with earth, and ten feet or more thick. The two water sides were enclosed by a massive stockade of upright logs, twelve feet high, mortised together and loopholed. The armament consisted of a number of small cannon mounted on the bastions. A gate and drawbridge on the east side gave access to the area within, which was surrounded by barracks for the soldiers, officers' quarters, the lodgings of the commandant, a guard-house, and a store-house, all built partly of logs and partly of boards. There were no casemates, and the place was commanded by a high woody hill beyond the Monongahela. The forest had been cleared away to the distance of more than a musket-shot from the ramparts, and the stumps were hacked level with the ground. Here, just outside the ditch, bark cabins had been built for such of the troops and Canadians as could not find room within; and the rest of the open space was covered with Indian corn and other crops. The garrison consisted of a few companies of the regular troops stationed permanently in the colony, and to these were added a considerable number of Canadians. . . . Besides the troops and Canadians, eight hundred warriors, mustered from far and near, had built their wigwams and camp-sheds on the open ground or under the edge of the neighboring woods—very little to the advantage of the young corn. . . . The law of the survival of the fittest had wrought on this heterogeneous crew through generations; and with the primitive Indian the fittest was the hardest, fiercest, most adroit, and most wily.

#### CHARLES WARREN STODDARD, 1843—

Charles Warren Stoddard is one of the best living writers of America. Born in Rochester, N. Y., he received his education partly in New York, partly in California, whither his father removed in 1855. At an early age, he went to the South Sea Islands, and, later on, travelled extensively through the old continents as a newspaper correspondent. For one year (1885–86) he taught English Literature in Notre Dame College, Indiana. At the opening of the Catholic University, Washington, in 1889, he was appointed lecturer in English Literature, a position which he resigned in June, 1902. Mr. Stoddard has not published many books, being a fastidious rather than prolific writer. The *South Sea Idyls*, a prose book of fact and

fiction, is considered his best work. It appeared first in 1873, and was republished in 1893, with an Introductory Letter by W. D. Howells, who calls it *a classic*, and speaks of "his own delight in those things, the lightest, sweetest, wildest, freshest things that ever were written about the life of that summer ocean." It is, in fact, a delightful book. Every sentence seems to be brimful of wit, humor, or pathos. The other works of C. W. Stoddard are: *Poems* (1867); *Summer Cruising in the South Sea* (1874); *Mashallah, a Flight into Egypt* (1880); *A Trip to Hawaii* (1885); *The Lepers of Molokai* (1885); *Hawaiian Life; or, Lay Letters from Low Latitudes*; *In the Footprints of the Padres* (1902). Under the title of *A Troubled Heart*, he published, in 1855, a striking account of his conversion to the Catholic Church.

UNITY AND UNIVERSALITY OF THE CHURCH OF GOD.

(From *A Troubled Heart*, chap. xxiii.)

Shall I ever forget that Easter in Jerusalem, when all the nations of the earth seemed to be gathered together under one banner and into one fold; when every color under heaven dyed the skins of the worshippers, and the costumes of the pilgrims were a pageant, and their speech the confusion of Babel? Yet the voice from the altar was intelligible to each and all of us; and the priests, who had come in from the four quarters of the globe, spoke in the common tongue, and could speak to one another only in the common tongue—the same which we heard from the altar.

As I journeyed, all the wayside shrines throughout the length and breadth of Europe, all the Calvaries, with their agonies wrought in marble; all the crucifixes, and medallions, and pictures of saints and angels, with swinging lamps that twinkle nightly before them; all the fountains where the holy ones have slaked their thirst, and in that act have hallowed them forever; all the caves where they have suffered and the cells where they have lived and died; all the inanimate objects that have been sanctified by touch or association, and have become animate by reason of this—all, all seemed to me to be personal and perpetual congratulations and felicitations and benedictions addressed to each of us. If my faith was a blind faith before, it was almost blinding now; for I lived and moved and had

my being in the actual presence of those amazing testimonials of the unity and universality of the Holy Church.

LETTER OF A PRODIGAL TO HIS FATHER.

(From *South Sea Idyls.*)

*Mosquito Hall, Centipede Avenue, Papeete (Tahiti).*

DEAR SIR: A nondescript awaits identification at this office. Answers to the names at the foot of this page, believes himself to be your son, to have been your son, or about to be something equally near and dear to you. He can repeat several chapters of the New Testament at the shortest notice, recites most of the Catechism and Commandments; thinks he would recognize two sisters and three brothers at sight, and know his mother with his eyes shut.

He likewise confesses to the usual strawberry-mark in fast colors. If you will kindly send by return mail a few dollars, he will clothe, feed, and water himself, and return immediately to those arms which, if his memory does not belie him, have more than once sheltered his unworthy frame. I have, dear sir, the singular fortune to be the article above described.

\* \* \* \* \*

FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD, 1854—

Francis Marion Crawford was born in Tuscany, Italy. His father, Thomas Crawford, was a distinguished American sculptor, who lived at Rome from 1837 to 1857, when he died prematurely. The son spent a good part of his youth in Rome, studied in various colleges and universities of America, England, and Germany, and terminated his studies in the Roman University. He afterward passed four years and a half in the East Indies and in the United States as journalist, critic, and novelist. After marrying, he took up his residence at Sant' Agnello di Sorrento, Province of Naples. He has declared himself a profound admirer of historical, artistical, and literary Italy, and of her Latin temperament, a good Catholic, but no friend of the Italian government. \*

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\* These details are taken from a letter addressed to an Italian paper and reproduced in English by the N. Y. Freeman's Journal, Dec., 1898.

Although Mr. Crawford has lived abroad most of his time, he holds a prominent rank among American writers. He has published about thirty novels, perhaps too many, certainly of unequal merit. Among the best and most popular we may reckon the following: *Mr. Isaacs*, a *Tale of Modern India* (1812); *Saracinesca*, *Sant' Ilario*, *Don Orsino*, *Marzio's Crucifix*, *Pietro Ghisleri*, all Italian subjects; *Paul Patoff*, a Russian story, the scene of which is in Constantinople; *Katharine Lauderdale*, a tale of New York; *Cecilia* (1902), a story of modern Rome. In 1899, he published *Ave Roma Immortalis; or, Studies from the Chronicles of Rome*. This is a graphic sketch in two volumes of the principal characters and incidents that are met with in Roman history from the *Making of the City* to the Pontificate of Leo XIII. The author is liable at times to exaggeration. His opinion, for instance, of the influence of Julius Cæsar upon the ages of civilization which have followed since the rule of that great man, appears extravagant. But Marion Crawford has a good store of information, and is a good story-teller. His appreciation of the popes is not exaggerated, but founded on recorded fact. His style is clear, direct, and entertaining. The apparent facility with which he has already, in middle age, written so many books, gives hope that he may yet produce still greater works.

#### THE JEWS OF THE GHETTO IN ROME.

(From *Ave Roma Immortalis*.)

The name itself, 'Ghetto,' is generally derived from a Hebrew root meaning 'cut off'—and cut off the Jews' quarter was—by walls, by religion, by tradition, by mutual hatred between Hebrews and other men. It has been compared to a bee-hive, to an ant-hill, to an old house-beam riddled and traversed in all directions by miniature labyrinths of worm-holes, crossing, intercommunicating, turning to right and left, upwards and downwards, but hardly ever coming out to the surface. It has been described by almost every

writer who ever put words together about Rome, but no words, no similes, no comparisons, can make those see it who were never there. In a low-lying space enclosed within a circuit of five hundred yards, and little, if at all, larger than the Palazzo Doria, between four or five thousand human beings were permanently crowded in dwellings centuries old, built upon ancient drains and vaults that were constantly exposed to the inundations of the river and always reeking with its undried slime; a little, pale-faced, crooked-legged, eager-eyed people, grubbing and grovelling in masses of foul rags for some tiny scrap richer than the rest, and worthy to be sold apart; a people whose many women, haggard, low-speaking, dishevelled, toiled half-doubled together upon the darning and piecing and smoothing of old clothes, whose many little children huddled themselves into corners, to teach one another to count; a people of sellers, who sold nothing that was not old or damaged, and who had nothing that they would not sell; a people clothed in rags, living among rags, thriving on rags; a people strangely proof against pestilence, gathering rags from the city to their dens, when the cholera was raging outside the Ghetto's gates, and rags were cheap, yet never sickening of the plague themselves; a people never idle, sleeping little, eating sparingly, laboring for small gain amid dirt and stench and dampness, till Friday night came at last, and the old crier's melancholy voice ran through the darkening alleys: 'The Sabbath has begun.'

And all at once the rags were gone, the ghostly old clothes that swung like hanged men, by the neck, in the doorways of the cavernous shops, flitted away into the utter darkness within; the old bits of iron and brass went rattling out of sight, like spectres' chains; the hook-nosed antiquary drew in his cracked old showcase; the greasy frier of fish and artichokes extinguished his little charcoal fire of coals; the slipshod darning-women, half-blind with six days' work, folded the half-patched coats and trousers, and took their rickety old rush-bottomed chairs indoors with them.

Then, on the morrow, in the rich synagogue with its tapestries, its gold, and its gilding, the thin, dark men were together in their hats and long coats, and the sealed books of Moses were borne before their eyes up to the North and South and East and West, and all the men together lifted up their arms and cried aloud to the God of their fathers. But when the Sabbath was over, they went back to their rags, and their patched clothes, and to their old iron and their junk and their antiquities, and toiled on patiently for the coming of the Messiah.



## OTHER WRITERS.

MATHEW CAREY (1760-1839), a native of Dublin, who immigrated to Pennsylvania in 1784, in order to escape the persecutions of the English Government, has obtained some celebrity by his political writings. He edited several periodicals, and published many valuable papers on political economy. His largest and ablest work is *Vindiciæ Hibernicæ*, a defence of Ireland from some misstatements of English historians. It shows abundant research, but too much hastiness of composition. It was under the direction of Mathew Carey that the first Catholic Bible printed in the United States, was issued, in 1790.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON (1770-1842) deserves an honorable mention as the author of the national song, *Hail Columbia*. It was composed in 1798, when party spirit ran high on the side of France or England, then engaged in war. The note of the new song being for neither, but for America alone, found an echo in every patriotic heart. Joseph Hopkinson was the son of Francis Hopkinson, and a native of Philadelphia. He distinguished himself at the bar, and was appointed to the office of Judge of the United States District Court, which he held till his death.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY (1779-1843) will ever be remembered for that patriotic and stirring song, *The Star-Spangled Banner*, which in rhythm and language so well reflects the thrilling circumstances which gave it birth. Key was born in Frederick County, Md., practised law, and became District Attorney of Washington City, where he spent most of his life and died.

HUGH SWINTON LEGARÉ (1797-1843), an eminent jurist and scholar, was a native of Charleston, South Carolina. His works, collected in two large octavos, comprise extracts from his *Private and Diplomatic Correspondence*, *Orations*, and *Essays* contributed to the New York and Southern Quarterly Review. The most interesting of the *Essays* are those on *Classical Learning*, *Roman Literature*, *Cicero de Republica*, and *Demosthenes*. A man of rare attainments and excellent culture, he possessed a style rich, beautiful, and chaste.

HENRY CLAY (1777-1852) is well known as an orator and statesman. In the triumvirate of eloquence which he shared with Webster and Calhoun, his peculiar power consisted in his appeals to the heart, and on this account he was more popular than either of his two great rivals.

Clay was born in Virginia, but removed to Kentucky after his admission to the bar, in 1797. He was engaged in politics during the greater part of his life, and filled eminent positions, as Speaker of Congress, Secretary of State, and Senator. His speeches have not the depth of Calhoun's, nor the breadth of Webster's, but they gained advantage from the magnetism of his person, the modulations of his full and musical voice, and the warmth of his well-known sympathies.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE (1792-1852) is remembered as the author of a lyric, which contains twelve lines only, but is as widely spread as the English-speaking world—the song *Home, Sweet Home*.

Payne was born in New York, and in early life was an actor. He composed several plays, the principal of which are *Brutus*, *Virginius* and *Charles II*. He was consul at Tunis when he died, and there his remains rested for over thirty years, till by the munificence of Hon. W. W. Corcoran, they were conveyed to Washington, and entombed with honor.

JEDEDIAH VINCENT HUNTINGTON (1815-1862) was a distinguished novelist. A native of New York, graduate of Yale, and Episcopalian minister, he



made his submission to the Catholic Church in 1849. His first novels—*Lady Alice*, *Alban*, and *The Forest*—though written after his conversion, gave offence for their want of chasteness; but *Rosemary*, the masterpiece of the author, is the delight of its readers. He wrote also a volume of poems, which have been characterized as 'classical and Wordsworthian.'

JOHN HUGHES (1797–1864), Archbishop of New York, is one of the most conspicuous figures that have graced the annals of the Catholic Church in America. Born in Ireland, he came to the United States when he was twenty years of age. Here, his industry supplied him the means necessary for his classical and clerical education, which he received at Emmitsburg. After exercising his ministry with great success in the diocese of Philadelphia, he was called, in 1837, to a higher sphere of action as coadjutor Bishop of New York. We have not here to tell his zeal, his activity, the exhaustless resources of his genius; or, how he caused Catholic opinion to be heard in the councils of his State, developed a hundredfold the means of education among the various classes of his flock, and, in a manner, exerted an influence over the whole country. His eloquence was impetuous, and high irresistible. His writings were not polished with the fastidious taste of a critic, but hastily thrown out to meet the exigencies of the hour; and yet they bear the impress of a great mind. They consist of *Sermons*, *Letters*, *Lectures*, *Speeches*, most of them of a controversial kind.

REV. JOHN BOYCE (1810–1864), a native of Ireland, who for many years exercised the holy ministry in the diocese of Boston, published, under the pseudonym of Paul Peppergrass, Esq., three remarkable novels—*Shandy McGuire*, or, *Tricks upon Travellers*, *The Spaewife*, or, *the Queen's Secret*, and *Mary Lee*, or, *the Yankee in Ireland*. The first, which has enjoyed the greatest popularity on both sides of the Atlantic, is a picture of the relations then existing in the North of Ireland between Catholics and Protestants, the landlords and their tenants. It sets before our eyes the cruel vexations practised by one party, and the deep antipathy rancoring in the hearts of the other, with a rare display of Celtic wit, humor, and pathos. *The Spaewife* is a graphic story of the reign of Elizabeth. *Mary Lee* is a picturesque and humorous delineation of the enterprising Yankee. Besides these novels Father Boyce composed and delivered Lectures which, at the time, attracted much attention, such as *Mary, Queen of Scots*, *Queen Elizabeth*, *Sir Thomas More*, *Henry Grattan*, and *The Irish Exile*. He combined vast powers of mind with an inexhaustive fund of original wit and humor.

REV. XAVIER DONALD McLEOD (1821–1865), a native of New York, was exercising the ministry of the Episcopal Church under Bishop Ives, when his eyes opened to the truth of the Catholic faith. He became a Catholic and a priest. He was accidentally killed by a railroad train, while going to a sick call. His chief publications are: *Pymshurst*, *The Bloodstone*, *Lescure*, *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, *Life of Mary, Queen of Scots*, *Biography of Fernando Wood*, and *Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary in North America*. This last is the only work that he wrote after his conversion. His style is brilliant, imaginative, bordering on bombast.

CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D.D. (1802–1866), held a distinguished rank among the Catholic writers of his day. A native of Annapolis, Maryland, he exercised the holy ministry in the dioceses of Baltimore, New York, and Brooklyn, and, for a time, held the office of chaplain to the United States Senate. Dr. Pise was a highly-cultured gentleman, and versatile writer. Besides a certain number of poems, some of which have the true lyrical spirit,

he published *Father Rowland*, a religious tale of great interest; two other works of fiction, *The Indian Cottage* and *Zenobius*; a large *History of the Church from its Establishment to the Reformation*, which responded to the needs of the times, but has since been superseded; *Aletheia*, a volume of controversial essays; lastly, *St. Ignatius and his First Companions*.

LEVI SILLIMAN IVES (1797-1867), Protestant Bishop of North Carolina from 1831 till 1852, became a Catholic after a long struggle, which he has graphically described in his *Trials of a Mind in its Progress to Catholicism*. It is not true that "he afterwards went back to the Episcopal Church;" on the contrary, he cherished to the last with incredible love the Church for which he had sacrificed all earthly interests.

HON. THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE (1825-1868) was a gifted son of prolific Ireland. Having emigrated to America, he became, at nineteen, the editor of *The Boston Pilot*. In 1845, he went back to Ireland, where, for three years, he contributed the powers of his pen and speech to the revolutionary party which opposed O'Connell's policy. After his return to the United States, and, later on, in Canada, he endeavored by his writings to promote the best interests of the American Celt. On his removal to Canada, in 1857, he exerted a mighty influence in behalf of the conservative party. Whilst in the exercise of public duties and the enjoyment of political honors, he was basely assassinated by an emissary of secret societies. D'Arcy McGee was an excellent orator and a careful writer, who employed the spare moments of his agitated life in composing the following works: Five lectures on the *Catholic History of North America*; *O'Connell and His Friends*; *The Irish Writers of the Seventeenth Century*; *The Life of Bishop Maginn*; *Attempts to Establish the Protestant Reformation in Ireland*; *A History of Ireland*; and *Poems*, edited after his death by the distinguished Mrs. Sadlier. His poetry, which is an expression of his feelings for the country of his birth, is unequal in its literary merits. *Iona to Erin*, first published in the *Catholic World*, is a specimen of his best efforts. His *History of Ireland* does not exhibit the word-painting of a Macaulay or the smooth elegance of a Prescott; but it is a faithful, impartial, accurate record in a clear, concise, and pure style, the most lasting monument to the memory of its author.

JAMES MCSHERRY (1819-1869), a Catholic lawyer of Frederick City, Maryland, wrote the first extensive *History* of his own State, from the early settlements down to the year 1848. It shows ability and industry; but does scanty justice to the Catholic Church, and ignores entirely the Catholic Colleges then flourishing in the State, even his own *Alma Mater* at Emmitsburg. It has since been superseded by Scharf's more comprehensive *History of Maryland*. McSherry is also the author of *Father Laval, or, the Jesuit Missionary*; and, for many years he was a regular contributor to the *United States Catholic Magazine*.

JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY (1795-1870) holds a high rank among American novelists. Born in Baltimore, he completed his studies in the same city, was admitted to the bar, and took a prominent part in politics. His first novel, *Swallow Barn*, describes Virginia life and manners; *Horseshoe Robinson* is a tale of the Revolution; *Rob of the Bowl* relates to the troubles that existed between Catholics and Protestants during the Colonial times. Mr. Kennedy published also a valuable *Life of William Wirt* and many essays in Southern magazines. He was an intimate friend of Washington Irving.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS (1806-1870), a native of Charleston, South Carolina, is one of the most voluminous and popular of our American writers. With-

out a collegiate education, his private studies opened for him the door of the legal profession, but he preferred the career of author to the practice of the law. His works consist of poetry, dramas, romances, history, biography, critical and miscellaneous essays. His most meritorious poems are: *Atlantis, a Drama of the Sea*, *Lays of the Palmetto*, and *The City of the Silent*. His dramas, *Norman Maurice* and *Michael Bonham*, have obtained little success. The field in which Simms has won his best laurels is that of fiction, and American history the ground of nearly all his romances. In *The Yemassee* and *The Cacique of Kiawah*, he describes Colonial times; in *The Partisan*, *Mellichampe*, *The Scout*, *The Forayers*, *Eutaw*, and *Woodcraft*, he deals with incidents of the Revolution; in *Guy Rivers*, *Border Beagles*, *Richard Hurdia*, and *Beauchampe*, he delineates border scenes, whilst *Count Julian*, *The Huguenots*, and a few others are of foreign origin. In another department, he wrote a *History of South Carolina*, coming down to 1840; and the *Lives of Francis Marion*, *Captain John Smith*, the founder of Virginia, *Chevalier Bayard*, *Nathaniel Greene*. In the midst of these literary occupations, the indefatigable writer contributed many critical or miscellaneous papers to almost every magazine of the country, and yet found time to be an active politician and a successful planter.

HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN (1813-1871) comes, as a critic and essayist, next to Lowell and Whipple. He was born in Boston, but spent eleven years in the South of Europe. The best known of his works are *Thoughts on the Poets*; *Characteristics of Literature*; *The Optimist*; *Essays, Biographical and Critical*; and *Life of John Pendleton Kennedy*.

GEORGE HENRY MILES (1824-1871), a native of Baltimore, and for many years professor in Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, is, in our opinion, the loftiest and best of our American Catholic poets. His great success was the tragedy of *Mohammed, the Arabian Prophet*, which obtained a prize of one thousand dollars against a hundred competitors. Dr. Brownson, in 1850, did not hesitate to say that it was "the best poem of the kind ever written and published in this country, a work of rare beauty and great power, of deep feeling and deep truth." The lesson conveyed by the drama is, in the words of its author, 'the inability of the greatest man, starting with the purest motives, to counterfeit a mission from God, without becoming the slave of hell.' He wrote also *Cromwell*, a tragedy; *De Soto*, a drama; *Mary's Birthday* and *Senor Valente*, two comedies; *Inkerman*, a war-lyric; *Said the Rose* and *The Bird's Song*, two charming songs; other lyrics, like *Aladdin's Palace* and *San Sisto*. *Christine*, a troubadour story in verse, *Loretto*, or *The Choice*, and *The Truce of God* are three charming tales. His *Review of Hamlet* is an exquisite criticism of Hamlet's character. Miles was an assiduous contributor to reviews and magazines. Everywhere he is remarkable for his Catholic spirit and the classical beauty of his language.

COL. JAMES F. MELINE (1811-1873) acquired great reputation for skill, research, and brilliancy in his historical disquisition on *Mary Queen of Scots*, and her *Latest English Historian*. He so ably vindicated the martyr-queen that he forced the conclusion on English judges that Mr. Froude "did not seem to know the value of quotation-marks;" in other words, that he falsified history. Meline was also the author of *Two Thousand Miles on Horseback*, and many brilliant articles in *The Catholic World*.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY (1814-1877), a native of Massachusetts, has acquired a certain celebrity by his two great historical works, *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* and the *History of the United Netherlands from 1584 to 1619*.

They give evidence of the author's long and careful research, but are faulty in style and spirit. He neither weighs the meaning of his words, nor combines them skilfully. His misrepresentations of Catholics are so obvious that Protestant critics themselves have condemned his 'over-zealous partisanship.'

EDMUND BAILEY O'CALLAGHAN, M. D., LL.D. (1804-1880), a native of Ireland, after receiving a liberal and medical education in his own country and in Paris, came to America in 1823. For fifteen years he resided in Canada and, for the remainder of his life, in Albany and New York. He was a distinguished member of the medical body, but acquired a still wider reputation by his knowledge of American history. He published many valuable works, the principal of which are the following: *History of the New Netherlands*, *Jesuit Relations of Discoveries*, *Documentary History of New York*, *Documents Relating to the Colonial History of the State of New York*, *Historical Manuscripts Relating to the War of the Revolution*. He died with all the consolations of the Catholic religion, of which he was a member from his birth.

SIDNEY LANIER (1842-1881). No poet of the South, since Edgar Poe, has attracted more attention than Sidney Lanier. He was born in Macon, Ga., and studied at Oglethorpe College. At the beginning of the Civil War he entered the Confederate service, was captured, and contracted at Point Lookout that pulmonary affection which made him a confirmed invalid, and brought on his untimely death. From 1873 he lived in Baltimore, devoting his time to literature and music. During his last two years he was lecturer on English literature at the Johns Hopkins University.

Lanier was born a poet and musician, and, in his brief day, accomplished work that 'will be,' says a critic, 'in the highest rank in the poetry of the century.' The most noted of his poems are *Corn*, *Symphony*, and *The Marshes of Glynn*. *The Boy's King Arthur*, *The Boy's Mabinogion*, and *The Boy's Percy* are charming prose works, through which Lanier wished to stimulate noble thoughts and chivalrous sentiments in our young men. His *Science of English Verse*, in the eyes of the few who can penetrate its depths, is the only treatise in English worthy of the title. The other works of Lanier are *Tiger Lilies*, a novel; *Florida, its Sceneries, Climate, and History*; *The English Novel and the Principles of its Development*.

The life of Sidney Lanier, says one, is his noblest poem—a psalm against his grim foes, want and disease, full of subtle harmonies, moral and intellectual, impossible to be expressed in any words save his own. Of death, as of all other troubles, he said:

"Death lieth still in the way of life,  
Like as a stone in the way of a brook.  
I will sing against thee, Death, as the brook does,  
I will make thee into music which does not die."

We cannot resist the temptation to insert an exquisite selection from his volume of Poems:

#### BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER.

"Into the woods my Master went,  
Clean forspent, forspent.  
Into the woods my Master came,  
Forspent with love and shame.



But the olives they were not blind to Him,  
 The little gray leaves were kind to Him;  
 The thorn-tree had a mind to Him  
 When into the woods He came.

“ Out of the woods my Master went,  
 And he was well content.  
 Out of the woods my Master came,  
 Content with Death and Shame.  
 When Death and Shame would woo Him last,  
 From under the trees they drew Him last;  
 'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last  
 When out of the woods He came.

EDWIN PERRY WHIPPLE (1819-1886), a native of Gloucester, Mass., and a resident of Boston, was one of our most distinguished critics and essayists. His productions, which originally appeared as lectures, or, contributions to various periodicals, have been collected under the title of *Character and Characteristic Men* and *The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*. Judicious, suggestive, and interesting, his appreciations are conveyed in a clear, precise, and vivid style. He has not, however, purged himself entirely from the old leaven of prejudice, which at times breaks out in petty sneers at the Catholic Church.

ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN (1839-1886), the “Poet-priest of the South,” was born at Norfolk, Va. After studying with the Christian Brothers in Louisville, Ky., he entered the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels, Niagara. Having been ordained priest, he served as chaplain in the Confederate army till the close of the Civil War. In 1865, he exercised the holy ministry in New Orleans, and edited, besides, a weekly paper, *The Star*. Later on, he removed to Tennessee, where he founded *The Banner of the South*, a weekly magazine. He was afterwards, for many years, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Mobile, Ala. It was with some repugnance that Fr. Ryan allowed his poems to be published. Nothing is more humble than the Preface of the author. In it he declares that his *verses* were written “at random—off and on, here, there, anywhere—just when the mood came, with little of study and less of art, and always in a hurry.” They were “incomplete in finish,” though, he thought, “true in tone.” . . . “Souls were always more to him than songs.” Yet the first edition of the *Poems* (1880) was at once exhausted. Fr. Ryan's poetry is deeply religious and patriotic, always mirroring the fervid feelings of the Southerner and the pious aspirations of the priest. Among the 108 collected poems, the best known are: *The Sword of Robert Lee*; *The Conquered Banner*; *Erin's Flag*, but the *Rhyme*, *The Song of the Mystic*, and the *March of the Deathless Dead*, seem to be the most polished and best sustained.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY (1841-1890) was a distinguished poet and journalist, and a general favorite with the public for his genial qualities of mind and heart. He was born in Ireland, and well educated by his father, a noted mathematician and scholar. He took part in the revolutionary movement of 1863, was tried for treason in 1866, and sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude. After one year spent in English prisons, he reached the penal colony in Western Australia in 1868, but succeeded in escaping, and in the fall of 1869 landed in America. In the following year, he obtained employment at *The Boston Pilot*, and, four years after, became the chief editor of

that paper, a position which he retained till his sudden death, caused by accidental poisoning. John Boyle O'Reilly published, in 1879, a very successful novel, *Moondyne, a Story from the Under-world*, the hero, Moondyne, a political convict, being the type of himself. He wrote also many poems, the principal of which are: *Songs from the Southern Seas* (1873); *Songs, Legends, and Bullads* (1878); *The Statues in the Block and Other Poems* (1881); *America*, a poem (1882); *In Bohemia* (1886). Besides, he delivered many *Lectures, Speeches, and Poems*, on important celebrations. His mind and his heart were broad as the world, and he found in them vigorous thoughts, deep sentiments, which were echoed in the eloquent language of the orator or the poet. His *Life* has been published by his friend, J. J. Roche, with an Introduction by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, and his *Poems* have been edited by Mrs. J. B. O'Reilly.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1812-1891) occupies a high rank among the poets, satirists, and critics of America. Born at Cambridge, Mass., and a graduate of Harvard, he succeeded Longfellow as professor of belles-lettres at his Alma Mater. He had already published many poems, of which his *Fable for Critics* is the most interesting. This is a satire on the principal American writers of the day, a distant echo of *Byron's English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. The author is witty, ingenious, frequently hits the mark, as when he directly tells those leaders of American thought,

"You steal Englishmen's books and think Englishmen's thoughts."

But he is also wordy, weak, and unpolished. What he calls his *Fable* contains only desultory remarks, not the shadow of a plot. *The Bigelow Papers* are two series of satirical and humorous letters, written in Yankee dialect (if we may use the euphemism), concerning the Mexican and Civil Wars. These *Papers* are curious, pungent, and entertaining. Among his most finished poems we would mention *The Legend of Brittany*, *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, *The Cathedral*, and *Under the Willows*. In our opinion, the most deserving productions of Lowell are his prose criticisms, under the title of *Among My Books and My Study Windows*. The best of these essays is that on Dante: to Pope and Dryden he does scanty justice; but we would find fault with the style rather than with the substance. The sentences have not that simplicity and clearness of diction which always distinguishes the great masters. *The Old English Dramatists* is the collection of six *Lectures* delivered in 1887, but published in book form after the author's death. His *Letters*, edited by Professor C. E. Norton, show Lowell at his best, his wit and humor, his humanity and patriotism, being untrammelled by the rules of more formal compositions. A biography of Lowell has been written by H. E. Scudder.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807-1892), the Quaker poet of New England, obtained considerable fame, owing, in some measure, to the political bias of his verse. It is not, however, so much the love of the colored race as fierce hatred of the haughty Southerner, that inspires his passionate rhymes. *The Voices of Freedom*, a collection of his anti-slavery poems, have too often a commonplace and vulgar tone. His anti-Catholic feelings are no less detrimental to his poetry than his abolitionist partisanship. In *Mogg Meggone*, he horribly disfigures one of the purest characters of Colonial history, the saintly Father Rasle, Jesuit and martyr. His ode *To Pius IX.* and *The Dream of Pio Nono* are so slanderous and coarse, that any sober-minded Protestant must turn from them in disgust. Among the numerous productions of Whittier, some are more worthy of interest, as his *Songs of Labor*, *Snow Bound*, and parts of the *Miscellaneous*. The popular ballad of *Bar-*



bara *Frietchie* owes its interest and popularity rather to the dramatic incidents of the fiction, than to the beauty of its verse. The proem to the Centennial edition of his poetical works gives a modest, yet pretty true estimate of their worth. They are not marked by any of the higher qualities of poetry—lofty flights of imagination, elevation of sentiment, classical finish of style, but many of those pieces are a truthful expression of physical American life, and hence the real merit of the poet.

JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL. D. (1824–1892), was and is the best authority on the history of the Catholic Church in the United States. Born in New York, and educated at the Grammar School of Columbia College, he was admitted to the bar, but devoted himself to literature. His chief productions are: *The Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley*; *History of the Catholic Missions among the Indian Tribes of the United States*; *The Fallen Brave*, a series of Biographies; *Early Voyages up and down the Mississippi*; *Life of St. Angela of Merici*; *Legendary History of Ireland*. He made a most valuable contribution to our literature by his *Translation of Charlevoix's New France*, accompanied with copious and learned notes. He collected and edited in twenty volumes a series of manuscripts on the French Colonies in North America, and edited for eight years the *Historical Magazine*. But the crowning work of John Gilmary Shea, to the completion of which he consecrated the last days of his laborious life, is the *History of the Catholic Church in the United States*. Its four octavo volumes comprise *The Colonial Times*, *The Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll*, the events from 1815 to 1843, and from 1843 to 1866. It was not love of gain nor of fame that stimulated the energies of that excellent man, but the desire of promoting truth and the welfare of the Church.

BROTHER AZARIAS (1848–1893), (Patrick Francis Mullaney), was born in Ireland, where his early years were also spent. Coming to America with his parents, he was sent to the Academy of the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine, in Utica, N. Y. Without the advantages of a college training, and almost without a master, he acquired the classic languages and several modern tongues. Devoting his life to teaching, before he was fifteen he joined the Congregation of the Brothers. He was eminent as a professor of mathematics and English literature, and occupied important positions in his Society. Several times he went abroad and searched the European libraries in pursuit of his favorite study—education. Once he was invited to deliver the principal address before the Concord School of Philosophy, and on that occasion read his essay on *Aristotle and the Christian Church*. He was identified, as one of the founders, with the Catholic Summer School, Plattsburg, N. Y., and there he was prematurely carried off by pneumonia, after giving a course of five lectures on *The Schools of Mediæval Times*. The first work published by Brother Azarias was *An Essay Contributing to a Philosophy of Literature*, which attracted considerable attention, and was highly praised by Dr. Brownson as “well written, full of just thought, sound philosophy, and faith in Christ.” Another important work was the *Development of English Thought*, a first volume on English literature, dealing with the Anglo-Saxon period. His other publications were *Books and Reading*, *Culture of the Spiritual Sense*, *On Thinking*, *Fourfold Activity of the Soul*, *The Ideal in Thought*, *Psychological Aspects of Education*. The style of this Christian Brother is a model of clearness and ease.

SEVERN TEACKLE WALLIS (1816–1894), a native of Baltimore, was perhaps the most brilliant student of which St. Mary's College, Baltimore, could boast. He soon became a remarkable lawyer, and stood to the end at the

head of the bar. His two works, *Glimpses of Spain* and *Spain, her Institutions, Politics, and Public Men*, written in a polished and pleasing style, give a fairer view of that noble country than is generally presented. We, have, however, an objection to his attacks on the monks, and to his defence of their spoliation by the Spanish Government. Mr. Wallis has also published a *Discourse on the Life and Character of George Peabody*, and some fugitive poems, which deserve to be better known.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809-1894) for many years attracted attention as a poet and prose writer. His verses are sometimes witty or humorous, sometimes pathetic, always polished, but never reaching a deep fibre of the heart or head. Among the best may be mentioned *Old Ironsides*, *Astræa*, *The Last Leaf*, *Bill and Joe*. Of his humorous prose works, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table* has had the greatest success; *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table* and *The Poet at the Breakfast-Table* were partial failures. Dr. Holmes has also written *Elsie Venner, a Romance of Destiny*; *Mechanism in Thought and Morals*, the latter part of which reflects no credit on its author; *A Memoir of John Lothrop Motley*. The language of Dr. Holmes upon religion is at times offensive, irreverent, shocking. Some of his utterances, for example, at the occasion of the Vatican Council, were coarsely insulting to the venerable Head of the Catholic Church and her bishops; and, in his *Life of Emerson*, he called that transcendentalist and pantheist a close follower of the man Christ Jesus, and coming very near our best ideal of humanity. Culture, knowledge, experience, should have guided Dr. Holmes better.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE (1812-1896) acquired greater notoriety than any other American novelist. Her masterpiece, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, published in 1852, excited such a sensation that a million of copies were sold within nine months, and translations of it have been made in all European languages. The peculiar merits of the work are neither the anti-slavery sentiment, so violently obtruded upon the reader, nor any high perfection of style, but the dramatic manner in which the story is told, and the graphic delineation of characters. Her fame as a writer has now taken a downward course. Her other chief works are: *The Minister's Wooing*, *The Pearls of Orr's Island*, *Pink and White Tyranny*, *My Wife and I*, *Agnes of Sorrento*, and *Old Town Folks*. They are inferior to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

MRS. ANNA HANSON DORSEY (1816-1896), the daughter of Rev. William R. McKenney, chaplain of the U. S. N., was, with Mrs. Sadlier, a pioneer of Catholic light literature in the United States. Educated and married as a Protestant, she entered the Church in 1839, the first Catholic of her family in two hundred years. In 1847, she began a life of literary toil which we might call an apostolate. Steadily refusing tempting offers to engage in sensational literature, her constant object was to counteract its evil effects on the Catholic youth of the country, by providing them with reading which would interest their minds, without injuring their faith or morals. Her efforts were crowned with success. *The Oriental Pearl*, *Coatna*, *The Rose of the Algonquins*, *The Sister of Charity*, *The Flemings*, *Tangled Paths*, *May Brooke*, *Nora Brady's Vow*, and *Mona the Vestal*, are some of the sweet and graceful tales of this polished and prolific writer. She was, besides, a constant contributor to Catholic magazines, particularly to the *Ave Maria*.

REV. AUGUSTINE F. HEWIT, C. S. P. (1820-1897), holds a high rank among our essayists, reviewers, and philosophical writers. A native of Fairfield, Conn., and graduate of Amherst College, he entered the Episcopalian min-

istry. He was acting under Bishop Ives of North Carolina, when, in 1846, he made his submission to the Catholic Church. After his ordination, he joined the Redemptorist Order, in which he remained until the Congregation of St. Paul was founded, in 1857. After the death of Fr. Hecker (1888) he was elected Superior of the latter community.

The following are the chief publications of Father Hewit: *The Works of Bishop England*, edited in conjunction with Dr. Corcoran; *Lives of Father Baker, C. S. P.*; *Bishop Dumoulin-Borie*, a martyr of China; *Princess Borghese*; and *Aloysius*, an Egyptian student of the Propaganda; *The Problems of the Age*, a philosophical exposition of the Catholic faith; *Light in Darkness*, a short ascetic work. He wrote also many articles for Brownson's Review and the American Catholic Quarterly, and was for many years the most assiduous contributor to the Catholic World.

RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON, or Colonel Johnston, as he used to be called (1822-1898), was a good type of the gentleman of the South before the war. The urbanity of his manners, the kindness of his disposition, the culture of his mind, and the depth of his religious convictions, made him an object of respect and love. Born of respectable parents at Powelton, Hancock County, Ga., he was educated at Mercer University. Admitted to the bar in 1842, his tastes ran in another direction: he was to be a teacher and author. He taught literature at the Georgia University, and in a boarding-school of his own which he called Rochby. He conducted his school on the highest principles of honor, relying greatly on the honesty and self-respect of the students. In 1867, he removed to Baltimore, where he still kept up his school for a few years, with young men from Georgia as students. It was then that he began to write for the public. His works consist (1) of three novels, *Old Mark Langston*, *Widow Guthrie*, and *Pearce Amerson's Will*; (2) of about 100 short stories, descriptive of Georgia life and manners, partly contained in *Dukesborough Tales*; (3) many *Lectures*, and, in collaboration with Dr. William Hand Browne, a *History of English Literature* and a *Biography of Alexander H. Stephens*; (4) of his *Autobiography*, published in 1901, which tells the story of himself till the last year of his life. Stedman gave a pregnant eulogy of Colonel Johnston when he called him "the founder of a school of fiction and the dean of Southern men of letters." Indeed, what Colonel Johnston did for the Georgia dialect, was done by George Washington Cable (1844- ) for the Louisiana Creole, by Joel Chandler Harris (1848- ) for Georgia again, by Mary Noailles Murfree, under the pseudonym of Charles Egbert Craddock (1850- ), for Tennessee, Thomas Nelson Page (1853- ) for Virginia, and James Lane Allen\* (1853- ) for Kentucky.

MISS ELIZA ALLEN STARR (1829-1901), born of Protestant parents in Deerfield, Mass., received a first-class education, and became a Catholic by the direction of the Rt. Rev. F. P. Kenrick, then Bishop of Philadelphia. Then she began her artistic and literary life. She published the following works: *Pilgrims and Shrines*, *Patron Saints*, *Christmas Tide*, *Christian Art in our Own Age*, *Three Archangels in Art*, *Della Segnatura* or *The Three Keys*, and a volume of poetry under the title of *Songs of a Lifetime*. She was very successful in the lecture field, especially on art. She obtained the reputation of being the best art critic in our land. She was not a mere theorist in religion, but a very practical Catholic.

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\* Allen's *The White Owl* and *Sister Dolorosa* truthfully describe the Trappist Monastery and Convent of Loretto, in Kentucky.

MRS. MARY ANNE SADLIER (1820-1903), the daughter of Francis Madden, was born in Ireland, whence she came in 1844. Two years after, she married James Sadlier, of the firm of D. & J. Sadlier, publishers, New York and Montreal. At first she lived principally in New York, but in 1880 she made Montreal her home. She began her literary life at sixteen, and remained active at it almost to the end. For many years she was the editor of *The New York Tablet*, having for associates Dr. Brownson, Dr. Ives, and D'Arcy McGee, and wrote for *The New York Freeman's Journal*, *The Boston Pilot*, and the *Montreal True Witness*. She wrote about twenty works of fiction, and translated as many from the French. Most of her original stories are descriptive of Irish life, especially in connection with emigration. The most popular are: *The Blukes and Flanagans*, *Willy Burke*, *The Confederate Chieftains*, *Con O'Regan*, *Eleanor Preston*, *Aunt Honor's Keepsake*. Dr. Brownson pronounced *Willy Burke* 'an admirable story, written with great naturalness and simplicity, with real tenderness and true pathos.' Among her translations we may notice De Ligny's *Life of Christ*, and Orsini's *Life of the Blessed Virgin*. Her original works and translations are stamped with the Catholic spirit, and always well written.

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS (1834- ), amidst the incessant labors of his administration, has found time to write many articles for the reviews, and publish three remarkable books, *The Faith of Our Fathers*, *Our Christian Heritage*, and *The Ambassador of Christ*. *The Faith of Our Fathers* appeals particularly to Protestants; *Our Christian Heritage*, to Catholics; *The Ambassador of Christ*, to the Catholic clergy. "Among the recent contributions to religious literature, *The Faith of Our Fathers* holds a most exalted position and is regarded by eminent scholars and divines of every creed as a masterpiece of logic and literary excellence."\* The sale of this book has reached 300,000 copies.

MISS MARY AGNES TINCKER (1835- ), a gifted writer of stories, was born at Ellsworth, Me. Her masterpiece is *The House of Yorke*, which appeared first in the columns of *The Catholic World* in 1871. "As a picture of genuine American life in New England it is unrivalled, coming as it does from one who has lived in the midst of such society; and as a work of art it is strong, original, and beautiful."† Her other works are *A Winged Word* (1872); *Grapes and Thorns* (1873); *Six Sunny Months* (1874); *Signor Monaldini's Niece* (1878); *By the Tiber* (1880); *The Jewel in the Lotos* (1883); *Aurora* (1885); and *Two Coronets* (1889).

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS (1837- ), born at Martin's Ferry, Ohio, was educated in his father's printing office. He has given us a sketch of his early life in *Impressions and Experiences* and *A Boy's Town*. He began his literary work as a writer of verse, but that was not a great success. A campaign biography of Lincoln (1860) brought to Howells the appointment of Consul at Venice, which gave him 'four years of almost uninterrupted study and literary work.' *Venetian Life* and *Italian Journeys*, written at that time, made him known as a careful and interesting prose writer. On his return to America, in 1865, he contributed to several New York papers. One year later saw him connected with the *Atlantic Monthly* as assistant editor, and, for nine years (1872-1881), he was the chief editor of that magazine. During that time, he published his first books of fiction: *Suburban Sketches*, *Their Wedding Journey*, *A Chance Acquaintance*, *The Lady of the Aroostook*, and *The Undiscovered Country* (1880). In all these works Howells

\*J. T. Scharf, in Baltimore City.

†The London Tablet, July 20, 1872.



is on the road to realism, but he has not entirely renounced the romance and heroism of life. *A Modern Instance* (1882) and *The Rise of Silas Lapham* (1885), close pictures of American life as the author knows, are the productions most satisfactory to himself, and the least satisfactory to nearly all other critics. Realistic as he is in these two novels, he is more so in *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, a representation of New York life. In this last period of his novel writing, Howells has committed himself entirely to the imitation of Tolstoi. "As much," he says, "as one merely human being can help another, I believe that he has helped me; he has not influenced me in aesthetics only, but in ethics too, so that I can never again see life in the way I saw it before I knew him." He has also acknowledged his obligations to Zola and Ibsen. He has repudiated the great English novelists—Dickens, Thackeray, especially Scott—and pointed out 'how they had gone astray.' Jane Austen alone is 'artistic,' 'the first and the last of the English novelists to treat material with entire truthfulness.' Yet, the blending of romance and realism as advocated and practised by F. M. Crawford, is the only true and safe way of the novel.

Howells has shown a graceful humor in a few farce dramas, or little comedies, such as *The Elevator*, *The Mouse Trap*, *The Parlor Car*, *The Register*. Other works not yet mentioned are: *Criticism and Fiction* (1891); *My Literary Passions* (1895); *Literary Friends and Acquaintances* (1900); *A Pair of Patient Lovers* (1901), and many others. The grace, the humor, the charm of style, always found in W. D. Howells, cannot, however, make up for his wrong principles in ethics, although, we hasten to add, his works are always free from uncleanness.

JAMES RYDER RANDALL (1839- ), a native of Baltimore, has acquired celebrity by his war lyrics, especially his *Maryland, my Maryland*. He has been appropriately styled the Tyrtæus of the Secession war.

REV. JAMES KENT STONE (1840- ) has made his name popular among Catholics by his work called *The Invitation Heeded*, in which he gave his reasons to join the Catholic Church. It is a book as solid in substance as elegant in expression. Father Stone was born in Boston, graduated at Harvard, and, soon after, was raised to the Presidency of Kenyon College, Ohio. He had next become President of Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y., when the invitation of Pius IX. to all non-Catholics to embrace the Catholic faith, occasioned his conversion. He was admitted into the Congregation of St. Paul, New York, but has since entered the Order of the Passionists, and is known as a zealous missionary under the name of Father Fidelis.

JAMES LANCASTER SPALDING (1842- ), the present Bishop of Peoria, is a native of Kentucky. His first work, the *Life of Archbishop Spalding*, his uncle, is remarkable not only for its animated and eloquent tone, but still more for the powerful grasp with which he handles the vital questions of the day. He has continued to exhibit the same power of thought and diction in his many works, among which we may mention, *Education and the Higher Life*; *Things of the Mind*; *Means and Ends of Education*; *Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education*; *Opportunity and Other Essays and Addresses*; *Songs: Chiefly from the German*; *Aphorisms and Reflections*; *Religion, Agnosticism, and Education*; *Socialism and Labor*. The deep feelings of Bishop Spalding have found more congenial expression in his volume of verses aptly called *God and the Soul*.

HENRY JAMES (1843- ) is sometimes called the true high-priest of American realism. Born in New York, he was educated principally abroad,

and has lived abroad most of his life. As a novelist, 'he merely presents facts and reproduces endless conversations, often brilliant with wit and humor, and always convincingly real.' \* He is the author of *Daisy Miller*, *The Portrait of a Lady*, *The American*, *French Poets and Novelists*. His *Life of Hawthorne* has given him the reputation of a superior critic.

JOHN BANISTER TABB, a Virginian, born in 1845, is well known by his *Poems*, *Lyrics*, *Child Verse*, and *Later Lyrics*.

MRS. FRANCES CHRISTINE TIERNAN, whose maiden name was Frances Fisher, born at Salisbury, N. C., has published many excellent novels and short stories under the now familiar pseudonym of CHRISTIAN REID. One of her best works, *A Child of Mary*, appeared in the *Ave Maria*. Between her first volume, *Valerie Aylmer* (1870), and the last, *Weighed in the Balance* (1900), she has published about eighteen volumes, the best known of which are: *The Land of the Sun*, *After Many Days*, *The Land of the Sky*, *Heart of Steel*, *Roslyn's Fortune*.

MISS ELLA LORAIN DORSEY, the daughter of the late Anna Hanson Dorsey, has inherited the literary spirit of her distinguished mother. Among the many stories and articles issued from her pen, we have the authority of Dr. M. F. Egan to say that *The Taming of Polly* is her best work.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL.D. (1852- ), is one of our most prolific and versatile writers, journalist, novelist, essayist, and poet. He began life in Philadelphia, and there he was educated by the Christian Brothers at La Salle College. For a time he taught English literature in Georgetown. His first writings, published anonymously in magazines, in the form of stories, were crowned with popular success. Such were *That Girl of Mine* and *That Lover of Mine* (1877), and *Jack Chumleigh* (1880). In 1881, he began to write for the *New York Freeman's Journal* under James McMaster, the doughty knight of the pen, and became himself its chief editor. From New York he was called to teach English literature first at Notre Dame University, Ind., and, later on, at the Catholic University, Washington. Besides the works already mentioned, Dr. Egan has published four novels—*The Disappearance of John Longworth*, *A Marriage of Reason*, *The Success of Patrick Desmond*, and the *Vocation of Edward Conway*—and a large number of shorter stories, especially under the titles of *Life Around Us* and *A Basket of Roses*. There is considerable merit in all these volumes. Not only they are interesting, but the spirit which animates them is not of the groveling kind, it is manly, it is moral, it is Christian, it always points to the true Church. His other productions are: *An Introduction to English Literature, Novels and Novelists*, *The Gentleman*, and three volumes of poetry—*Preludes*, *Song Sonnets*, and *Poems*.

MISS ANNA THERESA SADLIER (1854- ), the daughter of the gifted Mary A. Sadlier, was born and educated in Montreal. She has already published many works, either original or translated, the most popular of which are: *Ethel Hamilton*, connected with the war of American Independence; *The True Story of Master Gerard*; *Names that Live in Catholic Hearts*; *The King's Page*; *Ubaldo and Irene*; *The Monk's Pardon*; *The Silent Woman of Alood*.

MISS AGNES REPLIER (1855- ) deserves a very special mention for many scholarly and humorous essays found in the following volumes from her pen: *Books and Men*; *Points of View*; *Essays in Idleness*; *In the Dozy Hours and Other Papers*; *A Book of Famous Verse*. Her chatting with her readers is as charming as the most delightful conversation.

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\* Abertheneby's American Literature.



CHARLES WARREN CURRIER (1857- ), born in the island of St. Thomas (Antilles), belongs, by his father, to the old New England stock. He received his education among the Redemptorists in Holland, and labored in various positions as a Redemptorist for twelve years. Admitted then into the diocese of Baltimore, he was employed in giving missions till he was appointed pastor of St. Mary's Church, Washington. His literary works are principally the following: *A History of Religious Orders* (1894), a popular and interesting sketch of orders, congregations, and societies; *Church and Saints* (1906), with an Introduction by Cardinal Gibbons. This is an edifying review of the saints, century by century, from the beginning of the Christian era to our times; *The Carmel in America*, a detailed account of the Carmelite establishments in the New World; two historical romances, *Dimitrios and Irene*, an episode of the taking of Constantinople, and *The Rose of Alhama*, a story connected with the conquest of Granada.

FRANCIS J. FINN, S. J. (1859- ), was born and educated in St. Louis, Mo., and, since his ordination (1893), has been employed in Jesuit colleges, especially as a teacher of literature. **Fr. Finn is the idol of the boy readers. His stories are always striking and edifying. His characters are** generally the reproduction of certain types of boys that have come under his observation. His principal works are: *Percy Wynn*, *Tom Playfair*, *Harry Dee*, *Ethelred Preston*, *The Best Foot Forward*, *My Strange Friend*.

MISS LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY (1862- ) has a distinguished rank among the essayists and poets of our times. Many of her literary productions have appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*, *MacMillan's*, *The Catholic World* and *Poet-Lore*, and some of them may be found again in the following volumes: *Songs at the Start* (1884); *Goosequill Papers* (1885); *The White Sail and Other Poems* (1887); *Brownies and Bogles* (1888).

We might go on with our minor sketches, and call attention to scores and hundreds of respectable living writers, but a line must be drawn somewhere. With what we have given our purpose seems attained.



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